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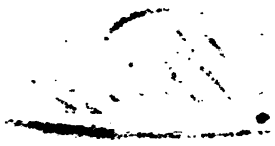

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Frontispice.

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THE SATYRS OF *Decimus Junius Juvenalis:* AND OF *AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.*

Translated into *English* VERSE

By Mr. *DRYDEN,*

And several other Eminent Hands.

To which is Prefix'd a

DISCOURSE

Concerning the

Original and Progress of SATYR.

Quicquid agunt Homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.

The Sixth Edition, Adorn'd with SCULPTURES.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. Tonson*, in the *Strand.* 1735.

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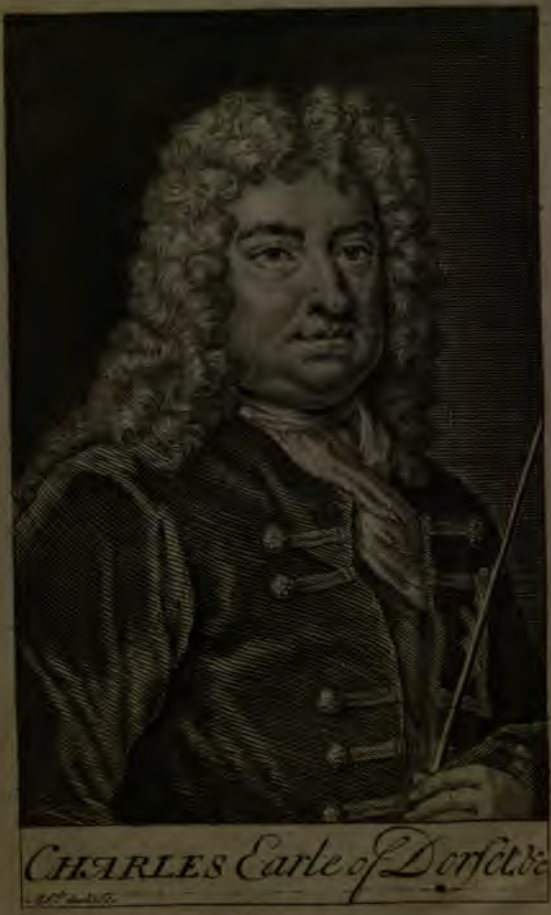

CHARLES Earle of Dorset &c

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To the Right Honourable

CHARLES

Earl of *Dorset* and *Middlesex*,

Lord Chamberlain of His Majesty's Household, Knight of the Most Noble ORDER *of the* GARTER, &c.

My LORD,

THE Wishes and Desires of all good Men, which have attended your Lordship from your First Appearance in the World, are at length accomplish'd in your obtaining those Honours and Dignities, which you have so long deserv'd. There are no Factions, tho' irreconcilable to one another, that are not united in their Affection to you, and the Respect they pay you. They are equally pleas'd in your Prosperity, and wou'd be equally concern'd in your Affliction. *Titus Vespasian* was not more the Delight of Human-kind. The Universal Empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but cou'd not make him more belov'd. He had greater Ability

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of doing Good, but your Inclination to it, is not leſs: And tho' you cou'd not extend your Beneficence to ſo many Perſons, yet you have loſt as few Days as that excellent Emperor; and never had his Complaint to make when you went to Bed, that the Sun had ſhone upon you in vain, when you had the Opportunity of relieving ſome unhappy Man. This, my Lord, has juſtly acquir'd you as many Friends, as there are Perſons who have the Honour to be known to you: Meer Acquaintance you have none; you have drawn them all into a nearer Line: And they who have convers'd with you, are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a Truth ſo generally acknowledg'd, that it needs no Proof: 'Tis of the Nature of a firſt Principle, which is receiv'd as ſoon as it is propos'd; and needs not the Reformation which *Deſcartes* us'd to his: For we doubt not, neither can we properly ſay, we think we admire and love you, above all other Men: There is a Certainty in the Propoſition, and we know it. With the ſame Aſſurance can I ſay, you neither have Enemies, nor can ſcarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither Love or Hate you; and they who have, can have no other Notion of you, than that which they receive from the Publick, that you are the beſt of Men. After this, my Teſtimony can be of no farther uſe, than to declare it to be Day-light at High-noon: And all who have the Benefit of Sight, can look up as well, and ſee the Sun.

'Tis true, I have one Privilege which is almoſt particular to my ſelf, that I ſaw you in the *Eaſt* at your firſt ariſing above the Hemiſphere: I was as ſoon ſenſible as any Man of that Light, when it was but juſt ſhooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the Meridian. I made my early Ad-

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Addreſſes to your Lordſhip, in my Eſſay of Dramatick Poetry; and therein beſpoke you to the World; wherein I have the Right of a Firſt Diſcoverer. When I was my ſelf, in the Rudiments of my Poetry, without Name or Reputation in the World, having rather the Ambition of a Writer, than the Skill; when I was drawing the Out-lines of an Art, without any living Maſter to inſtruct me in it; an Art which had been better prais'd than ſtudy'd here in *England*, wherein *Shakeſpear*, who created the Stage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and juſtly: and *Johnſon*, who by ſtudying *Horace*, had been acquainted with the Rules, yet ſeemed to envy to Poſterity that Knowledge, and like an Inventer of ſome uſeful Art, to make a Monopoly of his Learning: When thus, as I may ſay, before the Uſe of the Loadſtone, or Knowledge of the Compaſs, I was ſailing in a vaſt Ocean, without other help than the Pole-Star of the Ancients, and the Rules of the *French* Stage amongſt the Moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reaſon of their oppoſite Taſte; yet even then, I had the Preſumption to Dedicate to your Lordſhip: A very unfiniſh'd Piece, I muſt confeſs, and which only can be excus'd by the little Experience of the Author, and the Modeſty of the Title, *An Eſſay*. Yet I was ſtronger in Prophecy than I was in Criticiſm; I was inſpir'd to foretel You to Mankind, as the Reſtorer of Poetry, the greateſt Genius, the trueſt Judge, and the beſt Patron.

Good Senſe and good Nature are never ſeparated, tho' the ignorant World has thought otherwiſe. Good Nature, by which I mean Beneficence and Candor, is the Product of right Reaſon; which of neceſſity will give allowance to the Failings of others, by conſidering that there is no-

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thing perfect in Mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to Excellency, tho' not absolutely free from Faults, will certainly produce a Candor in the Judge. 'Tis incident to an elevated Understanding, like your Lordship's, to find out the Errors of other Men: But 'tis your Prerogative to pardon them; to look with Pleasure on those things, which are somewhat congenial, and of a remote Kindred to your own Conceptions: And to forgive the many Failings of those, who with their wretched Art, cannot arrive to those Heights that you possess, from a happy, abundant, and native Genius: Which are as inborn to you, as they were to *Shakespear*; and for ought I know, to *Homer*; in either of whom we find all Arts and Sciences, all Moral and Natural Philosophy, without knowing that they ever study'd them.

There is not an *English* Writer this Day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The most Vain, and the most Ambitious of our Age, have not dar'd to assume so much, as the Competitors of *Themistocles:* They have yielded the first Place without dispute; and have been arrogantly content to be esteem'd as Second to your Lordship; and even that also with a *Longo sed proximi Intervallo.* If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their Self-conceit, they must be very singular in their Opinion: They must be like the *Officer*, in a Play, who was call'd Captain, Lieutenant and Company. The World will easily conclude, whether such unattended Generals can ever be capable of making a Revolution in *Parnassus.*

I will not attempt, in this place, to say any thing particular of your *Lyrick Poems*, tho' they are the De-

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Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. The Subject of this Book confines me to Satyr; and in that, an Author of your own Quality, (whoſe Aſhes I will not diſturb,) has given you all the Commendation, which his Self-ſufficiency cou'd afford to any Man: *The beſt good Man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe.* In that Character, methinks, I am reading *Jhonſon*'s Verſes to the Memory of *Shakeſpear:* An Inſolent, Sparing, and Invidious Panegyrick: Where good Nature, the moſt Godlike Commendation of a Man, is only attributed to your Perſon, and deny'd to your Writings: For they are every-where ſo full of Candor, that, like *Horace*, you only expoſe the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, that you add that Pointedneſs of Thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great *Roman*. There is more of Salt in all your Verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients: But you have been ſparing of the Gall; by which means you have pleas'd all Readers, and offended none. *Donn* alone, of all our Country-men, had your Talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your Verſification. And were he tranſlated into Numbers, and *Engliſh*, he wou'd yet be wanting in the Dignity of Expreſſion. That which is the Prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of *Virgil*, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of Writers, is ſo conſpicuous in your Verſes, that it caſts a Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal *Donn* in the Variety, Multiplicity, and Choice of Thoughts; you excel him in the Manner, and the Words. I read you both, with the ſame Admiration, but not with the ſame Delight. He affects the Metaphyſicks, not only in his

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Satyrs, but in his amorous Verſes, where Nature only ſhould reign; and perplexes the Minds of the fair Sex with nice Speculations of Philoſophy, when he ſhou'd engage their Hearts, and entertain them with the Softneſs of Love. In this (if I may be pardon'd for ſo bold a Truth) Mr. *Cowley* has copy'd him to a Fault; ſo great a one in my Opinion, that it throws his Miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter Compoſitions, which are undoubtedly the beſt of his Poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in Satyr, wherein I have not ſtudy'd your Writings as the moſt perfect Model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt Commendation, which my own Partiality can give to my Productions, is, that they are Copies, and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the Original. Some few Touches of your Lordſhip, ſome ſecret Graces which I have endeavour'd to expreſs after your manner, have made whole Poems of mine to paſs with Approbation: But take your Verſes altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, 'tis becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient Copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one Letter of my own Invention, of which I have not the Example there.

'Tis a general Complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your Proſperity, have their Intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you the Fulneſs of your Fortune: They wou'd be more malicious if you us'd it not ſo well, and with ſo much Generoſity.

Fame

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Fame is in it ſelf a real Good, if we may believe *Cicero*, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even Fame, as *Virgil* tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let *Epicurus* give Indolency as an Attribute to his Gods, and place in it the Happineſs of the Bleſt: The Divinity which we worſhip, has given us not only a Precept againſt it, but his own Example to the contrary. The World, my Lord, wou'd be content to allow you a Seventh Day for Reſt; or if you thought that hard upon you, we wou'd not refuſe you half your time: If you came out, like ſome Great Monarch, to take a Town but once a Year, as it were for your Diverſion, tho' you had no need to extend your Territories: In ſhort, if you were a bad, or, which is worſe, an indifferent Poet, we wou'd thank you for our own Quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have that neceſſity of your Writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt intirely without it; any more (I may almoſt ſay(than the World without the daily Courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks this Argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your Repoſe for the publick Benefit. 'Tis not that you are under any force of working daily Miracles, to prove your Being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your Production, is requiſite to refreſh your Character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient Reproach to you; and ſhou'd I carry it as far as Mankind wou'd authorize me, wou'd be little leſs than Satyr. And, indeed, a Provocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the World, that you might be induc'd ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of Scriblers, who daily peſter the World with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be dif-

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diſcouraged from Writing any more. I complain not of their Lampoons and Libels, tho' I have been the publick Mark for many Years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled Force by Force, if I cou'd imagine that any of them had ever reach'd me; but they either ſhot at Rovers, and therefore miſſed, or their Powder was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt Diſtance. I anſwer'd not the *Rehearſal*, becauſe I knew the Author ſate to himſelf when he drew the Picture, and was the very Bays of his own Farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my Betters were more concern-ed than I was in that Satyr: and, laſtly, becauſe Mr. *Smith* and Mr. *Johnſon*, the main Pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing Gentlemen in their Converſation, that I cou'd liken them to nothing but to their own Relations, thoſe Noble Characters of Men of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town. The like Conſiderations have hinder'd me from dealing with the lamentable Companions of their Proſe and Doggrel; I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my Morals, if they are not Proof againſt their Attacks, let me be thought by Poſterity, what thoſe Authors wou'd be thought, if any Memory of them, or of their Writings, cou'd endure ſo long, as to another Age. But theſe dull Makers of Lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous Example to the Publick: Some witty Men may perhaps ſucceed to their Deſigns, and mixing Senſe with Malice, blaſt the Reputation of the moſt Innocent amongſt Men, and the moſt Virtuous amongſt Women.

Heaven be prais'd, our common Libellers are as free from the imputation of Wit, as of Morality; and therefore whatever Miſchief they have de-

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design'd, they have perform'd but little of it. Yet these ill Writers, in all Justice, ought themselves to be expos'd: As *Persius* has given us a fair Example in his First Satyr; which is levell'd particularly at them: And none is so fit to correct their Faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own Writings, but also so just, that he will never defame the Good; and is armed with the Power of Verse, to punish and make Examples of the Bad. But of this I shall have occasion to speak further, when I come to give the Definition and Character of true Satyrs.

In the mean time, as a Counsellor bred up in the Knowledge of the Municipal and Statute-Laws, may honestly inform a Just Prince how far his Prerogative extends; so I may be allowed to tell your Lordship, who, by an undisputed Title, are the King of Poets, what an Extent of Power you have, and how lawfully you may exercise it, over the petulant Scribblers of this Age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know, you are absolute by your Office, in all that belongs to the Decency and Good Manners of the Stage. You can banish from thence Scurrility and Profaneness, and restrain the licencious Insolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that shock the publick Quiet, or the Reputation of Private Persons, under the Notion of *Humour*. But I mean not the Authority, which is annex'd to your Office: I speak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your Person. What is produc'd in you by an excellent Wit, a Masterly and Commanding Genius over all Writers: Whereby you are impower'd, when you please, to give the final Decision of Wit; to put your Stamp on all that ought to pass for current; and set a Brand of Reprobation on clipt Poetry, and false Coin. A Shilling dipt in the *Bath* may go for Gold amongst the

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the Ignorant, but the Scepters on the Guineas ſhew the Difference. That your Lordſhip is form'd by Nature for this Supremacy, I could eaſily prove, (were it not already granted by the World) from the diſtinguiſhing Character of your Writing. Which is ſo viſible to me, that I never cou'd be impos'd on to receive for yours, what was written by any others; or to miſtake your Genuine Poetry, for their Spurious Productions. I can farther add with Truth (tho' not without ſome Vanity in ſaying it) that in the ſame Paper, written by divers Hands, whereof your Lordſhip's was only part, I cou'd ſeparate your Gold from their Copper: And tho' I could not give back to every Author his own Braſs, (for there is not the ſame Rule for diſtinguiſhing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never fail'd of knowing what was yours, and what was not: And was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other Part, was poſitively yours, and cou'd not poſſibly be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad Poems, tho' not all, carry their Owners Marks about 'em. There is ſome peculiar Aukwardneſs, falſe Grammar, imperfect Senſe, or, at the leaſt, Obſcurity; ſome Brand or other on this Buttock, or that Ear, that 'tis notorious who are the Owners of the Cattle, tho' they ſhou'd not ſign it with their Names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſh'd, not only by the Excellency of your Thoughts, but by your Style and Manner of expreſſing them. A Painter judging of ſome admirable Piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of *Holben*, or *Vandike*: But Vulgar Deſigns, and Common Draughts, are eaſily miſtaken, and miſapply'd. Thus, by my long Study of your Lordſhip, I am arriv'd at the Knowledge of your particular Manner.

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ner. In the Good Poems of other Men, like thoſe Artiſts, I can only ſay, this is like the Draught of ſuch a one, or like the Colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that 'tis the Hand of a good Maſter; But in your Performances, 'tis ſcarcely poſſible for me to be deceiv'd. If you write in your Strength, you ſtand reveal'd at the firſt view; and ſhou'd you write under it, you cannot avoid ſome peculiar Graces, which only coſt me a ſecond Conſideration to diſcover you: For I may ſay it, with all the Severity of Truth, that every Line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only Fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I cou'd add another, and that yet greater, but I fear for the Publick, the Accuſation wou'd not be true, that you have written, and out of vitious Modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confin'd his Works within the Compaſs of Eighteen Thouſand Lines, and has not treated many Subjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the Reputation of the beſt Poet. *Martial* ſays of him, that he could have excell'd *Varius* in Tragedy, and *Horace* in Lyrick Poetry, but out of Deference to his Friends, he attempted neither.

The ſame Prevalence of Genius is in Your Lordſhip, but the World cannot pardon your concealing it on the ſame Conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living *Varius*, nor a *Horace*, in whoſe Excellencies both of *Poems*, *Odes*, and *Satyrs*, you had equall'd them, if our Language had not yielded to the *Roman* Majeſty, and length of Time had not added a Reverence to the Works of *Horace*. For good Senſe is the ſame in all or moſt Ages; and courſe of Time rather improves Nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: Another *Homer*, and another *Virgil*, may poſſibly

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possibly arise from those very Causes which produc'd the first: Tho' it wou'd be Impudence to affirm that any such have appear'd.

'Tis manifest, that some particular Ages have been more happy than others in the Production of Great Men, in all sorts of Arts and Sciences: As that of *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Aristophanes*, and the rest for Stage Poetry amongst the *Greeks*: That of *Augustus* for Heroick, Lyrick, Dramatick, Elegiaque, and indeed all sorts of Poetry, in the Persons of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Varius*, *Ovid*, and many others; especially if we take into that Century the latter end of the Common-wealth; wherein we find *Varro*, *Lucretius*, and *Catullus*: And at the same time liv'd *Cicero*, and *Salust*, and *Cæsar*. A famous Age in modern Times, for Learning in every kind, was that of *Lorenzo de Medici*, and his Son *Leo* X. wherein Painting was reviv'd, and Poetry flourish'd, and the *Greek* Language was restor'd.

Examples in all these are obvious: But what I wou'd infer is this; That in such an Age, 'tis possible some Great Genius may arise, to equal any of the Ancients; abating only for the Language. For great Contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: And mutual Borrowing, and Commerce, makes the common Riches of Learning, as it does of the Civil Government.

But suppose that *Homer* and *Virgil* were the only of their Species, and that Nature was so much worn out in producing them, that she is never able to bear the like again; yet the Example only holds in Heroick Poetry: In Tragedy and Satyr I offer my self to maintain against some of our modern Criticks, that this Age and the last, particularly in *England*, have excell'd the Ancients in both those Kinds;

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Kinds; and I wou'd inſtance in *Shakeſpear* of the former, of your Lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine my ſelf to my Native Country: But if I would only croſs the Seas, I might find in *France* a living *Horace* and a *Juvenal*, in the Perſon of the admirable *Boileau*; whoſe Numbers are Excellent, whoſe Expreſſions are Noble, whoſe Thoughts are Juſt, whoſe Language is Pure, whoſe Satyr is Pointed, and whoſe Senſe is Cloſe: What he borrows from the Ancients, he repays with Uſury of his own, in Coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: For ſetting Prejudice and Partiality apart; tho' he is our Enemy, the Stamp of a *Louis*, the Patron of all Arts, is not much inferior to the Medal of an *Auguſtus Cæſar*. Let this be ſaid without entring into the Intereſts of Factions and Parties, and relating only to the Bounty of that King to Men of Learning and Merit: A Praiſe ſo juſt, that even we who are his Enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now if it may be permitted me to go back again to the Conſideration of *Epique* Poetry, I have confeſs'd, that no Man hitherto has reach'd, or ſo much as approach'd to the Excellencies of *Homer* or of *Virgil*; I muſt farther add, that *Statius*, the beſt Verſificator next *Virgil*, knew not how to Deſign after him, tho' he had the Model in his Eye: that *Lucan* is wanting both in Deſign and Subject, and is beſides too full of Heat and Affectation; that among the Moderns, *Arioſto* neither deſign'd Juſtly, nor obſerv'd any Unity of Action, or Compaſs of Time, or Moderation in the Vaſtneſs of his Draught: His Style is luxurious, without Majeſty, or Decency, and his Adventurers without the Compaſs of Nature and Poſſibility: *Taſſo*, whoſe Deſign was Regular, and who obſerv'd

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obſerv'd the Rules of Unity in Time and Place, more cloſely than *Virgil*, yet was not ſo happy in his Action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too Lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the Dignity of Heroick Verſe, in his *Epiſodes* of *Sophronia*, *Erminia*, and *Armida*; his Story is not ſo pleaſing as *Arioſto*'s; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forc'd; and beſides, is full of Conceptions, Points of Epigram, and Witticiſms; all which are not only below the Dignity of *Heroick* Verſe, but contrary to its Nature: *Virgil* and *Homer* have not one of them. And thoſe who are guilty of ſo Boyiſh an Ambition in ſo grave a Subject, are ſo far from being conſider'd as Heroick Poets, that they ought to be turn'd down from *Homer* to the *Anthologia*, from *Virgil* to *Martial* and *Owen*'s Epigrams, and from *Spencer* to *Flecno*; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to *Taſſo*, he borrows from the Invention of *Boyardo*, and in his Alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worſe, imitates *Homer* ſo very ſervilely, that (for example) he gives the King of *Jeruſalem* fifty Sons, only becauſe *Homer* had beſtowed the like Number on King *Priam*; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his Hero with a *Patroclus*, under another Name, only to bring him back to the Wars, when his Friend was kill'd. The *French* have perform'd nothing in this kind, which is not as below thoſe two *Italians*, and ſubject to a thouſand more Reflections, without examining their St. *Lewis*, their *Pucelle*, or their *Alarique*: The *Engliſh* have only to boaſt of *Spencer* and *Milton*, who neither of them wanted either Genius or Learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many Cenſures. For there is no Uniformity in the

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the Design of *Spencer*: He aims at the Accomplishment of no one Action: He raises up a Heroe for every one of his Adventures: and endows each of them with some particular Moral Virtue, which renders them all equal, without Subordination or Preference. Every one is most Valiant in his own Legend; only we must do them that Justice to observe, that Magnanimity, which is the Character of Prince *Arthur*, shines throughout the whole Poem; and succours the rest, when they are in Distress. The Original of every Knight was then living in the Court of Queen *Elizabeth*; and he attributed to each of them that Virtue which he thought most conspicuous in them: An ingenious Piece of Flattery, tho' it turn'd not much to his Account. Had he liv'd to finish his Poem, in the six remaining Legends, it had certainly been more of a Piece; but cou'd not have been perfect, because the Model was not true. But Prince *Arthur*, or his chief Patron Sir *Philip Sidney*, whom he intended to make happy by the Marriage of his *Gloriana*, dying before him, depriv'd the Poet, both of Means and Spirit, to accomplish his Design: For the rest, his obsolete Language, and the ill Choice of his Stanza, are Faults but of the Second Magnitude: For notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little Practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admir'd; that labouring under such a Difficulty, his Verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only *Virgil*, whom he professedly imitated, has surpass'd him, among the *Romans*; and only Mr. *Waller* among the *English*.

As for Mr. *Milton*, whom we all admire with so much Justice, his Subject is not that of an Heroick Poem, properly so call'd. His Design is the Losing of our Happiness; his Event is not prosperous, like

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like that of all other *Epique* Works: His Heavenly Machines are many, and his Human Persons are but two. But I will not take Mr. *Rhymer's* Work out of his Hands: He has promis'd the World a Critique on that Author; wherein, tho' he will not allow his Poem for Heroick, I hope he will grant us, that his Thoughts are elevated, his Words sounding, and that no Man has so happily copy'd the Manner of *Homer*; or so copiously translated his *Grecisms*, and the *Latin* Elegancies of *Virgil*. 'Tis true, he runs into a flat Thought, sometimes for a hundred Lines together, but 'tis when he is got into a Track of Scripture: His antiquated Words were his Choice, not his Necessity; for therein he imitated *Spencer*, as *Spencer* did *Chaucer*. And tho', perhaps, the Love of their Masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them; yet in my Opinion, obsolete Words may then be laudably reviv'd, when either they are more sounding, or more significant than those in Practice; And when their Obscurity is taken away, by joining other Words to them, which clear the Sense; according to the Rule of *Horace*, for the Admission of new Words. But in both Cases, a Moderation is to be observ'd in the Use of them. For unnecessary Coinage, as well as unnecessary Revival, runs into Affectation; a Fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify *Milton* for his blank Verse, tho' I may excuse him, by the Example of *Hannibal Caro*, and other *Italians* who have us'd it: For whatever Causes he alledges for the abolishing of Rhyme (which I have not now the Leisure to examine) his own particular Reason is plainly this, that Rhyme was not his Talent; he had neither the Ease of doing it, nor the Graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia*, or Verses written in his Youth; where his

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his Rhyme is always conſtrain'd and forc'd, and comes hardly from him, at an Age when the Soul is moſt pliant, and the Paſſion of Love makes almoſt every Man a Rhymer, tho' not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my Biaſs ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a Digreſſion from Satyr to Heroick Poetry. But if you will not excuſe it, by the tatling Quality of Age, which, as Sir *William Davenant* ſays, is always Narrative; yet I hope the Uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this Subject, will qualify the Remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the Crime of Prefaces, or trouble the World with my Notions of any thing that relates to Verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerv'd the Failings of many great Wits amongſt the Moderns, who have attempted to write an *Epique* Poem: Beſides theſe, or the like Animadverſions of them by other Men, there is yet a farther Reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed, ſo well as the Ancients, even tho' we cou'd allow them not to be inferiour, either in Genius or Learning, or the Tongue in which they write, or all thoſe other wonderful Qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true accompliſh'd Heroick Poet. The Fault is laid on our Religion: They ſay that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe Embelliſhments which are afforded in the Belief of thoſe Ancient Heathens.

And 'tis true, that in the ſevere Notions of our Faith, the Fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in Patience and Suffering, for the Love of GOD, whatever Hardſhips can befal in the World; not in any great Attempts, or in performance of thoſe Enterprizes which the Poets call Heroique; and which are commonly the Effects of Intereſt, Oſtentation, Pride, and Worldly Honour. That Humility and Reſignation

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Resignation are our prime Virtues; and that these include no Action, but that of the Soul: When as, on the contrary, an Heroique Poem requires, to its necessary Design, and as its last Perfection, some great Action of War, the Accomplishment of some extraordinary Undertaking; which requires the Strength and Vigour of the Body, the Duty of a Soldier, the Capacity and Prudence of a General; and, in short, as much, or more of the Active Virtue, than the Suffering. But to this, the Answer is very obvious. GOD has plac'd us in our several Stations; the Virtues of a private Christian are Patience, Obedience, Submission, and the like; but those of a Magistrate, or General, or a King, are Prudence, Counsel, active Fortitude, coercive Power, awful Command, and the Exercise of Magnanimity, as well as Justice. So that this Objection hinders not, but that an Epique Poem, or the Heroique Action of some Great Commander, enterpriz'd for the Common Good, and Honour of the Christian Cause, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the *Heathens*; provided the Poet be *endu'd* with the same Talents; and the Language, tho' not of equal Dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our Modern Barbarism will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own or any other now extant, tho' more refin'd; and therefore we are to rest contented with that only Inferiority, which is not possibly to be remedy'd.

I wish I cou'd as easily remove that other Difficulty which yet remains. 'Tis objected by a great *French* Critique as well as an admirable Poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that Honour which his Merit exacts from me, I mean *Boileau*, That the Machines of our Christian Religion in Heroique Poetry, are much more feeble

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to ſupport that Weight than thoſe of *Heatheniſm*. Their Doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous Fables, was yet the Belief of the two Victorious Monarchies, the *Grecian* and *Roman*. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the Event of Wars (which is the Effect of a Superiour Providence) but alſo eſpous'd the ſeveral Parties, in a viſible Corporeal Deſcent, manag'd their Intriegues, and fought their Battels ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: Tho' *Virgil* (more diſcreet than *Homer* in that laſt Particular) has contented himſelf with the Partiality of his Deities, their Favours, their Counſels or Commands, to thoſe whoſe Cauſe they had eſpous'd, without bringing them to the Outragiouſneſs of Blows. Now, our Religion (ſays he) is depriv'd of the greateſt part of thoſe Machines; at leaſt the moſt ſhining in Epique Poetry. Tho' St. *Michael* in *Arioſto* ſeeks out *Diſcord*, to ſend her among the *Pagans*, and finds her in a Convent of Friars, where Peace ſhould Reign, which indeed is fine Satyr; and Satan in *Taſſo*, excites *Solyman* to an Attempt by Night on the Chriſtian Camp, and brings an Hoſt of Devils to his Aſſiſtance; yet the Arch-Angel, in the former Example, when *Diſcord* was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her belov'd Monaſtery with fair Words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many Stripes, ſets her, on God's name, about her Buſineſs; and makes her know the difference of Strength betwixt a Nuncio of Heaven, and a Miniſter of Hell: The ſame Angel, in the latter Inſtance from *Taſſo* (as if God had never another Meſſenger belonging to the Court, but was confin'd like *Jupiter* to *Mercury*, and *Juno* to *Iris*,) when he ſees his time, that is, when half of the *Chriſtians* are already kill'd, and all the reſt are in a fair way of being routed, ſtickles betwixt the

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the Remainders of God's Hoſt, and the Race of Fiends; pulls the Devils backwards by the Tails, and drives them from their Quarry; or otherwiſe the whole Buſineſs had miſcarry'd, and *Jeruſalem* remain'd untaken. This, ſays *Boileau*, is a very unequal Match for the poor Devils, who are ſure to come by the worſt of it in the Combat; for nothing is more eaſy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old Rebels to Reaſon, when he pleaſes. Conſequently, what Pleaſure, what Entertainment can be rais'd from ſo pitiful a Machine, where we ſee the Succeſs of the Battle from the very Beginning of it; unleſs that, as we are *Chriſtians*, we are glad that we have gotten God on our ſide, to maul our Enemies, when we cannot do the work our ſelves? For if the Poet had given the Faithful more Courage, which had coſt him nothing, or at leaſt had made them exceed the *Turks* in Number, then he might have gain'd the Victory for us Chriſtians, without intereſting Heaven in the Quarrel; and that with as much Eaſe, and as little Credit to the Conqueror, as when a Party of 100 Soldiers defeats another which conſiſts only of 50.

This, my Lord, I confeſs, is ſuch an Argument againſt our Modern Poetry, as cannot be anſwered by thoſe Mediums which have been us'd. We cannot hitherto boaſt, that our Religion has furniſh'd us with any ſuch Machines, as have made the Strength and Beauty of the Ancient Buildings.

But what if I venture to advance an Invention of my own, to ſupply the manifeſt Defect of our new Writers? I am ſufficiently ſenſible of my Weakneſs; and 'tis not very probable that I ſhou'd ſucceed in ſuch a Project, whereof I have not had the leaſt Hint from any of my Predeceſſors, the Poets, or any of their Seconds, and Coadjutors, the

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the Critiques. Yet we see the Art of War is improv'd in Sieges, and new Instruments of Death are invented daily: Something new in Philosophy and the Mechanicks is discover'd almost every Year: And the Science of former Ages is improv'd by the succeeding. I will not detain you with a long Preamble to that, which better Judges will, perhaps, conclude to be little worth.

'Tis this, in short, That Christian Poets have not hitherto been acquainted with their own Strength. If they had search'd the Old Testament as they ought, they might there have found the Machines which are proper for their Work; and those more certain in their effect, than it may be the New Testament is, in the Rules sufficient for Salvation. The perusing of one Chapter in the Prophecy of *Daniel*, and accommodating what there they find, with the Principles of *Platonique* Philosophy, as it is now Christiani'zd, wou'd have the Ministry of Angels as strong an Engine, for the working up Heroique Poetry, in our Religion, as that of the Ancients has been to raise theirs by all the Fables of their Gods, which were only receiv'd for Truths by the most ignorant and weakest of the People.

'Tis a Doctrine almost universally receiv'd by Christians, as well Protestants as Catholicks, That there are Guardian Angels appointed by God Almighty, as his Vicegerents, for the Protection and Government of Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Monarchies; and those as well of Heathens, as of true Believers. All this is so plainly prov'd from those Texts of *Daniel*, that it admits of no farther Controversie. The Prince of the *Persians*, and that other of the *Grecians*, are granted to be the Guardians and Protecting Ministers of those Empires. It cannot be deny'd, that they were opposite, and resisted one another. St. *Michael* is mention'd by

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his Name, as the Patron of the *Jews*, and is now taken by the Christians, as the Protector General of our Religion. These Tutelar *Genii*, who presided over the several People and Regions committed to their Charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their Commissions cou'd possibly extend. The general Purpose, and Design of all, was certainly the Service of their Great CREATOR. But 'tis an undoubted Truth, that for Ends best known to the Almighty Majesty of Heaven, his Providential Designs for the Benefit of his Creatures, for the Debasing and Punishing of some Nations, and the Exaltation and Temporal Reward of others, were not wholly known to these his Ministers; else why those factious Quarrels, Controversies, and Battels, amongst themselves, when they were all united in the same Design, the Service and Honour of their Common Master? But being instructed only in the general, and zealous of the main Design; and as Finite Beings, not admitted into the Secrets of Government, the last Resorts of Providence, or capable of discovering the final Purposes of GOD, who can work Good out of Evil, as he pleases; and irresistibly sways all manner of Events on Earth, directing them finally for the best, to his Creation in general, and to the ultimate End of his own Glory in particular: They must of necessity be sometimes ignorant of the Means conducing to those Ends, in which alone they can jar and oppose each other. One Angel, as we may suppose the Prince of *Persia*, is he is call'd, judging, that it would be more for God's Honour and the Benefit of his People, that the *Median* and *Persian* Monarchy, which deliver'd them from the *Babylonish* Captivity, shou'd still be uppermost: And the Patron of the *Grecians*, to whom the Will of God might be more particularly re-

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reveal'd, contending on the other side, for the Rise of *Alexander* and his Successors, who were appointed to punish the Backsliding *Jews*; and thereby to put them in mind of their Offences that they might repent, and become more Virtuous, and more observant of the Law reveal'd. But how far these Controversies and appearing Enmities of those glorious Creatures may be carry'd; how these Oppositions may best be manag'd, and by what Means conducted, is not my Business to shew or determine: These things must be left to the Invention and Judgment of the Poet: If any of so happy a Genius be now living, or any future Age can produce a Man, who being conversant in the Philosophy of *Plato*, as it is now accommodated to Christian Use; for (as *Virgil* gives us to understand by his Example) he is the only proper Person, of all others for an *Epique* Poem, who to his Natural Endowments, of a large Invention, a ripe Judgment, and a strong Memory, has join'd the Knowledge of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, and particularly Moral Philosophy, the Mathematicks, Geography and History, and with all these Qualifications is born a Poet; knows, and can practise the Variety of Numbers, and is Master of the Language in which he writes; if such a Man, I say, be now arisen, or shall arise, I am vain enough to think, that I have propos'd a Model to him, by which he may build a Nobler, a more Beautiful, and more Perfect Poem, than any yet extant since the Ancients

There is another Part of these Machines yet wanting; but by what I have said, it wou'd have been easily supply'd by a Judicious Writer. He cou'd not have fail'd to add the Opposition of ill Spirits to the good; they have also their Design, ever opposite to that of Heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the Practice of the Moderns: But

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this imperfect Syſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that Hypotheſis of the Evil Spirits contending with the Good. For being ſo much weaker ſince their Fall, than thoſe Bleſſed Beings, they are yet ſuppos'd to have a permitted Power of God, of acting ill, as from their own deprav'd Nature they have always the Will of deſigning it. A great Teſtimony of which we find in Holy Writ, when God Almighty ſuffer'd *Satan* to appear in the Holy Synod of the Angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into Example by any of the Poets,) and alſo gave him Power over all things belonging to his Servant *Job*, excepting only Life.

Now what theſe Wicked Spirits cannot compaſs, by the vaſt diſproportion of their Forces to thoſe of the Superior Beings, they may by their Fraud and Cunning carry farther, in a ſeeming League, Confederacy, or Subſerviency to the Deſigns of ſome good Angel, as far as conſiſts with his Purity, to ſuffer ſuch an Aid, the End of which may poſſibly be diſguis'd, and conceal'd from his finite Knowledge. This is indeed to ſuppoſe a great Errour in ſuch a Being: Yet ſince a Devil can appear like an Angel of Light; ſince Craft and Malice may ſometimes blind for a while a more perfect Underſtanding; and laſtly, ſince *Milton* has given us an Example of the like Nature, when *Satan* appearing like a Cherub to *Uriel*, the Intelligence of the Sun, circumvented him even in his own Province, and paſs'd only for a Curious Traveller through thoſe new-created Regions, that he might obſerve therein the Workmanſhip of God, and praiſe him in his Works.

I know not why, upon the ſame Suppoſition, or ſome other, a Fiend may not deceive a Creature of more Excellency than himſelf, but yet a Crea-

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Creature; at leaſt by the Connivance, or tacit Permiſſion of the Omniſcient Being.

Thus, my Lord, I have, as briefly as I cou'd, given your Lordſhip, and by you the World, a rude Draught of what I have been long labouring in my Imagination. And what I had intended to have put in practice, (tho' far unable for the Attempt of ſuch a Poem) and to have left the Stage, to which my Genius never much inclin'd me, for a Work which wou'd have taken up my Life in the Performance of it. This too, I had intended chiefly for the Honour of my Native Country; to which a Poet is particularly oblig'd: Of two Subjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chuſe that of King *Arthur* conquering the *Saxons*; which being farther diſtant in Time, gives the greater Scope to my Invention: Or that of *Edward* the Black Prince in ſubduing *Spain*, and reſtoring it to the Lawful Prince, tho' a great Tyrant, *Don Pedro* the Cruel: Which for the compaſs of Time, including only the Expedition of one Year; for the Greatneſs of the Action, and its anſwerable Event; for the Magnanimity of the *Engliſh* Heroe, oppos'd to the Ingratitude of the Perſon whom he reſtor'd; and for the many beautiful Epiſodes, which I had interwoven with the principal Deſign, together with the Characters of the chiefeſt *Engliſh* Perſons; wherein, after *Virgil* and *Spencer*, I wou'd have taken occaſion to repreſent my living Friends and Patrons of the nobleſt Families, and alſo ſhadow'd the Events of future Ages, in the Succeſſion of our Imperial Line: With theſe Helps, and thoſe of the Machines, which I have mention'd; I might perhaps have done as well as ſome of my Predeceſſors; or at leaſt chalk'd out a way, for others to amend my Errors in a like Deſign. But being encourag'd only with fair Words by King *Charles* II. my

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little Salary ill paid, and no prospect of a future Subsistence, I was then discourag'd in the Beginning of my Attempt; and now Age has overtaken me; and Want, a more insufferable Evil, through the Change of the Times, has wholly disenabl'd me. Tho' I must ever acknowledge, to the Honour of your Lordship, and the eternal Memory of your Charity, that since this Revolution, wherein I have patiently suffer'd the Ruin of my small Fortune, and the loss of that poor Subsistence which I had from Two Kings, whom I had serv'd more faithfully than profitably to my self; then your Lordship was pleas'd, out of no other Motive but your own Nobleness, without any Desert of mine, or the least Sollicitation from me, to make me a most Bountiful Present, which at that time, when I was most in want of it, came most seasonably and unexpectedly to my Relief. That Favour, my Lord, is of it self sufficient to bind any Grateful Man, to a perpetual Acknowledgment, and to all the future Service, which one of my mean Condition can be ever able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in Blessing you here, and Rewarding you hereafter. I must not presume to defend the Cause for which I now suffer, because your Lordship is engag'd against it: But the more you are so, the greater is my Obligation to you: For your laying aside all the Considerations of Factions and Parties, to do an Action of pure disinteress'd Charity. This is one amongst many of your shining Qualities, which distinguish you from others of your Rank: But let me add a farther Truth, That without these Ties of Gratitude, and abstracting from them all, I have a most particular Inclination to Honour you; and, if it were not too bold an Expression, to say, I Love you. 'Tis no Shame to be a Poet, tho' 'tis to be a bad

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a bad one. *Augustus Cæsar* of old, and Cardinal *Richlieu* of late, wou'd willingly have been such; and *David* and *Solomon* were such. You, who without Flattery, are the best of the present Age in *England*, and wou'd have been so, had you been born in any other Country, will receive more Honour in future Ages, by that one Excellency, than by all those Honours to which your Birth has intitl'd you, or your Merits have acquir'd you.

Ne, forte, pudori
Sit Tibi Musa Lyræ solers, & Cuntor Apollo.

I have formerly said in this Epistle, that I cou'd distinguish your Writings from those of any others: 'Tis now time to clear my self from any Imputation of Self-conceit on that Subject. I assume not to my self any particular Lights in this Discovery; they are such only as are obvious to every Man of Sense and Judment, who loves Poetry, and understands it. Your Thoughts are always so remote from the common way of Thinking, that they are, as I may say, of another Species, than the Conceptions of other Poets; yet you go not out of Nature for any of them. Gold is never bred upon the Surface of the Ground; but lies so hidden, and so deep, that the Mines of it are seldom found; but the force of Waters casts it out from the Bowels of Mountains, and exposes it amongst the Sands of Rivers: giving us of her Bounty, what we cou'd not hope for by our Search. This Success attends your Lordship's Thoughts, which wou'd look like Chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the same Tenour. If I grant that there is Care in it, 'tis such a Care as wou'd be ineffectual and fruitless in other Men. 'Tis the *Curiosa felicitas* which *Petronius* ascribes to *Horace* in his *Odes*.

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We have not wherewithal to imagine so strongly, so justly, and so pleasantly: In short, if we have the same Knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the same Quintessence; we cannot give it such a Term, such a Propriety, and such a Beauty: Something is deficient in the Manner, or the Words, but more in the Nobleness of our Conception. Yet when you have finish'd all, and it appears in its full Lustre, when the Diamond is not only found, but the Roughness smooth'd, when it is cut into a Form, and set in Gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect Work of Art and Nature: And every one will be so vain, to think he himself cou'd have perform'd the like, 'till he attempts it. 'Tis just the Description that *Horace* makes of such a finish'd Piece: It appears so easie, *Ut sibi quivis speret idem; sudet multum, frustraque laboret, ausus idem.* And besides all this, 'tis your Lordship's particular Talent to lay your Thoughts so close together, that were they closer they wou'd be crouded, and even a due Connexion wou'd be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of Two good Lines, which are to come after a long Parenthesis of Twenty bad; which is the *April*-Poetry of other Writers, a Mixture of Rain and Sun-shine by fits: You are always bright, even almost to a Fault, by reason of the Excess. There is continual Abundance, a Magazine of Thought, and yet a perpetual Variety of Entertainment; which creates such an Appetite in your Reader, that he is not cloy'd with any thing, but satisfy'd with all. 'Tis that which the *Romans* call *Cœna dubia*; where there is such Plenty, yet withal so much Diversity, and so good Order, that the Choice is difficult betwixt one Excellency and another; and yet the Conclusion, by a due Climax, is evermore the best; that is, as a Conclusion

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cluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its Place. See, my Lord, whether I have not ſtudy'd your Lordſhip with ſome Application: And ſince You are ſo Modeſt, that you will not be Judge and Party, I appeal to the whole World, if I have not drawn your Picture to a great degree of Likeneſs, tho' 'tis but in Miniature: And that ſome of the beſt Features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done, is enough to diſtinguiſh You from any other, which is the Propoſition that I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my Lord, to apply what I have ſaid to my preſent Buſineſs; the Satyrs of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, appearing in this new *Engliſh* Dreſs, cannot ſo properly be inſcrib'd to any Man as to your Lordſhip, who are the Firſt of the Age in that Way of Writing. Your Lordſhip, amongſt many other Favours, has given me your Permiſſion for this Addreſs; and you have particularly encourag'd me by your Peruſal and Approbation of the *Sixth* and *Tenth Satyrs* of *Juvenal*, as I have Tranſlated them. My Fellow-Labourers have likewiſe Commiſſion'd me, to perform in their behalf this Office of a Dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all poſſible Reſpect and Gratitude, your Acceptance of their Work. Some of them have the Honour to be known to your Lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that Happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleas'd to receive our common Endeavours with your wonted Candour, without Intitling you to the Protection of our common Failings, in ſo difficult an Undertaking. And allow me your Patience, if it be not already tir'd with this long Epiſtle, to give you from the beſt Authors, the Origin, the Antiquity, the Growth, the Change, and the Compleatment of Satyr among the *Romans*. To deſcribe, if not define, the Nature of that

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poem, with its several Qualifications and Virtues, together with the several Sorts of it. To compare the Excellencies of *Horace*, *Persius* and *Juvenal*, and shew the particular Manners of their Satyrs. And lastly, to give an Account of this new Way of Version which is attempted in our Performance. All which, according to the Weakness of my Ability, and the best Lights which I can get from others, shall be the Subject of my following Discourse.

The most perfect Work of Poetry, says our Master *Aristotle*, is Tragedy. His Reason is, because 'tis the most united; being more severely confin'd within the Rules of Action, Time, and Place. The Action is entire, of a Piece, and One, without Episodes: The Time limited to a Natural Day; and the Place circumscrib'd at least within the Compass of one Town, or City. Being exactly proportion'd thus, and uniform in all its Parts, the Mind is more capable of comprehending the whole Beauty of it without Distraction.

But after all these Advantages, an Heroique Poem is certainly the greatest Work of Human Nature. The Beauties and Perfections of the other are but Mechanical; those of the Epique are more Noble. Tho' *Homer* has limited his Place to *Troy*, and the Fields about it; his Action to Forty Eight Natural Days, whereof Twelve are Holy-days, or Cessation from Business, during the Funerals of *Patroclus*. To proceed, the Action of the Epique is greater: The Extension of Time enlarges the Pleasure of the Reader, and the Episodes give it more Ornament, and more Variety. The Instruction is equal; but the first is only Instructive, the latter forms a Heroe, and a Prince.

If it signifies any thing which of them is of the more Ancient Family, the best and most absolute Heroique

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Heroique Poem was written by *Homer* long before Tragedy was invented: But, if we conſider the natural Endowments, and acquir'd Parts, which are neceſſary to make an accompliſh'd Writer in either Kind, Tragedy requires a leſs and more confin'd Knowledge: Moderate Learning, and Obſervation of the Rules is ſufficient, if a Genius be not wanting. But in an Epique Poet, one who is worthy of that Name, beſides an univerſal Genius, is requir'd univerſal Learning, together with all thoſe Qualities and Acquiſitions which I have nam'd above, and as many more as I have through Haſte or Negligence omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudy'd *Homer* and *Virgil*, as his Patterns, *Ariſtotle* and *Horace* as his Guides, and *Vida* and *Boſſu*, as their Commentators, with many others both *Italian* and *French* Critiques, which I want Leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, What I have to ſay, in relation to This Subject, which does not particularly concern Satyr, is, That the Greatneſs of an Heroique Poem, beyond that of a Tragedy, may eaſily be diſcover'd, by obſerving how few have attempted that Work, in Compariſon of thoſe who have written Drama's; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a Number have ſucceeded. But leaving the Critiques on either ſide, to contend about the Preference due to this or that Sort of Poetry; I will haſten to my preſent Buſineſs, which is the Antiquity and Origin of Satyr, according to thoſe Informations which I have receiv'd from the learned *Caſaubon*, *Heinſius*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the *Dauphin*'s *Juvenal*; to which I ſhall add ſome Obſervations of my own.

There has been a long Diſpute among the Modern Critiques, whether the *Romans* deriv'd their Satyr from the *Grecians*, or firſt invented it themſelves.

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ſelves. *Julius Scaliger* and *Heinſius*, are of the firſt Opinion; *Caſaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and the Publiſher of the *Dauphin's Juvenal*, maintain the latter. If we take Satyr in the general Signification of the World, as it is us'd in all modern Languages for an Invective, 'tis certain that 'tis almoſt as old as Verſe; and tho' Hymns, which are Praiſes of God, may be allow'd to have been before it, yet the Defamation of others was not long after it. After God had curs'd *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradiſe, the Husband and Wife excus'd themſelves, by laying the Blame on one another; and gave a Beginning to thoſe conjugal Dialogues in Proſe, which the Poets have perfected in Verſe. The Third Chapter of *Job* is one of the firſt Inſtances of this Poem in Holy Scripture: Unleſs we will take it higher, from the latter end of the Second; where his Wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

This Original, I confeſs, is not much to the Honour of Satyr; but here it was Nature, and that deprav'd: When it became an Art, it bore better Fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that Scoffs and Revilings are of the Growth of all Nations; and conſequently that neither the *Greek* Poets borrow'd from other People their Art of Railing, neither needed the *Romans* to take it from them. But conſidering Satyr as a Species of Poetry; here the War begins amongſt the Critiques. *Scaliger* the Father will have it deſcend from *Greece* to *Rome*; and derives the Word Satyr, from *Satyrus*, that mixt kind of Animal, or, as the Ancients thought him, Rural God, made up betwixt a Man and a Goat; with a Human Head, hook'd Noſe, powting Lips, a Bunch or Struma under the Chin, prick'd Ears, and upright Horns; the Body ſhagg'd with Hair, eſpecially from the Waiſt, and ending

in

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in a Goat, with the Legs and Feet of that Creature. But *Casaubon*, and his Followers, with Reason, condemn this Derivation; and prove that from *Satyrus*, the word *Satira*, as it signifies a Poem, cannot possibly descend. For *Satira* is not properly a Substantive, but an Adjective; to which the word *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, is understood: So that the *Greek* Poem made according to the Manner of a Satyr, and expressing his Qualities, must properly be call'd Satyrical, and not Satyr. And thus far 'tis allow'd that the *Grecians* had such Poems; but that they were wholly different in Specie, from that to which the *Romans* gave the Name of Satyr.

Aristotle divides all Poetry, in relation to the Progress of it, into Nature without Art, Art begun, and Art compleated. Mankind, even the most Barbarous, have the Seeds of Poetry implanted in them. The first Specimen of it was certainly shewn in the Praises of the DEITY, and Prayers to Him: And as they are of Natural Obligation, so they are likewise of Divine Institution. Which *Milton* observing, introduces *Adam* and *Eve* every Morning adoring GOD in Hymns and Prayers. The first Poetry was thus begun, in the wild Notes of Natural Poetry, before the Invention of Feet, and Measures. The *Grecians* and *Romans* had no other Original of their Poetry. Festivals and Holy-days soon succeeded to Private Worship, and we need not doubt but they were enjoyn'd by the True GOD to His own People; as they were afterwards imitated by the *Heathens*; who by the Light of Reason knew they were to invoke some Superiour Being in their Necessities, and to thank Him for his Benefits. Thus the *Grecian* Holy-days were celebrated with Offerings to *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, and other Deities, to whose

Bounty

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Bounty they suppos'd they were owing for their Corn and Wine, and other Helps of Life. And the ancient *Romans*, *Horace* tells us, paid their Thanks to Mother Earth, or *Vesta*, to *Silvanus*, and their *Genius*, in the same manner. But as all Festivals have a double Reason of their Institution; the first of Religion, the other of Recreation, for the unbending of our Minds: So both the *Grecians* and *Romans* agreed, after their Sacrifices were perform'd, to spend the Remainder of the Day in Sports and Merriments; amongst which, Songs and Dances, and that which they call'd Wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefest Entertainments. The *Grecians* had a Notion of Satires, whom I have already describ'd; and taking them, and the *Sileni*, that is, the young Satires and the old, for the Tutors, Attendants, and humble Companions of their *Bacchus*, habited themselves like those Rural Deities, and imitated them in their Rustick Dances, to which they join'd Songs, with some sort of rude Harmony, but without certain Numbers; and to these they added a kind of *Chorus*.

The *Romans* also (as Nature is the same in all Places) tho' they knew nothing of those *Grecian* Demi-Gods, nor had any Communication with *Greece*, yet had certain Young Men, who at their Festivals danc'd and sung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of Verse, which they call'd *Saturnian*; what it was, we have no certain light from Antiquity to discover; but we may conclude, that, like the *Grecian*, it was void of Art, or at least with very feeble Beginnings of it. Those ancient *Romans*, at these Holy-days, which were a Mixture of Devotion and Debauchery, had a Custom of reproaching each other with their Faults, in a sort of *extempore* Poetry, or rather of tunable hobling

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hobling Verſe; and they anſwer'd in the ſame kind of groſs Raillery; their Wit and their Muſick being of a piece. The *Grecians*, ſays *Caſaubon*, had formerly done the ſame, in the Perſons of their petulant Satires: But I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the Singing and Dancing of the Satires, with the Ruſtical Entertainments of the firſt *Romans*. The Reaſon of my Opinion is this; that *Caſaubon* finding little Light from Antiquity, of theſe Beginnings of Poetry, amongſt the *Grecians*, but only theſe Repreſentations of *Satires*, who carry'd *Canifters* and *Cornucopias* full of ſeveral Fruits in their Hands, and danc'd with them at their Publick Feaſts: And afterwards reading *Horace*, who makes mention of his homely *Romans*, jeſting at one another in the ſame Kind of Solemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton *Satires* did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe *Horace* poſſibly might ſeem to him, to have ſhewn the Original of all Poetry in general, including the *Grecians* as well as *Romans*: Tho' 'tis plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcrib'd the Beginning, and firſt Rudiments of Poetry in his own Country. The Verſes are theſe, which he cites from the Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book, which was written to *Auguſtus*.

Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit.

Our

Our brawny Clowns of old, who turn'd the Soil,
Content with little, and inur'd to Toil,
At Harveſt home, with Mirth and Country-Cheer
Reſtor'd their Bodies for another Year;
Refreſh'd their Spirits, and renew'd their Hope
Of ſuch a future Feaſt, and future Crop.
Then with their Fellow-Joggers of the Ploughs,
Their little Children, and their faithful Sponſe;
A Sow they ſlew to Veſta's *Deity;*
And kindly Milk, Silvanus, *pour'd to thee.*
With Flow'rs, and Wine, their Genius they ador'd;
A ſhort Life, and a merry, was the Word.
From flowing Cups defaming Rhymes enſue,
And at each other homely Taunts they threw.

Yet ſince it is a hard Conjecture, that ſo Great a Man as *Caſaubon* ſhou'd miſapply what *Horace* writ concerning ancient *Rome*, to the Ceremonies and Manners of ancient *Greece*, I will not inſiſt on this Opinion, but rather judge in general, That ſince all Poetry had its Original from Religion, that of the *Grecians* and *Romans* had the ſame Beginning: Both were invented at Feſtivals of Thankſgiving: And both were proſecuted with Mirth and Raillery, and Rudiments of Verſe: Amongſt the *Greeks*, by thoſe who repreſented *Satires*; and amongſt the *Romans*, by real Clowns.

For, indeed, when I am reading *Caſaubon* on theſe two Subjects, methinks I hear the ſame Story told twice over with very little Alteration. Of which *Dacier*, taking notice, in his Interpretation of the Latin Verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the Beginning of Poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall Variety, in both Countries: And that the Mother of it, in all Nations, was Devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt learned Critique takes notice alſo, in his Illuſtrations on

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on the First Epistle of the Second Book, that as the Poetry of the *Romans*, and that of the *Grecians*, had the same Beginning, at Feasts of Thanksgiving, as it has been observ'd; and the old Comedy of the *Greeks* which was Invective, and the Satyr of the *Romans* which was of the same Nature, were begun on the very same Occasion, so the Fortune of both in process of time was just the same; the old Comedy of the *Grecians* was forbidden, for its too much Licence in exposing of particular Persons, and the rude Satyr of the *Romans* was also punish'd by a Law of the *Decemviri*, as *Horace* tells us, in these Words:

Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
Lusit amabiliter, donec jam sævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honestas
Ire domos impune minax: Doluere cruento
Dente lacessiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione super communi: Quinetiam Lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Describi, vertere modum formidine fustis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

The Law of the *Decemviri* was this; *Siquis Occentassit malum Carum, sive Condidisit, quod Infamiam faxit, Flagitiumve alteri, Capital esto.* A strange Likeness, and barely possible: But the Critiques being all of the same Opinion, it becomes me to be silent, and to submit to better Judgments than my own.

But to return to the *Grecians*, from whose Satirick Drama's, the elder *Scaliger* and *Heinsius*, will have the *Roman* Satyr to proceed, I am to take a view of them first, and see if there be any such Descent from them as those Authors have pretended.

Thespis, or whosoever he were that invented Tragedy, (for Authors differ) mingl'd with them a Cho-

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a Chorus and Dances of *Satires*, which had before been us'd in the Celebration of their Festivals; and there they were ever afterwards retain'd. The Character of them was also kept, which was Mirth and Wantonness: And this was given, I suppose, to the Folly of the common Audience, who soon grow weary of good Sense; and as we daily see, in our own Age, and Country, are apt to forsake Poetry, and still ready to return to Buffoonry and Farce. From hence it came, that in the *Olympique Games*, where the Poets contended for four Prizes, the Satirique Trag-dy was the last of them; for in the rest, the *Satires* were excluded from the Chorus. Among the Plays of *Euripides*, which are yet remaining, there is one of these Satiriques, which is call'd the *Cyclops*; in which we may see the Nature of those Poems, and from thence conclude, what Likeness they have to the *Roman* Satyr.

The Story of this *Cyclops*, whose Name was *Polyphemus*, so famous in the *Grecian* Fables, was, That *Ulysses*, who with his Company was driven on the Coast of *Sicily*, where those *Cyclops* inhabited, coming to ask Relief from *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, who were Herdsmen to that one-ey'd Giant, was kindly receiv'd by them, and entertain'd; 'till being perceiv'd by *Polyphemus*, they were made Prisoners, against the Rites of Hospitality, for which *Ulysses* eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down in the Den, and some of them devour'd; After which, *Ulysses* having made him drunk, when he was asleep, thrust a great Firebrand into his Eye; and so revenging his dead Followers, escap'd with the remaining Party of the living: And *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, were freed from their Servitude under *Polyphemus*, and remitted to their first Liberty of attending and accompanying their Patron *Bacchus*.

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This was the Subject of the Tragedy, which being one of those that end with a happy Event, is therefore by *Aristotle* judg'd below the other Sort, whose Success is unfortunate. Notwithstanding which, the *Satires*, who were part of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as well as the whole *Chorus*, were properly introduc'd into the Nature of the Poem, which is mix'd of Farce and Tragedy. The Adventure of *Ulysses* was to entertain the Judging Part of the Audience; and the uncouth Persons of *Silenus*, and the *Satires*, to divert the Common People with their grosse Railleries.

Your Lordship has perceiv'd, by this time, that this Satirique Tragedy, and the *Roman* Satyr, have little Resemblances in any other Features. The very Kinds are different: For what has a Pastoral Tragedy to do with a Paper of Verses satyrically written? The Character and Raillery of the Satires, is the only thing that cou'd pretend to a Likeness: Were *Scaliger* and *Heinsius* alive to maintain their Opinion. And the first Farces of the *Romans*, which were the Rudiments of their Poetry, were written before they had any Communication with the *Greeks*; or indeed, any Knowledge of that People.

And here it will be proper to give the Definition of the *Greek* Satirique Poem from *Casaubon*, before I leave this Subject. The Satirique, says he, is a Dramatique Poem, annex'd to a Tragedy; having a Chorus, which consists of Satires: The Persons represented in it, are illustrious Men: The Action of it is great; the Style is partly serious, and partly jocular; and the Event of the Action most commonly is happy.

The *Grecians*, besides these Satirique Tragedies, had another Kind of Poem, which they call'd *Silli*; which were more of kin to the *Roman* Satyr:

Those

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Thoſe *Silli* were indeed invective Poems, but of a different Species from the *Roman* Poems of *Ennius*, *Pacuvius*, *Lucilius*, *Horace*, and the reſt of their Succeſſors. They were ſo call'd, ſays *Caſaubon* in one Place, from *Silenus*, the Foſter-Father of *Bacchus*; but in another Place, bethinking himſelf better, he derives their Name ἀπὸ τῆς σιλλαίνειν, from their Scoffing and Petulancy. From ſome Fragments of the *Silli*, written by *Timon*, we may find, that they were Satirique Poems, full of *Parodies*; that is, of Verſes patch'd up from great Poets, and turn'd into another Senſe than their Author intended them. Such among the *Romans* is the famous *Cento* of *Auſonius*; where the Words are *Virgil*'s: But by applying them to another Senſe, they are made the Relation of a Wedding-Night; and the Act of Conſummation fulſomely deſcrib'd in the very Words of the moſt Modeſt amongſt all Poets. Of the ſame manner are our Songs, which are turn'd into Burleſque, and the ſerious Words of the Author perverted into a ridiculous Meaning. Thus in *Timon*'s *Silli* the Words are generally thoſe of *Homer*, and the Tragique Poets; but he applies them Satirically, to ſome Cuſtoms and Kinds of Philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the *Romans* not uſing any of theſe *Parodies* in their Satyrs; ſometimes, indeed, repeating Verſes of other Men, as *Perſius* cites ſome of *Nero*'s; but not turning them into another Meaning, the *Silli* cannot be ſuppos'd to be the Original of *Roman* Satyr. To theſe *Silli*, conſiſting of *Parodies*, we may properly add the Satyrs which were written againſt particular Perſons; ſuch as were the Iambiques of *Archilochus* againſt *Lycambes*, which *Horace* undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his *Odes* and *Epodes*, whoſe Titles bear a ſufficient Witneſs of it: I might alſo name the Invective of *Ovid* againſt *Ibis*; and

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and many others: But these are the Under-Wood of Satyr, rather than the Timber-Trees: They are not a general Extension, as reaching only to some individual Person. And *Horace* seems to have purg'd himself from those splenetick Reflections in those *Odes* and *Epodes*, before he undertook the Noble Work of Satyrs, which were properly so call'd.

Thus, my Lord, I have at length disengag'd my self from those Antiquities of *Greece*; and have prov'd, I hope, from the best Critiques, that the *Roman* Satyr was not borrow'd from thence, but of their own Manufacture: I am now almost gotten into my depth; at least by the help of *Dacier* I am swimming towards it. Not that I will promise always to follow him, any more than he follows *Casaubon*; but to keep him in my Eye, as my best and truest Guide; and where I think he may possibly mislead me, there to have Recourse to my own Lights, as I expect that others should do by me.

Quintilian says, in plain Words, *Satira quidem tota nostra est:* And *Horace* had said the same thing before him, speaking of his Predecessor in that sort of Poetry, *Et Græcis intacti Carminis Author,* Nothing can be clearer than the Opinion of the Poet, and the Orator, both the best Critiques of the two best Ages of the *Roman* Empire, than that Satyr was wholly of Latin Growth; and not transplanted from *Athens* to *Rome*. Yet, as I have said, *Scaliger* the Father, according to his Custom, that is, insolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better Reason, than the Derivation of *Satyrus* from σάθυ *Salacitas*; and so from the Letchery of those Fauns, thinks he has sufficiently prov'd, that Satyr is deriv'd from them. As if Wantonness and Lubricity were essential to that Sort

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Sort of Poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other Allegation, which I have already mention'd, is as pitiful: That the *Satires* carry'd Platters and Canisters full of Fruit, in their Hands. If they had enter'd empty-handed, had they been ever the less *Satires*? Or were the Fruits and Flowers, which they offer'd, any thing of kin to Satyr? Or any Argument that this Poem was originally *Grecian*? *Casaubon* judg'd better, and his Opinion is grounded on sure Authority, that *Satyr* was deriv'd from *Satura*, a *Roman* Word, which signifies Full, and Abundant, and full also of Variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due Perfection. 'Tis thus, says *Dacier*, that we lay a full Colour, when the Wool has taken the whole Tincture, and drunk in as much of the Dye as it can receive. According to this Derivation, from *Satur* comes *Satura*, or *Satyra*, according to the new Spelling; as *optumus* and *maximus* are now spell'd *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an Adjective, and relates to the Word *Lanx*, which is understood. And this *Lanx*, in *English* a Charger, or large Platter, was yearly fill'd with all sorts of Fruits, which were offer'd to the Gods at their Festivals, as the *Primies*, or First-Gatherings. These Offerings of several Sorts thus mingled, 'tis true, were not unknown to the *Grecians*, who call'd them παναρσὸν θυσίαν a Sacrifice of all sorts of Fruits; and παντρμίαν, when they offer'd all kinds of Grain. *Virgil* has mentioned these Sacrifices in his *Georgiques*.

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus Exta.
And in another Place, *Lanceisque & liba feremus*:
That is, we offer the smoking Entrails in great Platters; and we will offer the Chargers and the Cakes.

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This Word *Satura* has been afterwards apply'd to many other sorts of Mixtures; as *Festus* calls it a kind of *Olla*, or Hotch-potch, made of several sorts of Meats. Laws were also call'd *Leges Saturæ*; when they were of several Heads and Titles; like our tack'd Bills of Parliament. And *per Saturam legem ferre*, in the *Roman* Senate, was to carry a Law without telling the Senators, or counting Voices, when they were in haste. *Salust* uses the Word *per Saturam Sententias exquirere*; when the Majority was visibly on one side. From hence it might probably be conjectur'd, that the Discourses or Satyrs of *Ennius*, *Lucilius*, and *Horace*, as we now call them, took their Name; because they are full of various Matters, and are also written on various Subjects, as *Porphyrius* says. But *Dacier* affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that these Satyrs are so call'd: For that Name had been us'd formerly for other things, which bore a nearer resemblance to those Discourses of *Horace*. In explaining of which, (continues *Dacier*) a Method is to be pursu'd, of which *Casaubon* himself has never thought, and which will put all things into so clear a Light, that no farther room will be left for the least Dispute.

During the space of almost four hundred Years, since the Building of their City, the *Romans* had never known any Entertainments of the State: Chance and Jollity first found out those Verses which they call'd *Saturnian*, and *Fescennine*: Or rather Human Nature, which is inclin'd to Poetry, first produc'd them, rude and barbarous, and unpolish'd, as all other Operations of the Soul are in their Beginnings, before they are cultivated with Art and Study. However, in Occasions of Merriment they were first practis'd; and this rough-cast unhewn Poetry, was instead of Stage-Plays, for the

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the ſpace of one hundred and twenty Years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the *French* call them, *Impromptus:* For which the *Tarſians* of old were much renowned; and we ſee the daily Examples of them in the *Italian* Farces of *Harlequin*, and *Scaramucha*. Such was the Poetry of that ſalvage People, before it was turn'd into Numbers, and the Harmony of Verſe. Little of the *Saturnian* Verſes is now remaining; we only know from Authors, that they were nearer Proſe than Poetry, without Feet, or Meaſure. They were ἔῤῥυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: Perhaps they might be us'd in the ſolemn Part of their Ceremonies; and the *Feſcennine*, which were invented after them, in their Afternoons Debauchery, becauſe they were ſcoffing and obſcene.

The *Feſcennine* and *Saturnian* were the ſame; for as they were call'd *Saturnian* from their Ancientneſs, when *Saturn* reign'd in *Italy*; they were alſo called *Feſcennine*, from *Feſcennina*, a Town in the ſame Country, where they were firſt practis'd. The Actors, with a groſs and ruſtick kind of Raillery, reproach'd each other with their Failings; and at the ſame time were nothing ſparing of it to their Audience. Somewhat of this Cuſtom was afterwards retain'd in their *Saturnalia*, or Feaſts of *Saturn*, celebrated in *December*; at leaſt all kind of freedom in Speech was then allow'd to Slaves, even againſt their Maſters; and we are not without ſome imitation of it in our *Chriſtmas Gambols*. Soldiers alſo us'd theſe *Feſcennine* Verſes, after Meaſure and Numbers had been added to them, at the Triumph of their Generals: Of which we have an Example, in the Triumph of *Julius Cæſar* over *Gaul*, in theſe Expreſſions: *Cæſar Gallias ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem: Ecce Cæſar nunc triumphat, qui ſubegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat,*

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umphat, qui subegit Cæsarem. The Vapours of Wine made the first Satyrical Poets amongst the *Romans*; which, says *Dacier*, we cannot better represent, than by imagining a Company of Clowns on a Holy-day, dancing Lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* Doggrel, with their Defects and Vices, and the Stories that were told of them in Bake-houses and Barbers-Shops.

When they began to be somewhat better bred, and were entring, as I may say, into the first Rudiments of Civil Conversation, they left these Hedge-Notes, for another Sort of Poem, somewhat polish'd, which was also full of pleasant Raillery, but without any Mixture of Obscenity. This Sort of Poetry appear'd under the Name of Satyr, because of its Variety: And this Satyr was adorn'd with Compositions of Musick, and with Dances; but lascivious Postures were banish'd from it. In the *Tuscan* Language, says *Livy*, the word *Hister* signifies a Player: And therefore those Actors, which were first brought from *Etruria* to *Rome*, on occasion of a Pestilence; when the *Romans* were admonish'd to avert the Anger of the Gods by Plays, in the Year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCXC: Those Actors, I say, were therefore call'd *Histriones*: And that Name has since remain'd, not only to Actors *Roman* born, but to all others of every Nation. They play'd not the former *extempore* Stuff of *Fescennine* Verses, or Clownish Jests; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly Farce, with Musick and Dances, and Motions that were proper to the Subject.

In this Condition *Livius Andronicus* found the Stage, when he attempted first, instead of Farces, to supply it with a nobler Entertainment of Tragedies and Comedies. This Man was a *Grecian* born, and being made a Slave by *Livius Salinator*,

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and brought to *Rome*, had the Education of his Patron's Children committed to him. Which Truſt he diſcharg'd, ſo much to the Satisfaction of his Maſter, that he gave him his Liberty.

Andronicus thus become a Freeman of *Rome*, added to his own Name that of *Livius* his Maſter; and, as I obſerv'd, was the firſt Author of a regular Play in that Common-wealth. Being already inſtructed, in his Native-Country, in the Manners and Decencies of the *Athenian* Theater, and converſant in the *Archaea Comœdia*, or old Comedy of *Ariſtophanes*, and the reſt of the *Grecian* Poets; he took from that Model his own Deſigning of Plays for the *Roman* Stage. The firſt of which was repreſented in the Year CCCCCXIV. ſince the Building of *Rome*, as *Tully*, from the Commentaries of *Atticus*, has aſſur'd us; it was after the end of the firſt *Punic* War, the Year before *Ennius* was born. *Dacier* has not carry'd the Matter altogether thus far; he only ſays, that one *Livius Andronicus* was the firſt Stage-Poet at *Rome*: But I will adventure on this Hint, to advance another Propoſition, which I hope the Learned will approve. And tho' we have not any thing of *Andronicus* remaining to juſtify my Conjecture, yet 'tis exceeding probable, that having read the Works of thoſe *Grecian* Wits, his Country-men, he imitated not only the Ground-work, but alſo the Manner of their Writing. And how grave ſoever his Tragedies might be, yet in his Comedies he expreſs'd the Way of *Ariſtophanes*, *Eupolis*, and the reſt, which was to call ſome Perſons by their own Names, and to expoſe their Defects to the Laughter of the People. The Example of which we have in the fore-mention'd *Ariſtophanes*, who turned the wife *Socrates* into Ridicule; and is alſo very free with the Management of *Cleon*, *Alcibiades*,

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ades, and other Ministers of the *Athenian* Government. Now if this be granted, we may easily suppose, that the first Hint of Satyrical Plays on the *Roman* Stage, was given by the *Greeks*. Not from the *Satyrica*, for that has been reasonably exploded in the former part of this Discourse: But from their old Comedy, which was imitated first by *Livius Andronicus*. And then *Quintilian* and *Horace* must be cautiously interpreted, where they affirm, that Satyr is wholly *Roman*; and a Sort of Verse, which was not touch'd on by the *Grecians*. The Reconcilement of my Opinion to the Standard of their Judgment, is not, however, very difficult, since they spake of Satyr, not as in its first Elements, but as it was form'd into a separate Work; begun by *Ennius*, pursu'd by *Lucilius*, and compleated afterwards by *Horace*. The Proof depends only on this *Postulatum*, that the Comedies of *Andronicus*, which were Imitations of the *Greek*, were also Imitations of their Railleries, and Reflections on particular Persons. For if this be granted me, which is a most probable Supposition, 'tis easy to infer, that the first Light which was given to the *Roman Theatrical* Satyr, was from the Plays of *Livius Andronicus*. Which will be more manifestly discover'd, when I come to speak of *Ennius*. In the mean time I will return to *Dacier*.

The People, says he, ran in Crowds to these new Entertainments of *Andronicus*, as to Pieces which were more noble in their Kind, and more perfect than their former Satyrs, which for some time they neglected and abandon'd. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they join'd them to their Comedies: Playing them at the End of every Drama; as the *French* continue at this Day to act their Farces; in the nature of a separate Entertainment from their Tragedies. But

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more particularly they were join'd to the *Atellane* Fables, says *Casaubon*; which were Plays invented by the *Osci*. Those Fables, says *Valerius Maximus*, out of *Livy*, were temper'd with the *Italian* Severity, and free from any Note of Infamy or Obsceneness; and as an old Commentator on *Juvenal* affirms, the *Exodiarii*, which were Singers and Dancers, enter'd to entertain the People with light Songs, and mimical Gestures, that they might not go away oppress'd with Melancholy, from those serious Pieces of the Theater. So that the ancient Satyr of the *Romans* was in extemporary Reproaches: The next was Farce, which was brought from *Tuscany*: To that succeeded the Plays of *Andronicus*, from the old Comedy of the *Grecians*: And out of all these, sprung two several Branches of new *Roman* Satyr; like different Cyons from the same Root. Which I shall prove with as much Brevity as the Subject will allow.

A Year after *Andronicus* had open'd the *Roman* Stage with his new Drama's, *Ennius* was born; who, when he was grown to Man's Estate, having seriously considered the Genius of the People, and how eagerly they followed the first Satyrs, thought it wou'd be worth his Pains to refine upon the Project, and to write Satyrs, not to be Acted on the Theatre, but Read. He preserv'd the Ground-work of their Pleasantry, their Venom, and their Raillery on particular Persons, and general Vices: And by this means, avoiding the Danger of any ill Success, in a Publick Representation, he hop'd to be as well receiv'd in the Cabinet, as *Andronicus* had been upon the Stage. The Event was answerable to his Expectation. He made Discourses in several Sorts of Verse, vary'd often in the same Paper; retaining still in the Title, their original Name of Satyr. Both in rela-

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relation to the Subjects, and the Variety of Matters contain'd in them, the Satyrs of *Horace* are entirely like them; only *Ennius*, as I said, confines not himself to one Sort of Verse, as *Horace* does; but taking Example from the *Greeks*, and even from *Homer* himself, in his *Margites*, which is a kind of Satyr, as *Scaliger* observes, gives himself the License, when one Sort of Numbers comes not easily, to run into another, as his Fancy dictates. For he makes no Difficulty to mingle Hexameters with Iambique Trimeters; or with Trochaique Tetrameters; as appears by those Fragments which are yet remaining of him: *Horace* has thought him worthy to be Copy'd; inserting many things of his into his own Satyrs, as *Virgil* has done into his *Æneid*.

Here we have *Dacier* making out that *Ennius* was the first Satyrist in that Way of Writing, which was of his Invention; that is, Satyr abstracted from the Stage, and new modell'd into Papers of Verses, on several Subjects. But he will have *Ennius* take the Ground-work of Satyr from the first Farces of the *Romans*; rather than from the formed Plays of *Livius Andronicus*, which were copy'd from the *Grecian* Comedies. It may possibly be so; but *Dacier* knows no more of it than I do. And it seems to me the more probable Opinion, that he rather imitated the fine Railleries of the *Greeks*, which he saw in the Pieces of *Andronicus*, than the Coarseness of his old Country-men, in their clownish extemporary Way of Jeering.

But besides this, 'tis universally granted, that *Ennius*, tho' an *Italian*, was excellently learn'd in the *Greek* Language. His Verses were stuff'd with Fragments of it, even to a Fault: And he himself believ'd, according to the *Pythagorean* Opinion, that the Soul of *Homer* was transfus'd into

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him: Which *Perſius* obſerves, in his *Sixth Satyr*: *Poſtquam deſierunt eſſe Mœonides*. But this being only the private Opinion of ſo inconſiderable a Man as I am, I leave it to the farther Diſquiſition of the Criticks, if they think it worth their Notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the *Roman* Farce, or the *Greek* Comedies, he is to be acknowledg'd for the firſt Author of *Roman Satyr*, as it is properly ſo called, and diſtinguiſhed from any ſort of Stage-Play.

Of *Pacuvius*, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: Only that he is taken to be the Nephew of *Ennius*, his Siſter's Son; that in probability he was inſtructed by his Uncle, in his way of Satyr, which we are told he has copy'd; but what Advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the World, when *Pacuvius* flouriſh'd moſt; he alſo made Satyrs after the Manner of *Ennius*, but he gave them a more graceful Turn; and endeavour'd to imitate more cloſely the *Vetus Comœdia* of the *Greeks*: Of the which the old original *Roman* Satyr had no Idea, 'till the time of *Livius Andronicus*. And tho' *Horace* ſeems to have made *Lucilius* the firſt Author of Satyr in Verſe amongſt the *Romans*, in theſe Words, *Quid enim eſt* Lucilius *anſus Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem*: He is only thus to be underſtood, that *Lucilius* had given a more graceful Turn to the Satyr of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; not that he invented a new Satyr of his own: And *Quintilian* ſeems to explain this Paſſage of *Horace* in theſe Words: *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt* Lucilius.

Thus, both *Horace* and *Quintilian* give a kind of Primacy of Honour to *Lucilius*, amongſt the Latin Satyriſts. For as the *Roman* Language grew

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more refin'd, so much more capable it was of receiving the *Grecian* Beauties in his Time: *Horace* and *Quintilian* could mean no more, than that *Lucilius* writ better than *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*: And on the same account we prefer *Horace* to *Lucilius*: Both of them imitated the old *Greek* Comedy; and so did *Ennius* and *Pacuvius* before them. The Polishing of the Latin Tongue, in the Succession of Times, made the only Difference. And *Horace* himself, in two of his Satyrs, written purposely on this Subject, thinks the *Romans* of his Age were too partial in their Commendations of *Lucilius*; who writ not only loosely, and muddily, with little Art, and much less Care, but also in a time when the Latin Tongue was not yet sufficiently purg'd from the Dregs of Barbarism; and many significant and sounding Words, which the *Romans* wanted, were not admitted even in the Times of *Lucretius* and *Cicero*; of which both complain.

But to proceed, *Dacier* justly taxes *Casaubon*, saying, that the Satyrs of *Lucilius* were wholly different in *Specie*, from those of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*. *Casaubon* was led into that Mistake by *Diomedes* the Grammarian, who in effect says this: Satyr among the *Romans*, but not among the *Greeks*, was a biting invective Poem, made after the Model of the ancient Comedy; for the Reprehension of Vices: Such as were the Poems of *Lucilius*, of *Horace*, and of *Persius*. But in former Times, the Name of Satyr was given to Poems, which were compos'd of several Sorts of Verses; such as were made by *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*; more fully expressing the Etymology of the Word Satyr, from *Satura*, which we have observ'd. Here 'tis manifest, that *Diomedes* makes a Specifical Distinction betwixt the Satyrs of *Ennius* and those of

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of *Lucilius*. But this, as we say in *English*, is only a Distinction without a Difference; for the Reason of it is ridiculous, and absolutely false. This was that which cozen'd honest *Casaubon*, who relying on *Diomedes*, had not sufficiently examin'd the Origin and Nature of those two Satyrs; which were entirely the same, both in the Matter and the Form. For all that *Lucilius* perform'd beyond his Predecessors, *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, was only the adding of more Politeness, and more Salt; without any Change in the Substance of the Poem: And tho' *Lucilius* put not together in the same Satyr several Sorts of Verses, as *Ennius* did; yet he compos'd several Satyrs, of several Sorts of Verses; and mingl'd them with *Greek* Verses: One Poem consisted only of *Hexameters*; and another was entirely of *Iambiques*; a third of *Trochaiques*; as is visible by the Fragments yet remaining of his Works. In short, if the Satyrs of *Lucilius* are therefore said to be wholly different from those of *Ennius*, because he added much more of Beauty and Polishing to his own Poems, than are to be found in those before him; it will follow from hence, that the Satyrs of *Horace* are wholly different from those of *Lucilius*, because *Horace* has not less surpass'd *Lucilius* in the Elegancy of his Writing, than *Lucilius* surpass'd *Ennius* in the Turn and Ornament of his. This Passage of *Diomedes* has also drawn *Dousa*, the Son, into the same Error of *Casaubon*, which I say, not to expose the little Failings of those judicious Men, but only to make it appear, with how much Diffidence and Caution we are to read their Works; when they treat a Subject of so much Obscurity, and so very ancient, as is this of Satyr.

Having thus brought down the History of Satyr from its Original to the Times of *Horace*, and shewn the

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the ſeveral Changes of it; I ſhould here diſcover ſome of thoſe Graces which *Horace* added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that Undertaking, 'till I make the Compariſon betwixt him and *Juvenal*. In the mean while, following the Order of Time, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat of another Kind of Satyr, which alſo was deſcended from the Ancients: 'Tis that which we call the *Varronian* Satyr, but which *Varro* himſelf calls the *Menippean*; becauſe *Varro*, the moſt learned of the *Romans*, was the firſt Author of it, who imitated, in his Works, the Manners of *Menippus* the *Gadarenian*, who profeſs'd the Philoſophy of the *Cyniques*.

This Sort of Satyr was not only compos'd of ſeveral Sorts of Verſe, like thoſe of *Ennius*, but was alſo mix'd with Proſe; and *Greek* was ſprinkled amongſt the *Latin*. *Quintilian*, after he had ſpoken of the Satyr of *Lucilius*, adds what follow; *There is another and former kind of Satyr, compos'd by* Terentius Varro, *the moſt Learned of the* Romans: *In which he was not ſatisfy'd alone with mingling in it ſeveral ſorts of Verſe.* The only Difficulty of this Paſſage is, that *Quintilian* tells us, that this Satyr of *Varro* was of a former Kind. For how can we poſſibly imagine this to be, ſince *Varro*, who was contemporary to *Cicero*, muſt conſequently be after *Lucilius*? But *Quintilian* meant not, that the Satyr of *Varro* was in Order of Time before *Lucilius*; he would only give us to underſtand, that the *Varronian* Satyr, with mixture of ſeveral Sorts of Verſes, was more after the manner of *Ennius* and *Pacuvius*, than that of *Lucilius*, who was more ſevere, and more correct; and gave himſelf leſs Liberty in the Mixture of his Verſes, in the ſame Poem.

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We have nothing remaining of those *Varronian* Satyrs, excepting some inconsiderable Fragments, and those for the most part much corrupted. The Titles of many of them are indeed preserv'd, and they are generally double: From whence, at least, we may understand, how many various Subjects were treated by that Author. *Tully*, in his Academicks, introduces *Varro* himself giving us some light concerning the Scope and Design of those Works. Wherein, after he had shewn his Reasons why he did not *ex professo* write of Philosophy, he adds what follows. Notwithstanding, *says he*, that these Pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated *Menippus*, though I have not translated him, are sprinkled with a kind of Mirth and Gaiety: Yet many things are there inserted, which are drawn from the very Intrails of Philosophy, and many things severely argu'd: Which I have mingled with Pleasantries on purpose, that they may more easily go down with the common sort of unlearn'd Readers. The rest of the Sentence is so lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the Composition of his Satyrs, he so temper'd Philology with Philosophy, that his Work was a Mixture of them both. And *Tully* himself confirms us in this Opinion; when a little after he addresses himself to *Varro* in these Words. *And you your self have compos'd a most elegant and compleat Poem; you have begun Philosophy in many Places: Sufficient to incite us, though too little to instruct us.* Thus it appears, that *Varro* was one of those Writers whom they call'd σπουδογέλοιοι, studious of Laughter; and that, as Learned as he was, his Business was more to divert his Reader, than to teach him. And he intitled his own Satyrs *Menippean:* Not that *Menippus* had written any Satyrs (for his were either Dialogues or Epistles) but that *Varro* imitated

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imitated his Style, his Manner, his Facetiousness. All that we know farther of *Menippus*, and his Writings, which are wholly lost, is, that by some he is esteemed, as, among the rest, by *Varro*: By others he is noted of Cynical Impudence, and Obscenity: That he was much given to those *Parodies*, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the Verses of *Homer* and the Tragick Poets, and turn'd their serious Meaning into something that was Ridiculous; whereas *Varro*'s Satyrs are by *Tully* call'd Absolute, and most Elegant, and Various Poems. *Lucian*, who was emulous of this *Menippus*, seems to have imitated both his Manners and his Style in many of his Dialogues; where *Menippus* himself is often introduced as a Speaker in them, and as a perpetual Buffoon: Particularly his Character is express'd in the Beginning of that Dialogue, which is call'd Νεκυομαντεία. But *Varro*, in imitating him, avoids his Impudence and Filthiness, and only expresses his witty Pleasantry.

This we may believe for certain, That as his Subjects were various, so most of them were Tales or Stories of his own Invention. Which is also manifest from Antiquity, by those Authors who are acknowledg'd to have written *Varronian* Satyrs, in Imitation of his: Of whom the Chief is *Petronius Arbiter*, whose Satyr, they say, is now printed in *Holland*, wholly recovered, and made compleat: When 'tis made publick, it will easily be seen by any one Sentence, whether it be supposititious, or genuine. Many of *Lucian*'s Dialogues may also properly be call'd *Varronian* Satyrs; particularly his *True History*: And consequently the *Golden Ass* of *Apuleius*, which is taken from him. Of the same Stamp is the Mock Deification of *Claudius*, by *Seneca*: And the *Symposium* or *Cæsars* of *Julian*

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Julian the Emperor. Amongst the Moderns we may reckon the *Encomium Moriæ* of *Erasmus*, *Barclay*'s *Euphormio*, and a Volume of *German* Authors, which my ingenious Friend Mr. *Charles Killigrew* once lent me. In the *English* I remember none, which are mix'd with Prose, as *Varro*'s were: But of the same Kind is Mother *Hubbard*'s Tale in *Spenser*; and (if it be not too vain to mention any-thing of my own) the Poems of *Absalom* and *Mac Flecno*.

This is what I have to say in general of Satyr: Only as *Dacier* has observ'd before me, we may take notice, That the Word Satyr is of a more general Signification in *Latin*, than in *French*, or *English*. For amongst the *Romans* it was not only us'd for those Discourses which decry'd Vice, or expos'd Folly; but for others also, where Virtue was recommended. But in our modern Languages we apply it only to the invective Poems, where the very Name of Satyr is formidable to those Persons, who wou'd appear to the World, what they are not in themselves. For in *English*, to say Satyr, is to mean Reflection, as we use that Word in the worst Sense; or as the *French* call it, more properly, *Medisance*. In the Criticism of Spelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*; to distinguish its true Derivation from *Satura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be so, then 'tis false spell'd throughout this Book; for here 'tis written Satyr. Which having not consider'd at the first, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the *French* are more nice, and never spell it any other way than Satire.

I am now arriv'd at the most difficult part of my Undertaking, which is, to compare *Horace* with *Juvenal* and *Persius*. 'Tis observ'd by *Rigaltius*, in his Preface before *Juvenal*, written to *Thuanus*, that these

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these three Poets have all their particular *Partisans*, and Favourers: Every Commentator, as he has taken Pains with any of them, thinks himself oblig'd to prefer his Author to the other two: To find out their Failings, and decry them, that he may make room for his own Darling. Such is the Partiality of Mankind, to set up that Interest which they have once espous'd, tho' it be to the Prejudice of Truth, Morality, and common Justice: And especially in the Productions of the Brain. As Authors generally think themselves the best Poets, because they cannot go out of themselves to judge sincerely of their Betters; so it is with Criticks who, having first taken a Liking to one of these Poets, proceed to Comment on him, and to Illustrate him: After which, they fall in Love with their own Labours, to that degree of blind Fondness, that at length they defend and exalt their Author, not so much for his Sake as for their own. 'Tis a Folly of the same Nature, with that of the *Romans* themselves, in their Games of the *Circus*; the Spectators were divided in their Factions, betwixt the *Veneti* and the *Prasini*: Some were for the Charioteer in Blue, and some for him in Green. The Colours themselves were but a Fancy; but when once a Man had taken Pains to set out those of his Party, and had been at the trouble of procuring Voices for them, the Case was alter'd: He was concern'd for his own Labour; and that so earnestly, that Disputes and Quarrels, Animosities, Commotions, and Bloodshed, often happen'd: And in the Declension of the *Grecian* Empire, the very Sovereigns themselves engag'd in it, even when the Barbarians were at their Doors; and stickl'd for the Preference of Colours, when the Safety of their People was in question. I am now, my self, on the Brink of the same Precipice; I have

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have spent some time on the Translation of *Juvenal* and *Persius*; and it behoves me to be wary, lest, for that Reason, I shou'd be partial to them, or take a Prejudice against *Horace*. Yet, on the other Side, I wou'd not be like some of our Judges, who wou'd give the Cause for a poor Man, right or wrong: For tho' that be an Error on the better Hand, yet it is still a Partiality: And a Rich Man, unheard, cannot be concluded an Oppressor. I remember a Saying of King *Charles* II. on Sir *Matthew Hales*, (who was doubtless an Uncorrupt and Upright Man) That his Servants were sure to be cast on a Tryal, which was heard before him: Not that he thought the Judge was possible to be brib'd; but that his Integrity might be too scrupulous: And that the Causes of the Crown were always suspicious, when the Privileges of Subjects were concern'd.

It had been much fairer, if the modern Criticks, who have embark'd in the Quarrels of their Favorite Authors, had rather given to each his proper Due; without taking from another's Heap, to raise their own. There is Praise enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his Fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themselves with the Spoils of others. But to come to Particulars: *Heinsius* and *Dacier* are the most principal of those, who raise *Horace*, above *Juvenal* and *Persius*. *Scaliger* the Father, *Rigaltius*, and many others, debase *Horace*, that they may set up *Juvenal*: And *Casaubon*, who is almost single, throws Dirt on *Juvenal* and *Horace*, that he may exalt *Persius*, whom he understood particularly well, and better than any of the former Commentators; even *Stellati*, who succeeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my Opinion, defends the weakest Cause, which is that of *Persius*; and labouring,

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labouring, as *Tacitus* profesſes of his own Writings, to diveſt my ſelf of Partiality, or Prejudice, conſider *Perſius*, not as a Poet whom I have wholly tranſlated, and who has coſt me more Labour and Time than *Juvenal*; but according to what I judge to be his own Merit; which I think not equal, in the main, to that of *Juvenal* or *Horace*; and yet in ſome things to be preferred to both of them.

First, then, for the Verſe, neither *Caſaubon* himſelf, nor any for him, can defend either his Numbers, or the Purity of his *Latin*. *Caſaubon* gives this Point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtify either the Meaſures, or the Words of *Perſius*: He is evidently beneath *Horace* and *Juvenal*, in both.

Then, as his Verſe is ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his Words not every where well choſen, the Purity of *Latin* being more corrupted, than the Time of *Juvenal*, and conſequently of *Horace*, who writ when the Language was in the Height of its Perfection; ſo his Diction is hard; his Figures are generally too bold and daring; and his Tropes, particularly his Metaphors, inſufferably ſtrain'd.

In the third Place, notwithſtanding all the Diligence of *Caſaubon*, *Stellati*, and a *Scotch* Gentleman (whom I have heard extreamly commended for his Illuſtrations of him;) yet he is ſtill obſcure: Whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with Difficulty; or whether the Fear of his Safety under *Nero*, compell'd him to this Darkneſs in ſome places; or that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of Thinking, and the Brevity of his Style, and Crowding of his Figures; or laſtly, whether after ſo long a Time, many of his Words have been corrupted, and many Cuſtoms, and Stories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe Reaſons,

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Reasons, or all, concur'd to render him so cloudy; we may be bold to Affirm, that the best of Commentators can but guess at his Meaning, in many Passages: And none can be certain that he has divin'd rightly.

After all, he was a young Man, like his Friend and Contemporary *Lucan:* Both of them Men of extraordinary Parts, and great acquir'd Knowledge, considering their Youth. But neither of them had arriv'd to that Maturity of Judgment, which is necessary to the accomplishing of a form'd Poet. And this Consideration, as on the one hand it lays some Imperfections to their Charge; so, on the other side, 'tis a candid Excuse for those Failings, which are incident to Youth and Inexperience; and we have more reason to wonder, how they, who died before the Thirtieth year of their Age, cou'd write so well, and think so strongly; than to accuse them of those Faults, from which Human Nature, and more especially in Youth, can never possibly be exempted.

To consider *Persius* yet more closely: He rather insulted over Vice and Folly, than expos'd them, like *Juvenal* and *Horace.* And as chaste and modest as he is esteem'd, it cannot be deny'd, but that in some Places he is broad and fulsom, as the latter Verses of the Fourth Satyr, and of the Sixth, sufficiently witness. And 'tis to be believ'd, that he who commits the same Crime often, and without Necessity, cannot but do it with some kind of Pleasure.

To come to a Conclusion, he is manifestly below *Horace*; because he borrows most of his greatest Beauties from him: And *Casaubon* is so far from denying this, that he has written a Treatise purposely concerning it; wherein he shews a multitude of his Translations from *Horace*, and his Imitations.

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tations of him, for the Credit of his Author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana.*

To these Defects, which I casually observ'd, while I was Translating this Author, *Scaliger* has added others: He calls him, in plain Terms, a silly Writer, and a Trifler; full of Ostentation of Learning; and after all, unworthy to come into Competition with *Juvenal* and *Horace.*

After such terrible Accusations, 'tis time to hear what his Patron *Casaubon* can alledge in his Defence. Instead of answering, he excuses for the most part; and when he cannot, accuses others of the same Crimes. He deals with *Scaliger*, as a modest Scholar with a Master. He Compliments him with so much Reverence, that one wou'd swear he fear'd him as much at least as he respected him. *Scaliger* will not allow *Persius* to have any Wit: *Casaubon* interprets this in the mildest Sense; and confesses his Author was not good at turning things into a pleasant Ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable Writer. That he was *inepius*, indeed, but that was *non aptissimus ad jocandum.* But that he was ostentatious of his Learning, that, by *Scaliger*'s good Favour, he denies. *Persius* shew'd his Learning, but was no Boaster of it; he did *ostendere*, but not *ostentare*; and so, he says, did *Scaliger:* Where, methinks, *Casaubon* turns it handsomely upon that supercilious Critick, and silently insinuates, that he himself was sufficiently Vain-glorious, and a Boaster of his own Knowledge. All the Writings of this Venerable *Censor*, continues *Casaubon*, which are χρυσᾶ χρυσότερα, more golded than Gold it self, are every where smelling of Thyme, which, like a Bee, he has gather'd from ancient Authors: But far be Ostentation and Vain-glory from a Gentleman, so well Born, and so nobly Educated as *Scaliger.*

But,

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But, says *Scaliger*, he is so obscure, that he has got himself the Name of *Scotinus*, a dark Writer: Now, says *Casaubon*, 'tis a wonder to me that any thing cou'd be obscure to the Divine Wit of *Scaliger*; from which nothing cou'd be hidden. This is indeed a strong Compliment, but no Defence. And *Casaubon*, who cou'd not but be sensible of his Author's blind side, thinks it time to abandon a Post that was untenable. He acknowledges that *Persius* is obscure in some Places: but so is *Plato*, so is *Thucydides*; so are *Pindar*, *Theocritus* and *Aristophanes*, amongst the *Greek* Poets; and even *Horace* and *Juvenal*, he might have added, amongst the *Romans*. The Truth is, *Persius* is not sometimes, but generally obscure; and therefore *Casaubon*, at last, is forc'd to excuse him, by alledging that it was *se defendendo*, for fear of *Nero*; and that he was commanded to write so cloudily by *Cornutus*, in virtue of holy Obedience to his Master. I cannot help my own Opinion; I think *Cornutus* needed not to have read many Lectures to him on that Subject. *Persius* was an apt Scholar; and when he was bidden to be obscure in some Places, where his Life and Safety were in question, took the same Counsel for all his Book; and never afterwards wrote ten Lines together clearly. *Casaubon*, being upon this Chapter, has not fail'd, we may be sure, of making a Compliment to his own dear Comment. If *Persius*, says he, be in himself obscure, yet my Interpretation has made him intelligible. There is no question but he deserves that Praise, which he has given to himself: But the Nature of the Thing, as *Lucretius* says, will not admit of a perfect Explanation. Besides many Examples which I cou'd urge, the very last Verse of his last Satyr, upon which he particularly values himself in his Preface, is not yet sufficiently explicated.

'Tis

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'Tis true, *Holiday* has endeavour'd to justifie his Construction; but *Stellati* is against it: And, for my part, I can have but a very dark Notion of it. As for the Chastity of his Thoughts, *Casaubon* denies not but that one particular Passage, in the Fourth Satyr, *At, si unctus cesses*, &c. is not only the most obscure, but the most obscene of all his Works: I understood it; but for that Reason turn'd it over. In defence of his boisterous Metaphors, he quotes *Longinus*, who accounts them as Instruments of the Sublime; fit to move and stir up the Affections, particularly in Narration. To which it may be reply'd, That where the Trope is far fetch'd, and hard, 'tis fit for nothing but to puzzle the Understanding; and may be reckon'd amongst those things of *Demosthenes* which *Æschines* call'd θαύματα not ῥήματα, that is Prodigies, not Words. It must be granted to *Casaubon*, that the Knowledge of many things is lost in our Modern Ages, which were of familiar notice to the Ancients; and that Satyr is a Poem of a difficult Nature in it self, and is not written to vulgar Readers. And through the Relation which it has to Comedy, the frequent Change of Persons makes the Sense perplex'd; when we can but divine who it is that speaks: Whether *Persius* himself, or his Friend and Monitor; or, in some Places, a third Person. But *Casaubon* comes back always to himself, and concludes, that if *Persius* had not been obscure, there had been no need of him for an Interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoin'd himself so hard a Task, he then consider'd the *Greek* Proverb, that he must χελώνην φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν: either eat the whole Snail, or let it quite alone; and so he went through with his laborious Task, as I have done with my difficult Translation.

Thus

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Thus far, my Lord, you see it has gone very hard with *Perſius*: I think he cannot be allow'd to ſtand in competition, either with *Juvenal* or *Horace*. Yet, for once, I will venture to be ſo vain, as to affirm, That none of his hard Metaphors, or forc'd Expreſſions, are in my Tranſlation: But more of this in its proper Place, where I ſhall ſay ſomewhat in particular, of our general Performance, in making theſe two Authors *Engliſh*. In the mean time, I think my ſelf oblig'd to give *Perſius* his undoubted Due, and to acquaint the World, with *Caſaubon*, in what he has equall'd, and in what excell'd his two Competitors.

A Man who is reſolv'd to praiſe an Author, with any appearance of Juſtice, muſt be ſure to take him on the ſtrongeſt ſide, and where he is leaſt liable to Exceptions. He is therefore oblig'd to chuſe his Mediums accordingly: *Caſaubon*, who ſaw that *Perſius* cou'd not laugh with a becoming Grace, that he was not made for Jeſting, and that a merry Conceit was not his Talent, turn'd his Feather, like an *Indian*, to another Light, that he might give it the better Gloſs. Moral Doctrine, ſays he, and Urbanity, or well-manner'd Wit, are the two Things which conſtitute the *Roman* Satyr. But of the two, that which is moſt eſſential to this Poem, and is, as it were, the very Soul which animates it, is the Scourging of Vice, and Exhortation to Virtue. Thus Wit, for a good Reaſon, is already almoſt out of Doors; and allow'd only for an Inſtrument, a kind of Tool, or a Weapon, as he calls it, of which the Satyriſt makes uſe, in the compaſſing of his Deſign, The End and Aim of our Three Rivals, is conſequently the ſame. But by what Methods they have proſecuted their Intention, is farther to be conſider'd. Satyr is of the nature of Moral Philoſophy, as being inſtructive:

He

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He, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the Palm from his two Antagonists, The Philosophy in which *Persius* was Educated, and which he professes through his whole Book, is the Stoick: The most Noble, most Generous, most Beneficial to Human Kind, amongst all the Sects, who have given us the Rules of Ethiques, thereby to form a severe Virtue in the Soul; to raise in us an undaunted Courage, against the Assaults of Fortune; to esteem as nothing the Things that are without us, because they are not in our Power; nor to value Riches, Beauty, Honours, Fame, or Health, any farther than as Conveniencies, and so many Helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our Generation. In short, to be any ways happy, while we possess our Minds, with a good Conscience, are free from the Slavery of Vices, and conform our Actions and Conversation to the Rules of right Reason. See here, my Lord, an Epitome of *Epictetus*; the Doctrine of *Zeno*, and the Education of our *Persius*. And this he express'd, not only in all his Satyrs, but in the Manner of his Life. I will not lessen this Commendation of the Stoick Philosophy, by giving you an Account of some Absurdities in their Doctrine, and some perhaps Impieties, if we consider them by the Standard of Christian Faith: *Persius* has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from those Imputations. What he teaches, might be taught from Pulpits, with more Profit to the Audience, than all the nice Speculations of Divinity, and Controversies concerning Faith; which are more for the Profit of the Shepherd, than for the Edification of the Flock. Passion, Interest, Ambition, and all their bloody Consequences of Discord, and of War, are banish'd from this Doctrine. Here is nothing propos'd but the Quiet and Tranquillity of

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of the Mind; Virtue lodg'd at home, and afterwards diffus'd in her general Effects, to the Improvement and Good of Human Kind. And therefore I wonder not that the present Bishop of *Salisbury* has recommended this our Author, and the Tenth Satyr of *Juvenal*, in his Pastoral Letter, to the serious Perusal and Practice of the Divines in his Diocess, as the best Common-Places for their Sermons, as the Store-houses and Magazines of Moral Virtues, from whence they may draw out, as they have occasion, all manner of Assistance for the Accomplishment of a virtuous Life, which the Stoicks have assign'd for the great End and Perfection of Mankind. Herein then it is, that *Persius* has excell'd both *Juvenal* and *Horace*. He sticks to his own Philosophy: He shifts not Sides, like *Horace*, who is sometimes an *Epicurean*, sometimes a *Stoick*, sometimes an *Eclectick*; as his present Humour leads him: nor declaims like *Juvenal* against Vices, more like an Orator, than a Philosopher. *Persius* is every where the same; true to the Dogma's of his Master: What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practises himself. There is a Spirit of Sincerity in all he says: You may easily discern that he is in earnest, and is perswaded of that Truth which he inculcates. In this I am of Opinion, that he excels *Horace*, who is commonly in jest, and laughs while he instructs: And is equal to *Juvenal*, who was as honest and serious as *Persius*, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have follow'd *Casaubon*, and enlarg'd upon him; because I am satisfy'd that he says no more than Truth; the rest is almost all frivolous. For he says that *Horace* being the Son of a Taxgatherer, or a Collector, as we call it, smells every where of the Meanness of his Birth and Education: His

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His Conceits are vulgar, like the Subjects of his Satyrs; that he does *Plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that Elevation, which becomes a Satyriſt: That *Perſius* being Nobly born, and of an opulent Family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better Maſter; *Cornutus* being the moſt Learned of his Time, a Man of the moſt Holy Life, the Chief of the Stoick Sect at *Rome*; and not only a great Philoſopher, but a Poet himſelf; and in probability a Coadjutor of *Perſius*. That, as for *Juvenal*, he was long a Declaimer, came late to Poetry, and has not been much converſant in Philoſophy.

'Tis granted that the Father of *Horace* was *Libertinus*, that is, one Degree remov'd from his Grandfather, who had been once a Slave: But *Horace*, ſpeaking of him, gives him the beſt Character of a Father, which I ever read in Hiſtory; and I wiſh a witty Friend of mine now living had ſuch another. He bred him in the beſt School, and with the beſt Company of young Noblemen. And *Horace* by his Gratitude to his Memory, gives a certain Teſtimony that his Education was ingenuous. After this, he form'd himſelf abroad, by the Converſation of Great Men. *Brutus* found him at *Athens*, and was ſo pleas'd with him, that he took him thence into the Army, and made him *Tribunus Militum*, a Colonel in a Legion, which was the Preferment of an Old Soldier. All this was before his Acquaintance with *Mecænas*, and his Introduction into the Court of *Auguſtus*, and the Familiarity of that Great Emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his Converſation, and render him accompliſh'd and knowing in all the Arts of Complacency and good Behaviour; and, in ſhort, an agreeable Companion for the retir'd Hours and Privacies of a Favourite, who was First Miniſter. So that, upon

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on the whole matter, *Perſius* may be acknowledg'd to be equal with him, in thoſe Reſpects, tho' better born, and *Juvenal* inferior to both. If the Advantage be any where, 'tis on the Side of *Horace*; as much as the Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar* was ſuperior to that of *Nero*. As for the Subjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that *Horace* writ not vulgarly on vulgar Subjects, nor always choſe them. His Style is conſtantly accommodated to his Subject, either high or low: If his Fault be too much Lowneſs, that of *Perſius* is the Fault of the Hardneſs of his Metaphors, and Obſcurity: And ſo they are equal in the Failings of their Style; where *Juvenal* manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The Compariſon betwixt *Horace* and *Juvenal* is more difficult; becauſe their Forces were more equal: A Diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the Favourers of the two Poets. *Non noſtrum eſt tantas componere lites.* I ſhall only venture to give my own Opinion, and leave it for better Judges to determine. If it be only argu'd in general, which of them was the better Poet; the Victory is already gain'd on the ſide of *Horace*. *Virgil* himſelf muſt yield to him in the Delicacy of his Turns, his Choice of Words, and perhaps the Purity of his Latin. He who ſays that *Pindar* is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his *Odes*. But the Contention betwixt theſe two great Maſters, is for the Prize of Satyr: In which Controverſy, all the *Odes* and *Epodes* of *Horace* are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe *Horace* has written many of them Satyrically, againſt his private Enemies: Yet theſe, if juſtly conſider'd, are ſomewhat of the Nature of the *Greek Silli*, which were Invectives againſt particular Sects and Perſons. But *Horace* had purg'd himſelf of this Choler,

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Choler, before he enter'd on those Discourses, which are more properly call'd the *Roman* Satyr: He has not now to do with a *Lyce*, a *Canidia*, a *Cassius Severus*, or a *Menas*; but is to correct the Vices and the Follies of his Time, and to give the Rules of a happy and virtuous Life. In a word, that former sort of Satyr, which is known in *England* by the Name of Lampoon, is a dangerous sort of Weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral Right on the Reputation of other Men. 'Tis taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two Reasons, for which we may be permitted to write Lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us: the first is Revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been any ways notoriously abus'd, and can make our selves no other Reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian Charity, all Offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like Pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty GOD. And this Consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's Prayer; for the plain Condition of the Forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the Offences which they have done to us: For which Reason I have many times avoided the Commission of that Fault, even when I have been notoriously provok'd. Let not this, my Lord, pass for Vanity in me; for 'tis Truth. More Libels have been written against me, than almost any Man now living: And I had Reason on my side, to have defended my own Innocence: I speak not on my Poetry, which I have wholly given up to the Criticks; let them use it as they please; Posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: For Interest and Passion will lie bury'd in another Age;

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and Partiality and Prejudice be forgotten. I ſpeak of my Morals, which have been ſufficiently aſpers'd; that only ſort of Reputation ought to be dear to every honeſt Man, and is to me. But let the World witneſs for me, that I have been often wanting to my ſelf in that particular; I have ſeldom anſwer'd any ſcurrilous Lampoon; when it was in my Power to have expos'd my Enemies: And being naturally vindicative, have ſuffer'd in ſilence, and poſſeſs'd my Soul in quiet.

Any thing, tho' never ſo little, which a Man ſpeaks of himſelf, in my Opinion, is ſtill too much; and therefore I will wave this Subject, and proceed to give the ſecond Reaſon, which may juſtify a Poet, when he writes againſt a particular Perſon; and that is, when he is become a Publick Nuiſance. And thoſe, whom *Horace* in his Satyrs, and *Perſius* and *Juvenal* have mention'd in theirs, with a Brand of Infamy, are wholly ſuch. 'Tis an Action of Virtue to make Examples of vicious Men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their Crimes and Follies: Both for their own Amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible; and for the Terror of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe Enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſh'd, in the Perſons of others. The firſt Reaſon was only an Excuſe for Revenge; but this ſecond is abſolutely of a Poet's Office to perform: But how few Lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this Duty! When they come in my way, 'tis impoſſible ſometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common Juſtice, from the Choice of ſuch Perſons as are the proper Subject of Satyr! And how little Wit they bring, for the ſupport of their Injuſtice! The weaker Sex is their moſt ordinary Theme; and the beſt and faireſt are ſure to be the moſt ſeverely handled.

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handled. Amongſt Men, thoſe who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to Panegyrick; But afflicted Virtue is inſolently ſtabb'd with all manner of Reproaches; no Decency is conſider'd, no Fulſomeneſs omitted; no Venom is wanting, as far as Dulneſs can ſupply it: For there is a perpetual Dearth of Wit; a Barrenneſs of good Senſe and Entertainment. The Neglect of the Readers, will ſoon put an end to this ſort of Scribling. There can be no Pleaſantry where there is no Wit: No Impreſſion can be made, where there is no Truth for the Foundation. To conclude, they are like the Fruits of the Earth in this unnatural Seaſon: The Corn which held up its Head, is ſpoil'd with Rankneſs; but the greater part of the Harveſt is laid along, and little of good Income and wholeſome Nouriſhment is receiv'd into the Barns. This is almoſt a Digreſſion, I confeſs to your Lordſhip; but a juſt Indignation forc'd it from me. Now I have remov'd this Rubbiſh, I will return to the Compariſon of *Juvenal* and *Horace*.

I wou'd willingly divide the Palm betwixt them; upon the two Heads of Profit and Delight, which are the two Ends of Poetry in general. It muſt be granted by the Favourers of *Juvenal*, That *Horace* is the more copious and profitable in his Inſtructions of Human Life: But in my particular Opinion, which I ſet not up for a Standard to better Judgments, *Juvenal* is the more delightful Author. I am profited by both, I am pleas'd with both; but I owe more to *Horace*, for my Inſtruction; and more to *Juvenal*, for my Pleaſure. This, as I ſaid, is my particular Taſte of theſe two Authors: They who will have either of them to excel the other in both Qualities, can ſcarce give better Reaſons for their Opinion, than I for mine: But all unbiaſs'd Readers, will conclude, that my Mode-

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ration is not to be condemn'd: To such impartial Men I must appeal: For they who have already form'd their Judgment, may justly stand suspected of Prejudice; and tho' all who are my Readers, will set up to be my Judges, I enter my *Caveat* against them, that they ought not so much as to be of my Jury: Or, if they be admitted, 'tis but Reason that they should first hear what I have to urge in the Defence of my Opinion.

That *Horace* is somewhat the better Instructor of the two, is prov'd from hence, That his Instructions are more general; *Juvenal*'s more limited. So that granting, that the Counsels which they give are equally good for Moral Use; *Horace*, who gives the most various Advice, and most applicable to all Occasions which can occur to us in the Course of our Lives; as including in his Discourses not only all the Rules of Morality, but also of Civil Conversation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferr'd to him, who is more circumscrib'd in his Instructions, makes them to fewer People, and on fewer Occasions, than the other. I may be pardon'd for using an old Saying, since 'tis true, and to the purpose, *Bonum quo communius, eo melius. Juvenal*, excepting only his first Satyr, is in all the rest confin'd, to the exposing of some particular Vice; that he lashes, and there he sticks. His Sentences are truly shining and instructive: But they are sprinkl'd here and there. *Horace* is teaching us in every Line, and is perpetually Moral; he had found out the Skill of *Virgil*, to hide his Sentences. To give you the Virtue of them, without shewing them in their full Extent: Which is the Ostentation of a Fool, and not his Art: And this *Petronius* charges on the Authors of his Time, as a Vice of Writing, which was then growing on the Age. *Ne Sententiæ extra Corpus Orationis emineant:*

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ent: He won'd have them weav'd into the Body of the Work, and not appear emboss'd upon it, and striking directly on the Reader's View. Folly was the proper Quarry of *Horace*, and not Vice: And, as there are but few notoriously wicked Men, in Comparison with a Shoal of Fools and Fops; so 'tis a harder thing to make a Man wise, than to make him honest: For the Will is only to be reclaim'd in the one; but the Understanding is to be inform'd in the other. There are Blind-sides and Follies, even in the Professors of Moral Philosophy; and there is not any one Sect of them that *Horace* has not expos'd. Which, as it was not the Design of *Juvenal*, who was wholly employ'd in lashing Vices, some of them the most enormous that can be imagin'd; so perhaps, it was not so much his Talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admissus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the Commendation which *Persius* gave him: where by *Vitium*, he means those little Vices, which we call Follies, the Defects of Human Understanding, or at most the Peccadillo's of Life, rather than the Tragical Vices, to which Men are hurry'd by their unruly Passions and exorbitant Desires. But in the Word *Omne*, which is *universal*, he concludes with me, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* left nothing untouch'd; that he enter'd into the inmost Recesses of Nature; found out the Imperfections even of the most Wise and Grave, as well as of the Common People; discovering, even in the great *Trebatius*, to whom he addresses the first Satyr, his hunting after Business, and following the Court, as well as in the Perfecutor *Crispinus*, his Impertinence and Importunity. 'Tis true, he exposes *Crispinus* openly, as a common Nuisance: But he rallies the other as a Friend, more finely. The Exhor-

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tations of *Perſius* are confin'd to Noblemen: And the Stoick Philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: *Juvenal* exhorts to particular Virtues, as they are oppos'd to thoſe Vices againſt which he declaims: But *Horace* laughs to ſhame all Follies, and inſinuates Virtue, rather by familiar Examples, than by the Severity of Precepts.

This laſt Conſideration ſeems to incline the Balance on the ſide of *Horace*, and to give him the Preference to *Juvenal*, not only in Profit, but in Pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs, that the Delight which *Horace* gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleas'd ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own Taſte only: He may raviſh other Men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickl'd. Where he barely grins himſelf, and, as *Scaliger* ſays, only ſhews his white Teeth, he cannot provoke me to any Laughter. His Urbanity, that is, his Good Manners, are to be commended, but his Wit is faint; and his Salt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. *Juvenal* is of a more Vigorous and Maſculine Wit, he gives me as much Pleaſure as I can bear: He fully ſatisfies my Expectation; he treats his Subject home: His Spleen is rais'd, and he raiſes mine: I have the Pleaſure of Concernment in all he ſays: He drives his Reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another Stage, it wou'd be too far, it wou'd make a Journey of a Progreſs, and turn Delight into Fatigue. When he gives over, 'tis a ſign the Subject is exhauſted, and the Wit of Man can carry it no farther. If a Fault can be juſtly found in him, 'tis that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my Friend the *Plain-Dealer*, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his Thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of *Horace*, and much more elevated.

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ted. His Expreſſions are Sonorous and more Noble; his Verſe more numerous, and his Words are ſuitable to his Thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the Pleaſure of the Reader; and the greater the Soul of him who reads, his Tranſports are the greater. *Horace* is always on the amble, *Juvenal* on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on Carpet-ground. He goes with more Impetuoſity than *Horace*, but as ſecurely; and the Swiftneſs adds a more lively Agitation to the Spirits. The low Style of *Horace* is according to his Subject, that is generally grovely: I queſtion not but he cou'd have rais'd it: For the Firſt Epiſtle of the Second Book, which he writes to *Auguſtus*, (a moſt inſtructive Satyr concerning Poetry,) is of ſo much Dignity in the Words, and of ſo much Elegancy in the Numbers, that the Author plainly ſhews, the *Sermo Pedeſtris*, in his other Satyrs, was rather his Choice than his Neceſſity. He was a Rival to *Lucilius* his Predeceſſor, and was reſolv'd to ſurpaſs him in his own Manner. *Lucilius*, as we ſee by his remaining Fragments, minded neither his Style nor his Numbers, nor his Purity of Words, nor his Run of Verſe. *Horace* therefore copes with him in that humble way of Satyr; writes under his own Force, and carries a dead Weight, that he may match his Competitor in the Race. This I imagine was the chief Reaſon, why he minded only the Clearneſs of his Satyr, and the Cleanneſs of Expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe Heights, to which his own Vigour might have carry'd him. But limiting his Deſires only to the Conqueſt of *Lucilius*, he had the Ends of his Rival, who liv'd before him; but made way for a new Conqueſt over himſelf, by *Juvenal* his Succeſſor. He cou'd not give an equal

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Pleasure to his Reader, because he us'd not equal Instruments. The Fault was in the Tools, and not in the Workman. But Versification and Numbers, are the greatest Pleasures of Poetry: *Virgil* knew it, and practis'd both so happily, that for ought I know, his greatest Excellency is in his Diction. In all other Parts of Poetry, is faultless; but in this he plac'd his chief Perfection. And give me leave, my Lord, since I have here an apt Occasion, to say, that *Virgil* cou'd have written sharper Satyrs, than either *Horace* or *Juvenal*, if he won'd have employ'd his Talent that way. I will produce a Verse and half of his, in one of his Eclogues, to justify my Opinion; and with *Comma's* after every Word, to shew, that he has given almost as many Lashes, as he has written Syllables; 'tis against a bad Poet, whose ill Verses he describes: *Non tu, in triviis, indocte, solebas, stridenti, miserum, stipula, disperdere carmen?* But to return to my Purpose, when there is any thing deficient in Numbers, and Sound, the Reader is uneasy, and unsatisfy'd; he wants something of his Complement, desires somewhat which he finds not: And this being the manifest Defect of *Horace*, 'tis no wonder, that finding it supply'd in *Juvenal*, we are more delighted with him. And besides this, the Sauce of *Juvenal* is more poignant, to create in us an Appetite of reading him. The Meat of *Horace* is more nourishing; but the Cookery of *Juvenal* more exquisite; so that granting *Horace* to be the more general Philosopher, we cannot deny that *Juvenal* was the greater Poet, I mean in Satyr. His Thoughts are sharper, his Indignation against Vice is more vehement; his Spirit has more of the Common-wealth Genius; he treats Tyranny, and all the Vices attending it, as they deserve,

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with the utmost Rigour: and consequently a Noble Soul is better pleas'd with a zealous Vindicator of *Roman* Liberty, than with a temporizing Poet, a Well-manner'd Court-slave, and a Man who is often afraid of laughing in the right Place; who is ever decent, because he is naturally servile. After all, *Horace* had the Disadvantage of the Times in which he liv'd; they were better for the Man, but worse for the Satyrist. 'Tis generally said, that those enormous Vices which were practis'd under the Reign of *Domitian*, were not known in the time of *Augustus Cæsar*: That therefore *Juvenal* had a larger Field than *Horace*. Little Follies were out of doors, when Oppression was to be scourg'd instead of Avarice; it was no longer time to turn into Ridicule the false Opinions of Philosophers, when the *Roman* Liberty was to be asserted. There was more need of a *Brutus* in *Domitian's* Days, to redeem or mend, than of a *Horace*, if he had then been living, to laugh at a Fly-Catcher. This Reflection at the same time excuses *Horace*, but exalts *Juvenal*. I have ended, before I was aware, the Comparison of *Horace* and *Juvenal*, upon the Topicks of Pleasure and Delight; and indeed, I may safely here conclude that Common-place: for if we make *Horace* our Minister of State in Satyr, and *Juvenal* of our private Pleasures; I think the latter has no ill Bargain of it. Let Profit have the Preheminence of Honour, in the End of Poetry. Pleasure, tho' but the second in Degree, is the first in Favour. And who wou'd not chuse to be lov'd better, rather than to be more esteem'd? But I am enter'd already upon another Topique; which concerns the particular Merits of these two Satyrists. However, I will pursue my Business where I left it; and carry it far-

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ther than that common Observation of the several Ages in which these Authors flouriſh'd. When *Horace* writ his Satyrs, the Monarchy of his *Ceſar* was in its Newneſs, and the Government but juſt made eaſy to the conquer'd People. They cou'd not poſſibly have forgotten the Uſurpation of that Prince upon their Freedom, nor the violent Methods which he had us'd, in the compaſſing that vaſt Deſign: They yet remember'd his Proſcriptions, and the Slaughter of ſo many noble *Romans* their Defenders. Amongſt the reſt, that horrible Action of his, when he forc'd *Livia* from the Arms of her Husband, who was conſtrain'd to ſee her marry'd, as *Dion* relates the Story, and, big with Child as ſhe was, convey'd to the Bed of his inſulting Rival. The ſame *Dion Caſſius* gives us another Inſtance of the Crime before mention'd: That *Cornelius Siſenna*, being reproach'd in full Senate, with the licencious Conduct of his Wife, return'd this Anſwer; That he had marry'd her by the Counſel of *Auguſtus*: Intimating, ſays my Author, that *Auguſtus* had oblig'd him to that Marriage, that he might, under that Covert, have the more free Acceſs unto her. His Adulteries were ſtill before their Eyes, but they muſt be patient, where they had not Power. In other things that Emperor was moderate enough: Propriety was generally ſecur'd; and the People entertain'd with publick Shows, and Donatives, to make them more eaſily digeſt their loſt Liberty. But *Auguſtus*, who was conſcious to himſelf, of ſo many Crimes which he had committed, thought in the firſt Place to provide for his own Reputation, by making an Edict againſt Lampoons and Satyrs, and the Authors of thoſe defamatory Writings, which my Author *Tacitus*, from the Law-Term, calls *famoſos libellos*.

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In the first Book of his *Annals*, he gives the following Account of it, in these Words: *Primus Augustus cognitionem de famosis libellis specie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Cassii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminasque inlustres, procacibus scriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in *English*: 'Augustus was the first, 'who under the Colour of that Law took Cogni-'sance of Lampoons; being provok'd to it, by the 'Petulancy of *Cassius Severus*, who had defam'd ma-'ny illustrious Persons of both Sexes, in his Wri-'tings.' The Law to which *Tacitus* refers, was *Lex læsæ Majestatis*; commonly call'd, for the sake of Brevity, *Majestas*; or, as we say, High Treason: He means not that this Law had not been Enacted formerly: For it had been made by the *Decemviri*, and was inscrib'd amongst the rest in the Twelve Tables; to prevent the Aspersion of the *Roman* Majesty, either of the People themselves, or their Religion, or their Magistrates: and the Infringement of it was Capital; that is, the Offender was whipt to Death, with the *Fasces*, which were born before their chief Officers of *Rome*. But *Augustus* was the first, who restor'd that intermitted Law; By the Words, *Under Colour of that Law*, he insinuates that *Augustus* caus'd it to be executed, on pretence of those Libels, which were written by *Cassius Severus*, against the Nobility: But, in truth, to save himself from such defamatory Verses. *Suetonius* likewise makes mention of it thus: *Sparsos de se in Curiâ famosos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requisitis quidem Auctoribus, id modo censuit, cognoscendum post hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuspiam sub alieno nomine edant.* *Augustus* was not afraid of Libels, says that Author: Yet he took all care imaginable to have them answer'd; and then decreed, that

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that for the time to come, the Authors of them shou'd be punish'd. But *Aurelius* makes it yet more clear, according to my Sense, that this Emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur Populo Romano, & Primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consideret: Nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit, quasi Populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient Comment on that Passage of *Tacitus*; I will add only by the way, that the whole Family of the *Cæsars*, and all their Relations, were included in the Law; because the Majesty of the *Roman* in the time of the Empire was wholly in that House: *Omnia Cæsar erat:* They were all accounted sacred who belong'd to him. As for *Cassius Severus*, he was contemporary with *Horace*; and was the same Poet against whom he writes in his *Epodes*, under this Title, *In Cassium Severum Maledicum Poetam*; Perhaps intending to kill two Crows, according to our Proverb, with one Stone; and revenge both himself and his Emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, That *Augustus*, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some By-respect in the enacting of this Law: For to do any thing for nothing, was not his Maxim. *Horace*, as he was a Courtier, comply'd with the Interest of his Master; and avoiding the lashing of greater Crimes, confin'd himself to the ridiculing of petty Vices and common Follies; excepting only some reserv'd Cases, in his *Odes* and *Epodes*, of his own particular Quarrels, which either with Permission of the Magistrate,

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ſtrace, or without it, every Man will revenge tho' I ſay not that he ſhould; for *prior læſit*, is a good Excuſe in the Civil Law, if Chriſtianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper Man to arraign great Vices, at leaſt if the Stories which we hear of him are true, that he practiſed ſome, which I will not here mention, out of Honour to him. It was not for a *Clodius* to accuſe Adulterers, eſpecially when *Auguſtus* was of that Number: So that tho' his Age was not exempted from the worſt of Villainies, there was no Freedom left to reprehend them, by reaſon of the Edict. And our Poet was not fit to repreſent them in an odious Character, becauſe himſelf was dipt in the ſame Actions. Upon this Account, without farther inſiſting on the different Tempers of *Juvenal* and *Horace*, I conclude, that the Subjects which *Horace* choſe for Satyr, are of a lower Nature than thoſe of which *Juvenal* has written.

Thus I have treated in a new Method, the Compariſon betwixt *Horace*, *Juvenal*, and *Perſius*; ſomewhat of their particular Manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be conſidered. *Perſius* was Grave, and particularly oppoſed his Gravity to Lewdneſs, which was the predominant Vice in *Nero*'s Court, at the time when he publiſh'd his Satyrs, which was before that Emperor fell into the Exceſs of Cruelty. *Horace* was a mild Admoniſher, a Court-Satyriſt, fit for the gentle Times of *Auguſtus*, and more fit, for the Reaſons which I have already given. *Juvenal* was as proper for his Times, as they for theirs: His was an Age that deſerv'd a more ſevere Chaſtiſement; Vices were more groſs and open, more flagitious, more encourag'd by the Example of a Tyrant,

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rant, and more protected by his Authority. Therefore, whereſoever *Juvenal* mentions *Nero*, he means *Domitian*, whom he dares not attack in his own Perſon, but ſcourges him by Proxy. *Heinſius* urges in praiſe of *Horace*, that according to the ancient Art and Law of Satyr, it ſhou'd be nearer to Comedy than Tragedy; not declaiming againſt Vice, but only laughing at it. Neither *Perſius* nor *Juvenal* were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudied *Horace*. And the thing it ſelf is plainly true. But as they had read *Horace*, they had likewiſe read *Lucilius*, of whom *Perſius* ſays, *ſecuit Urbem*; *& genuinum fregit in illis*; meaning *Mutius* and *Lupus*: And *Juvenal* alſo mentions him in theſe Words: *Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens Infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the Imitation of *Lucilius* was more proper to their purpoſe than that of *Horace*. They changed Satyr, ſays *Holiday*; but they chang'd it for the better: For the Buſineſs being to reform great Vices, Chaſtiſement goes farther than Admonition; whereas a perpetual Grinn, like that of *Horace*, does rather anger than amend a Man.

Thus far that Learned Critick, *Barten Holiday*, whoſe Interpretation and Illuſtrations of *Juvenal* are as excellent, as the Verſe of his Tranſlation and his *Engliſh* are lame and pitiful. For 'tis not enough to give us the Meaning of a Poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed moſt faithfully; but he muſt alſo imitate his Genius, and his Numbers, as far as the *Engliſh* will come up to the Elegance of the Original. In few Words, 'tis only for a Poet to tranſlate a Poet. *Holiday* and *Stapylton* had not enough conſidered this, when they attempted *Juvenal*: But I forbear Reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this Sentence, where

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where *Holiday* says, *A perpetual Grinn, like that of* Horace, *rather angers than amends a Man.* I cannot give him up the Manner of *Horace* in low Satyr so easily: Let the Chastisements of *Juvenal* be never so necessary for his new Kind of Satyr; let him declaim as wittily and sharply as he pleases, yet still the nicest and most delicate Touches of Satyr consist in fine Raillery. This, my Lord, is your particular Talent, to which even *Juvenal* could not arrive. 'Tis not Reading, 'tis not Imitation of an Author, which can produce his Fineness: It must be inborn, it must proceed from a Genius, and particular way of Thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from Nature: How easie it is to call Rogue and Villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a Man appear a Fool, a Blockhead, or a Knave, without using any of those opprobrious Terms! To spare the Grossness of the Names, and to do the thing yet more severely, is to draw a full Face, and to make the Nose and Cheeks stand out, and yet not to employ any Depth of Shadowing. This is the Mystery of that Noble Trade; which yet no Master can teach to his Apprentice: He may give the Rules, but the Scholar is never the nearer in his Practice. Neither is it true, that this Fineness of Raillery is offensive. A witty Man is tickled while he is hurt in this Manner; and a Fool feels it not. The Occasion of an Offence may possibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in Effect this way does more Mischief; that a Man is secretly wounded, and tho' he be not sensible himself, yet the malicious World will find it for him: Yet there is still a vast difference betwixt the slovenly Butchering of a Man, and the Fineness of a Stroke that separates the

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the Head from the Body, and leaves it ſtanding in its Place. A Man may be capable, as *Jack Ketch*'s Wife ſaid of his Servant, of a plain Piece of Work, a bare Hanging; but to make a Malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her Husband. I wiſh I could apply it to my ſelf; if the Reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The Character of *Zimri* in my *Abſalom*, is, in my Opinion, worth the whole Poem: 'Tis not bloody, but 'tis ridiculous enough: And he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an Injury. If I had rail'd, I might have ſuffer'd for it juſtly; but I manag'd mine own Work more happily, perhaps more dextrouſly. I avoided the mention of great Crimes, and apply'd my ſelf to the repreſenting of Blind-ſides, and little Extravagancies: To which, the wittier a Man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the Jeſt went round, and he was laugh'd at in his Turn who began the Frolick.

And thus, my Lord, you ſee I have prefer'd the Manner of *Horace*, and of your Lordſhip, in this kind of Satyr, to that of *Juvenal*; and I think, reaſonably. *Holiday* ought not to have arraigned ſo great an Author, for that which was his Excellency and his Merit: Or if he did, on ſuch a palpable Miſtake, he might expect that ſome one might poſſibly ariſe, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his Error, and reſtore to *Horace* that Commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robb'd him. And let the *Manes* of *Juvenal* forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of *Horace* was the beſt for amending Manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was, an *Enſe reſcindendum*; but that of *Horace* was a pleaſant Cure, with all the Limbs preſerv'd entire; and, as our *Mountebanks* tell us

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in their Bills, without keeping the Patient within Doors for a Day. What they promiſe only, *Horace* has effectually perform'd: Yet I contradict not the Propoſition which I formerly advanc'd: *Juvenal*'s Times requir'd a more painful kind of Operation: But if he had lived in the Age of *Horace*, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the Method which was preſcrib'd him by his own Genius; which was ſharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim: And as his Provocations were great, he has reveng'd them tragically. This notwithſtanding, I am to ſay another Word, which, as true as it is, will yet diſpleaſe the partial Admirers of our *Horace*. I have hinted it before; but 'tis Time for me now to ſpeak more plainly.

This Manner of *Horace* is indeed the beſt; but *Horace* has not executed it altogether ſo happily, at leaſt not often. The Manner of *Juvenal* is confeſſed to be inferior to the former; but *Juvenal* has excelled him in his Performance. *Juvenal* has rail'd more wittily than *Horace* has rally'd. *Horace* meant to make his Reader laugh; but he is not ſure of his Experiment. *Juvenal* always intends to move your Indignation; and he always brings about his Purpoſe. *Horace*, for ought I know, might have tickled the People of his Age; but amongſt the Moderns he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the Quickneſs of their own Underſtandings, that they can ſee a Jeſt farther off than other Men: They may find occaſion of Laughter in the Wit-battle of the two Buffoons, *Sarmentus* and *Cicerrus*; and hold their Sides for fear of Burſting, when *Rupilius* and *Perſius* are ſcolding. For my own Part, I can only like the Characters

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Characters of all Four, which are judiciously given: But for my Heart I cannot so much as smile at their insipid Raillery. I see not why *Persius* should call upon *Brutus*, to revenge him on his Adversary; and that because he had killed *Julius Cæsar* for endeavouring to be a King; therefore he shou'd be desir'd to murder *Rupilius*, only because his Name was Mr. *King*. A miserable Clench, in my Opinion, for *Horace* to record: I have heard honest Mr. *Swan* make many a better, and yet have had the Grace to hold my Countenance. But it may be Punns were then in Fashion, as they were Wit in the Sermons of the last Age, and in the Court of King *Charles* II. I am sorry to say it, for the sake of *Horace*; but certain it is, he has no fine Palate who can feed so heartily on Garbage.

But I have already wearied my self, and doubt not but I have tir'd your Lordship's Patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial Discourse. Upon the one half of the Merits, that is, Pleasure, I cannot but conclude that *Juvenal* was the better Satyrist: They who will descend into his particular Praises, may find them at large in the Dissertation of the Learned *Rigaltius* to *Thuanus*. As for *Persius*, I have given the Reasons why I think him inferior to both of them: Yet I have one thing to add on that Subject.

Barten Holiday, who translated both *Juvenal* and *Persius*, has made this Distinction betwixt them, which is no less true than witty; That, in *Persius*, the Difficulty is to find a Meaning; in *Juvenal* to chuse a Meaning: So Crabbed is *Persius*, and so Copious is *Juvenal*: So much the Understanding is employ'd in one, and so much the Judgment in the other. So difficult it is to find

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any Senſe in the former, and the beſt Senſe of the latter.

If, on the other ſide, any one ſuppoſe I have commended *Horace* below his Merit, when I have allow'd him but the Second Place, I deſire him to conſider, if *Juvenal*, a Man of excellent Natural Endowments, beſides the Advantages of Diligence and Study, and coming after him, and building upon his Foundations, might not probably, with all theſe Helps, ſurpaſs him? And whether it be any Diſhonour to *Horace* to be thus ſurpaſſed; ſince no Art, or Science, is at once begun and perfected, but that it muſt paſs firſt through many Hands, and even through ſeveral Ages? If *Lucilius* cou'd add to *Ennius*, and *Horace* to *Lucilius*, why, without any Diminution to the Fame of *Horace*, might not *Juvenal* give the laſt Perfection to that Work? Or rather, what Diſreputation is it to *Horace*, that *Juvenal* excels in the Tragical Satyr, as *Horace* does in the Comical? I have read over attentively both *Heinſius* and *Dacier*, in their Commendations of *Horace*; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to *Juvenal*, than the inſtructive Part; the Part of Wiſdom, and not that of Pleaſure; which therefore is here allow'd him, notwithſtanding what *Scaliger* and *Rigaltius* have pleaded to the contrary for *Juvenal*. And to ſhew that I am impartial, I will here Tranſlate what *Dacier* has ſaid on that Subject.

I cannot give a more juſt Idea of the Two Books of Satyrs made by *Horace*, than by comparing them to the Statues of the *Sileni*, to which *Alcibiades* compares *Socrates*, in the *Sympoſium*. They were Figures, which had nothing of Agreeable, nothing of Beauty on their Out-ſide: But when

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when any one took the pains to open them, and search into them, he there found the Figures of all the Deities. So, in the Shape that *Horace* presents himself to us, in his Satyrs, we see nothing at the first View which deserves our Attention. It seems that he is rather an Amusement for Children, than for the serious Consideration of Men: But when we take away his Crust, and that which hides him from our Sight, when we discover him to the Bottom, then we find all the Divinities in a full Assembly: That is to say, all the Virtues which ought to be the continual Exercise of those, who seriously endeavour to correct their Vices.

'Tis easy to observe, that *Dacier*, in this noble Similitude, has confin'd the Praise of his Author wholly to the Instructive Part: The Commendation turns on this, and so does that which follows.

In these two Books of Satyr, 'tis the Business of *Horace* to instruct us how to combat our Vices, to regulate our Passions, to follow Nature, to give Bounds to our Desires, to distinguish betwixt Truth and Falshood, and betwixt our Conceptions of Things, and Things themselves: To come back from our prejudicate Opinions, to understand exactly the Principles and Motives of all our Actions; and to avoid the Ridicule, into which all Men necessarily fall, who are intoxicated with those Notions which they have receiv'd from their Masters; and which they obstinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right Reason.

In a Word, he labours to render us happy in relation to our selves, agreeable and faithful to our Friends, and discreet, serviceable, and well-bred in relation to those with whom we are oblig'd to live,

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live, and to converse. To make his Figures intelligible, to conduct his Readers through the Labyrinth of some perplex'd Sentence, or obscure Parenthesis, is no great Matter: And, as *Epictetus* says, there is nothing of Beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent Man. The principal Business, and which is of most Importance to us, is to shew the Use, the Reason, and the Proof of his Precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themselves, according to so exact a Model; are just like the Patients, who have open before them a Book of admirable Receipts for their Diseases, and please themselves with reading it, without comprehending the Nature of the Remedies, or how to apply them to their Cure.

Let *Horace* go off with these Encomiums, which he has so well deserv'd.

To conclude the Contention betwixt our three Poets, I will use the Words of *Virgil*, in his *Fifth Æneid*, where *Æneas* proposes the Rewards of the Foot Race, to the three first, who should reach the Goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque Caput nectentur Olivâ:* Let these three Ancients be preferred to all the Moderns; as first arriving at the Goal: Let them all be Crown'd as Victors, with the Wreath that properly belongs to Satyr. But, after that, with this Distinction amongst themselves, *Primus equum phaleris insignem Victor habeto.* Let *Juvenal* ride first in Triumph. *Alter Amazoniam pharetram, plenamque Sagittis Threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro Balteus, & tereti subnectit Fibula gemma:* Let *Horace* who is the Second, and but just the Second, carry off the Quivers and the Arrows, as the Badges of his Satyr; and the Golden Belt, and the Diamond Button.

ton. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito.* And let *Perſius*, the laſt of the firſt three Worthies, be contented with this *Grecian* Shield, and with Victory, not only over all the *Grecians*, who were ignorant of the *Roman* Satyr, but over all the Moderns in ſucceeding Ages; excepting *Boileau* and your Lordſhip.

And thus I have given the Hiſtory of Satyr, and deriv'd it from *Ennius*, to your Lordſhip; that is, from its firſt Rudiments of Barbarity, to its laſt Poliſhing and Perfection: Which is, with *Virgil*, in his Addreſs to *Auguſtus*.

——nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,
Titheni primâ quos abeſt ab origine Cæſar.

I ſaid only from *Ennius*; but I may ſafely carry it higher, as far as *Livius Andronicus*; who, as I have ſaid formerly, taught the firſt Play at *Rome*, in the Year *ab Urbe conditâ* CCCCCXIV. I have ſince deſir'd my Learned Friend, Mr. *Maidwell*, to compute the Difference of Times, betwixt *Ariſtophanes* and *Livius Andronicus*; and he aſſures me from the beſt Chronologers, that *Plutus*, the laſt of *Ariſtophanes*'s Plays, was Repreſented at *Athens*, in the Year of the 97th Olympiad; which agrees with the Year *Urbis Conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of Years betwixt *Ariſtophanes* and *Andronicus* is 150; from whence I have probably deduc'd, that *Livius Andronicus*, who was a *Grecian*, had read the Plays of the Old Comedy, which were Satyrical, and alſo of the New; for *Menander* was fifty Years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own Plays, that were of the Satyrical Nature. That the *Romans* had Farces before this, 'tis true; but then they had no Communication

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munication with *Greece*: So that *Andronicus* was the first who wrote after the manner of the Old Comedy, in his Plays; he was imitated by *Ennius*, about thirty Years afterwards. Tho' the former writ Fables; the latter, speaking properly, began the *Roman* Satyr. According to that Description, which *Juvenal* gives of it in his First; *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from *Casaubon*, *Rigaltius*, *Dacier*, and indeed from all the Modern Criticks, that not *Ennius*, but *Andronicus* was the first, who by the *Archæa Comœdia* of the *Greeks*, added many Beauties to the first Rude and Barbarous *Roman* Satyr: Which sort of Poem, tho' we had not deriv'd from *Rome*, yet Nature teaches it Mankind, in all Ages, and in every Country.

'Tis but necessary, that after so much has been said of Satyr, some Definition of it should be given. *Heinsius*, in his Dissertations on *Horace*, makes it for me, in these Words; *Satyr is a kind of Poetry, without a Series of Action, invented for the purging of our Minds; in which Human Vices, Ignorance, and Errors, and all things besides, which are produc'd from them, in every Man, are severely Reprehended; partly Dramatically, partly Simply, and sometimes in both kinds of Speaking; but for the most part Figuratively, and Occultly; consisting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a sharp and pungent manner of Speech; but partly, also, in a Facetious and Civil way of Jesting; by which either Hatred, or Laughter, or Indignation is moved.*——Where I cannot but observe, that this obscure and perplex'd Definition, or rather Description of Satyr, is wholly accommodated to the *Horatian* way; and excluding the Works of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, as foreign from that

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that kind of Poem: The Clauſe in the Beginning of it *(without a Series of Action)* diſtinguiſhes Satyr properly from Stage-Plays, which are all of one Action, and one continued Series of Action. The End or Scope of Satyr is to purge the Paſſions; ſo far it is common to the Satyrs of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*: The reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; 'till he comes upon us, with the excluding Clauſe *(conſiſting in a low familiar way of Speech)* which is the proper Character of *Horace*; and from which, the other two, for their Honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant. But how come Lowneſs of Style, and the Familiarity of Words to be ſo much the Propriety of Satyr, that without them, a Poet can be no more a Satyriſt, than without Riſibility he can be a Man? Is the Fault of *Horace* to be made the Virtue and ſtanding Rule of this Poem? Is the *Grande Sophos* of *Perſius*, and the Sublimity of *Juvenal* to be Circumſcrib'd, with the Meanneſs of Words and Vulgarity of Expreſſion? If *Horace* refuſed the pains of Numbers, and the loftineſs of Figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a Precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his Pad in his hand, for his own Pleaſure; but let not them be accounted no Poets, who chuſe to mount, and ſhew their Horſemanſhip. *Holiday* is not afraid to ſay, that there never was ſuch a Fall, as from his Odes to his Satyrs, and that he, injuriouſly to himſelf, untun'd his Harp. The Majeſtique way of *Perſius* and *Juvenal* was new when they began it; but 'tis old to us; and what Poems have not, with Time, received an Alteration in their Faſhion? Which Alteration, ſays *Holiday*, is to After-times, as good a Warrant as the firſt. Has not *Virgil* chang'd the Manners of *Homer*'s Heroes in his *Aeneïs*? certainly he has, and

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for the better. For *Virgil*'s Age was more Civiliz'd, and better bred; and he writ according to the Politeneſs of *Rome*, under the Reign of *Auguſtus Cæſar*; not to the Rudeneſs of *Agamemnon*'s Age, or the Times of *Homer*. Why ſhould we offer to confine free Spirits to one Form, when we cannot ſo much as confine our Bodies to one Faſhion of Apparel? Wou'd not *Donn*'s Satyrs, which abound with ſo much Wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his Words, and of his Numbers? But he followed *Horace* ſo very cloſe, that of Neceſſity he muſt fall with him: And I may ſafely ſay it of this preſent Age, That if we are not ſo great Wits as *Donn*, yet, certainly, we are better Poets.

But I have ſaid enough, and it may be too much, on this Subject. Will your Lordſhip be pleaſed to Prolong my Audience, only ſo far, till I tell you my own trivial Thoughts, how a Modern Satyr ſhou'd be made. I will not deviate in the leaſt from the Precepts and Examples of the Ancients, who were always our beſt Maſters. I will only illuſtrate them, and diſcover ſome of the hidden Beauties in their Deſigns, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you pleaſe but to obſerve, that *Perſius*, the leaſt in Dignity of all the Three, has notwithſtanding been the firſt, who has diſcover'd to us this important Secret, in the deſigning of a perfect Satyr; that it ought only to treat of one Subject; to be confin'd to one particular Theme; or, at leaſt, to one principally. If other Vices occur in the Management of the Chief, they ſhould only be tranſiently laſh'd, and not be inſiſted on, ſo as to make the Deſign double. As in a Play of the *Engliſh* Faſhion, which we call a *Tragicomedy*, there is to be but one main

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Design: And tho' there be an Underplot, or Second Walk of Comical Characters and Adventures, yet they are subservient to the Chief Fable, carry'd along under it, and helping to it; so that the *Drama* may not seem a Monster with two Heads. Thus the *Copernican* System of the Planets makes the Moon to be mov'd by the Motion of the Earth, and carry'd about her Orb, as a Dependent of hers. *Mascardi* in his Discourse of the *Doppia favola*, or double Tale in Plays, gives an Instance of it, in the famous Pastoral of *Guarini*, call'd *Il Pastor Fido*; where *Corisca* and the Satyr are the Under-parts: Yet we may observe, that *Corisca* is brought into the Body of the Plot, and made subservient to it. 'Tis certain, that the Divine Wit of *Horace* was not ignorant of this Rule, that a Play, though it consists of many Parts, must yet be one in the Action, and must drive on the Accomplishment of one Design; for he gives this very Precept, *Sit quodvis simplex dumtaxat & unum*; yet he seems not much to mind it in his Satyrs, many of them consisting of more Arguments than one; and the second without dependance on the first. *Casaubon* has observ'd this before me, in his Preference of *Persius* to *Horace*: and will have his own belov'd Author to be the first, who found out, and introduc'd this Method of confining himself to one Subject. I know it may be urg'd in defence of *Horace*, that this Unity is not necessary; because the very Word *Satura* signifies a Dish plentifully stored with all variety of Fruits and Grains. Yet *Juvenal*, who calls his Poems a *Farrago*, which is a Word of the same signification with *Satura*, has chosen to follow the same Method of *Persius*, and not of *Horace*. And *Boileau*, whose Example alone is a sufficient Authority, has wholly confin'd

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fin'd himſelf, in all his Satyrs, to this Unity of Deſign. That Variety which is not to be found in any one Satyr, is, at leaſt, in many, written on ſeveral Occaſions. And if Variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according to the Etymology of the Word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one Subject, as it is diverſly treated, in the ſeveral Subordinate Branches of it; all relating to the Chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of Examples in the Subdiviſions of it; and with as many Precepts as there are Members of it; which all together may compleat that *Olla*, or Hotch-potch, which is properly a Satyr.

Under this Unity of Theme, or Subject, is comprehended another Rule for perfecting the Deſign of true Satyr. The Poet is bound, and that *ex Officio*, to give his Reader ſome one Precept of moral Virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular Vice or Folly. Other Virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that Chief Head; and other Vices or Follies may be ſcourged, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one Virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus *Juvenal* in every Satyr, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one Principal Inſtructive Point, or to the ſhunning of Moral Evil. Even in the ſixth, which ſeems only an Arraignment of the whole Sex of Womankind; there is a latent Admonition to avoid Ill Women, by ſhewing how very few, who are Virtuous and Good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, tho' the wittieſt of all his Satyrs, has yet the leaſt of Truth or Inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten that he was now ſetting up for a Moral Poet.

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Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable Doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite Vices to it. His kind of Philoſophy is one, which is the Stoique; and every Satyr is a Comment on one particular *Dogma* of that Sect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad Writers; and yet even there he forgets not the Precepts of the *Porch*. In general, all Virtues are every where to be praiſed and recommended to Practice; and all Vices to be reprehended, and made either Odious or Ridiculous; or elſe there is a Fundamental Error in the whole Deſign.

I have already declar'd who are the only Perſons that are the Adequate Object of private Satyr, and who they are that may properly be expoſed by Name for publick Examples of Vices and Follies; and therefore I will trouble your Lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of Satyr, I have ſaid enough in the Compariſon betwixt *Juvenal* and *Horace*: 'Tis that ſharp, well-manner'd way, of laughing a Folly out of Countenance, of which your Lordſhip is the beſt Maſter in this Age. I will proceed to the Verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that Subject. The Sort of Verſe which is call'd *Burleſque*, conſiſting of Eight Syllables, or Four Feet, is that which our excellent *Hudibras* has choſen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I ſpake of *Donn*; but by a ſlip of an Old Man's Memory he was forgotten. The Worth of his Poem is too well known to need any Commendation, and he is above my Cenſure: His Satyr is of the *Varronian* kind, tho' unmix'd with Proſe. The Choice of his Numbers is ſuitable enough to his Deſign, as he has manag'd it: But in any other Hand, the Shortneſs

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Shortneſs of his Verſe, and the quick Returns of Rhyme, had debaſed the Dignity of Style. And beſides, the double Rhyme, (a neceſſary Companion of Burleſque Writing) is not ſo proper for Manly Satyr, for it turns Earneſt too much to Jeſt, and gives us a Boyiſh kind of Pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of Pain, to the beſt ſort of Readers; we are pleaſed ungratefully, and if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable Delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more ſolid. He might have left that Ta k to others, who not being able to put in Thought, can only make us grin with the Excreſcence of a Word of two or three Syllables in the Cloſe. 'Tis, indeed, below ſo great a Maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little Inſtrument. But his good Senſe is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the time of finding Faults. We paſs through the Levity of his Rhyme, and are immediately carry'd into ſome admirable uſeful Thought. After all, he has choſen this kind of Verſe; and has written the beſt in it: And had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we ſay of a Court-Favourite, that whatſoever his Office be, he ſtill makes it uppermoſt, and moſt beneficial to himſelf.

The Quickneſs of your Imagination, my Lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I wou'd prefer the Verſe of Ten Syllables, which we call the *Engliſh* Heroique, to that of Eight. This is truly my Opinion: For this ſort of Number is more roomy: The Thought can turn it ſelf with greater eaſe in a larger compaſs. When the Rhyme comes too thick upon us, it ſtraitens the Expreſſion; we are thinking of the Cloſe, when we ſhou'd be employ'd in adorning

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the Thought. It makes a Poet giddy with turning in a Space too narrow for his Imagination; he loſes many Beauties, without gaining one Advantage. For a Burleſque Rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, 'tis more eaſily purchas'd in Ten Syllables than in Eight: in both occaſions 'tis as in a Tennis-Court, when the Stroaks of greater force are given, when we ſtrike out and play at length. *Taſſone* and *Boileau* have left us the beſt Examples of this way, in the *Secchia Rapita*, and the *Lutrin*. And next them *Merlin Coccajus* in his *Baldus*. I will ſpeak only of the two former, becauſe the laſt is written in Latin Verſe. The *Secchia Rapita* is an *Italian* Poem, a Satyr of the *Varronian* kind. 'Tis written in the Stanza of Eight, which is their Meaſure for Heroique Verſe. The Words are ſtately, the Numbers ſmooth, the Turn both of Thoughts and Words is happy. The firſt ſix Lines of the Stanza ſeem Majeſtical and Severe; but the two laſt turn them all into a pleaſant Ridicule. *Boileau*, if I am not much deceiv'd, has model'd from hence his famous *Lutrin*. He had read the Burleſque Poetry of *Scarron*, with ſome kind of Indignation, as witty as it was, and found nothing in *France* that was worthy of his Imitation. But he copy'd the *Italian* ſo well, that his own may paſs for an Original. He writes it in the *French* Heroique Verſe, and calls it an Heroique Poem: His Subject is Trivial, but his Verſe is Noble. I doubt not but he had *Virgil* in his Eye, for we find many admirable Imitations of him, and ſome *Parodies*; as particularly this Paſſage in the Fourth of the *Æneids*.

Nec

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Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus; Hyrcaneque admorunt ubera tigres.

Which he thus Translates, keeping to the Words, but altering the Sense:

Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulenger:
Et tu n'es point du sang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitresse d'un Coche;
Caucase dans ses flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
Une Tigresse affreuse, en quelque Antre écarté,
Te fit, avec son laict, sucer sa Cruauté.

And, as *Virgil* in his Fourth *Georgique* of the Bees, perpetually raises the Lowness of his Subject, by the Loftiness of his Words; and ennobles it by Comparisons drawn from Empires, and from Monarchs.

Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum,
Magnanimosque Duces, totiusque ordine gentis
Mores & studia, & populos, & prælia dicam.

And again:

Sic Genus immortale manet; multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.

We see *Boileau* pursuing him in the same flights; and scarcely yielding to his Master. This, I think, my Lord, to be the most Beautiful, and most Noble kind of Satyr. Here is the Majesty of the Heroique, finely mix'd with the Venom of the other; and raising the Delight which otherwise wou'd be flat and vulgar, by the Sublimity of the Expression.

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I cou'd say somewhat more of the Delicacy of this and some other of his Satyrs; but it might turn to his Prejudice, if 'twere carry'd back to *France*.

I have given your Lordship but this bare Hint, in what manner this sort of Satyr may best be manag'd. Had I time, I cou'd enlarge on the beautiful Turns of Words and Thoughts; which are as requisite in this, as in Heroique Poetry it self; of which the Satyr is undoubtedly a Species. With these Beautiful Turns I confess my self to have been unacquainted, till about twenty Years ago, in a Conversation which I had with that Noble Wit of *Scotland*, Sir *George Mackenzy*: He ask'd me why I did not imitate in my Verses the Turns of Mr. *Waller* and Sir *John Denham*; of which, he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleasure, and with some profit, those two Fathers of our *English* Poetry; but had not seriously enough consider'd those Beauties which give the last Perfection to their Works. Some sprinklings of this kind I had also formerly in my Plays; but they were casual, and not design'd. But this Hint, thus seasonably given me, first made me sensible of my own Wants, and brought me afterwards to seek for the Supply of them in other *English* Authors. I look'd over the Darling of my Youth, the famous *Cowley*; there I found, instead of them, the Points of Wit, and Quirks of Epigram, even in the *Davideis*, an Heroick Poem, which is of an opposite nature to those *Puerilities*; but no elegant Turns, either on the Word or on the Thought. Then I consulted a greater Genius (without offence to the *Manes* of that Noble Author) I mean *Milton*; but as he endeavours every where to express *Homer*, whose Age had not arriv'd to that Fineness, I found in him a true Sublimity, lofty Thoughts, which were clothed

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clothed with admirable *Grecisms*, and ancient Words, which he had been digging from the Mines of *Chaucer* and *Spencer*, and which, with all their Rusticity, had somewhat of Venerable in them. But I found not there neither that for which I look'd. At last I had recourse to his Master, *Spencer*, the Author of that immortal Poem call'd the *Fairy Queen*; and there I met with that which I had been looking for so long in vain. *Spencer* had study'd *Virgil* to as much advantage as *Milton* had done *Homer*; and amongst the rest of his Excellencies had Copy'd that. Looking farther into the *Italian*, I found *Tasso* had done the same: nay more, that all the Sonnets in that Language, are on the Turn of the first Thought; which Mr. *Walsh*, in his late ingenious Preface to his Poems, has observ'd. In short, *Virgil* and *Ovid* are the two Principal Fountains of them in Latin Poem. And the *French* at this day are so fond of them, that they judge them to be the first Beauties. *Delicate & bien tourné*, are the highest Commendations, which they bestow, on somewhat which they think a Master-Piece.

An Example of the Turn on Words, amongst a thousand others, is that in the last Book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*:

Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera, viscera condi!
Congestoque avidum pingue scere corpore corpus;
Alterius que Animantem Animantis vivere leto!

An Example on the Turn both of Thoughts and Words, is to be found in *Catullus*; in the Complaint of *Ariadne*, when she was left by *Theseus*:

Tum

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Tum jam nulla viro juranti fœmina credat ;
Nulla viri speret sermones esse fideles :
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægestit apisci,
Nil metuunt jurare ; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed simul ac cupidæ mentis satiata libido est,
Dicta nihil metuere ; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary Turn upon the Words, is that in *Ovid's Epistolæ Heroidum*, of *Sappho* to *Phaon* :

Si nisi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua est ; nulla futura tua est.

Lastly, a Turn which I cannot say is absolutely on Words, for the Thought turns with them, is in the Fourth *Georgique* of *Virgil*; where *Orpheus* is to receive his Wife from Hell, on express Condition not to look on her, till she was come on Earth :

Cùm subita incautum dementia cepit Amantem ;
Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes.

I will not burthen your Lordship with more of them; for I write to a Master, who understands them better than my self. But I may safely conclude them to be great Beauties ; I might descend also to the Mechanick Beauties of Heroick Verse; but we have yet no English *Prosodia*, not so much as a tolerable Dictionary, or a Grammar ; so that our Language is in a manner Barbarous ; and what Government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not : But nothing under a Publick Expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a Declination of the Lan-

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Language, than hope an Advancement of it in the preſent Age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my Lord: tho' in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my Meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long Attention. But I am come to the laſt Petition of *Abraham*; If there be Ten Righteous Lines, in this vaſt Preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next City, becauſe it is but a little one.

I wou'd excuſe the Performance of this Tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, tho' not the greater part being the Work of ſome Gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their Undertaking; let their Excellencies atone for my Imperfections, and thoſe of my Sons. I have perus'd ſome of the Satyrs, which are done by other Hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh Verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal Tranſlation, but a kind of Paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a Paraphraſe and Imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any Men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendring the exact Senſe of theſe Authors, almoſt Line for Line, had been our Buſineſs, *Barten Holiday* had done it already to our hands: And, by the help of his Learned Notes and Illuſtrations, not only *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, but what yet is more obſcure, his own Verſes, might be underſtood.

But he wrote for Fame, and wrote to Scholars; We write only for the Pleaſure and Entertainment of thoſe Gentlemen and Ladies, who tho' they are not Scholars, are not Ignorant: Perſons of Underſtanding and good Senſe; who not having been converſant in the Original, or at leaſt not having made,

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made *Latin* Verſe ſo much their Buſineſs, as to be Critiques in it, wou'd be glad to find, if the Wit of our two great Authors be anſwerable to their Fame and Reputation in the World. We have therefore endeavour'd to give the Publick all the Satisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our Author, as our Predeceſſors *Holiday* and *Stapylton*; yet we may challenge to our ſelves this Praiſe, That we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our Readers. We have follow'd our Authors at greater Diſtance, tho' not Step by Step, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the Heels of *Juvenal* and *Perſius*, and hurt them by their too near Approach. A noble Author wou'd not be purſu'd too cloſe by a Tranſlator. We loſe his Spirit, when we think to take his Body. The groſſer Part remains with us, but the Soul is flown away, in ſome Noble Expreſſion, or ſome delicate Turn of Words, or Thought. Thus *Holiday*, who made this way his Choice, ſeiz'd the Meaning of *Juvenal*; but the Poetry has always 'ſcap'd him.

They who will not grant me, that Pleaſure is one of the Ends of Poetry, but that it is only a Means of compaſſing the only End, which is Inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the Means of Pleaſure, the Inſtruction is but a bare and dry Philoſophy; a crude Preparation of Morals, which we may have from *Ariſtotle* and *Epictetus*, with more Profit than from any Poet: Neither *Holiday* nor *Stapylton* have imitated *Juvenal*, in the Poetical Part of him, his Diction and his Elocution. Nor had they been Poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way they took, it was impoſſible for them to have ſucceeded in the Poetique Part.

The

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The *Engliſh* Verſe, which we call Heroique, conſiſts of more than Ten Syllables; the *Latin* Hexameter ſometimes riſes to Seventeen; as for Example, this Verſe in *Virgil*:

Pulverulenta putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no leſs than Seven Syllables in a Line, betwixt the *Engliſh* and the *Latin*. Now the Medium of theſe, is about Fourteen Syllables; becauſe the Dactyle is a more frequent Foot in Hexameters than the Spondee.

But *Holiday*, without conſidering that he writ with the diſadvantage of Four Syllables leſs in every Verſe, endeavours to make one of his Lines to comprehend the Senſe of one of *Juvenal*'s. According to the Falſity of the Propoſition, was the Succeſs. He was forc'd to crowd his Verſe with ill-ſounding Monoſyllables, of which our barbarous Language affords him a wild Plenty: And by that means he arriv'd at his pedantick End, which was to make a literal Tranſlation: His Verſes have nothing of Verſe in them, but only the worſt part of it, the Rhyme; and that, into the Bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worſe-ſounding Monoſyllables ſo cloſe together; the very Senſe which he endeavours to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his Author. So that *Holiday* himſelf cannot be underſtood, without as large a Commentary, as that which he makes on his two Authors. For my own Part, I can make a ſhift to find the Meaning of *Juvenal* without his Notes: But his Tranſlation is more difficult than his Author. And I find Beauties in the *Latin* to recompence my Pains; but in *Holiday* and *Stapylton*, my Ears,

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Ears, in the first Place, are mortally offended; and then their Sense is so perplex'd, that I return to the Original, as the more pleasing Task, as well as the more easie.

This must be said for our Translation, that if we give not the whole Sense of *Juvenal*, yet we give the most considerable Part of it: We give it, in General, so clearly, that few Notes are sufficient to make us intelligible. We make our Author at least appear in a Poetique Dress. We have actually made him more Sounding, and more Elegant, than he was before in *English*: And have endeavour'd to make him speak that kind of *English*, which he wou'd have spoken had he liv'd in *England*, and had written to this Age. If sometimes any of us (and 'tis but seldom) make him express the Customs and Manners of our Native Country, rather than of *Rome*; 'tis, either when there was some kind of Analogy, betwixt their Customs and ours; or when, to make him more easie to Vulgar Understandings, we give him those Manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this Innovation, 'tis enough if I can excuse it. For to speak sincerely, the Manners of Nations and Ages are not to be confounded: We shou'd either make them *English*, or leave them *Roman*. If this can neither be defended, nor excus'd, let it be pardon'd, at least, because it is acknowledg'd; and so much the more easily, as being a Fault which is never committed without some Pleasure to the Reader.

Thus, my Lord, having troubled you with a tedious Visit, the best Manners will be shown in the least Ceremony. I will slip away while your Back is turn'd, and while you are otherwise employ'd: With great Confusion, for having entertain'd you so long with this Discourse; and for having no other

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other Recompence to make you, than the Worthy Labours of my Fellow-Undertakers in this Work, and the Thankful Acknowledgements, Prayers and perpetual good Wishes of,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most Obliged, Most Humble,

and Most Obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692.

John Dryden.

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JUVE-

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S.1. Pl.1.

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JUVENAL.

THE

FIRST SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet gives us first a kind of humorous Reason for his Writing: That being provok'd by hearing so many ill Poets rehearse their Works, he does himself Justice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But since no Man will rank himself with all Writers, 'tis easy to conclude, that if such Wretches cou'd draw an Audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater Esteem with the Publick. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himself to Satyr, than any other kind of Poetry. And here he discovers that it is not so much his Indignation to ill Poets, as to ill Men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a Summary and general View of the Vices and Follies reigning in his Time. So that this first Satyr is the natural

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Ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one Subject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all Men in his way: In every following Satyr he has choſen ſome particular Moral which he won'd inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular Vice or Folly, (An Art with which our Lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our Poet being deſirous to reform his own Age, but not daring to attempt it by an Overt-act of naming living Perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the Times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair Warning to Great Men, that their Memory lies at the mercy of future Poets and Hiſtorians, but alſo with a finer Stroke of his Pen, brands even the Living, and perſonates them under dead Mens Names.

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly the borrow'd Learning of Marginal Notes and Illuſtrations, and for that Reaſon have Tranſlated this Satyr ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a Fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the Proper Names, becauſe I thought they won'd not much edify the Reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the Commentators, 'tis becauſe they firſt deſerted my Author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much Obſcurity, that too much room is left for Gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the Score,
Stunn'd with hoarſe [1] *Codrus' Theſeid*, o'er and o'er?
Shall this Man's Elegies and t'other's Play
Unpuniſh'd murther a long Summer's Day?

1 *Codrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad Poet, who wrote the Life and Actions of *Theſeus*.

Huge

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Huge [2] *Telephus*, a formidable Page,
Cries Vengeance; and [3] *Oreſtes'* bulky Rage
Unſatisfy'd with Margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the Covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No Man can take a more familiar Note
Of his own Home, than I of *Vulcan's* Grott,
Or [4] *Mars* his Grove or hollow Winds that blow
From *Ætna's* top, or tortur'd Ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd Exploits of *Greece*;
The Centaurs Fury, and the Golden Fleece;
Through the thick Shades th' Eternal Scribbler bauls,
And ſhakes the Statues on their Pedeſtals.
The [5] beſt and worſt on the ſame Theme employs
His Muſe, and plagues us with an equal Noiſe.
Provok'd by theſe Incorrigible Fools,
I left declaiming in Pedantick Schools;
Where, with Men-Boys, I ſtrove to get Renown,
Adviſing [6] *Sylla* to a private Gown.
But, ſince the World with Writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much Waſte-paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the Satyr's [7] Rod,
And tread the Path which fam'd *Lucilius* trod,

2 *Telephus*, the Name of a Tragedy.

3 *Oreſtes*, another Tragedy.

4 *Mars his Grove.* Some Commentators take this Grove to be a Place where Poets were us'd to repeat their Works to the People; but more probably, both this and *Vulcan's* Grott, or Cave, and the reſt of the Places and Names here mention'd, are only meant for the Common-Places of *Homer*, in his *Iliad*, and *Odyſſey*.

5 *The beſt and worſt*; that is, the beſt and the worſt Poets.

6 *Adviſing Sylla*, &c. This was one of the Themes given in the Schools of Rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; Whether *Sylla* ſhould lay down the Supreme Power of Dictatorſhip, or ſtill keep it.

7 *Lucilius*, the firſt Satyriſt of the *Romans*, who wrote long before *Horace*.

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Attend the Cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When Sapleſs Eunuchs mount the Marriage-Bed,
When [8] Manniſh *Mevia*, that two-handed Whore,
Aſtride on Horſe-back hunts the *Tuſcan* Boar;
When all our Lords are by his Wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe [9] Razour on my callow Beard was try'd;
When I behold the Spawn of conquer'd *Nile*,
Criſpinus [10], both in Birth and Manners vile,
Pacing in Pomp, with Cloak of *Tyrian* Dye
Chang'd oft a-day for needleſs Luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fan'd,
Ambitious to produce his Lady-Hand;
Charg'd [11] with light Summer-rings his Fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a Gem of weight:
Such fulſom Objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a Town, and to refrain,
What hoops of Iron cou'd my Spleen contain!
When [12] pleading *Matho*, born abroad for Air,
With his fat Paunch fills his new-faſhion'd Chair,
And after him the Wretch in Pomp convey'd,
Whoſe Evidence his Lord and Friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd Occaſion does attend
From the poor Nobles the laſt Spoils to rend,
Whom ev'n Spies dread as their Superior Fiend,
And bribe with Preſents; or, when Preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted Wives for Bail:

8 *Mevia*, a Name put for any impudent or Manniſh Woman.

9 *Whoſe Razour*, &c. *Juvenal*'s Barber now grown Wealthy.

10 *Criſpinus*, an *Egyptian* Slave; now by his Riches transform'd into a Nobleman.

11 *Charg'd with light Summer Rings*, &c. The *Romans* were grown ſo Effeminate in *Juvenal*'s time, that they wore light Rings in the Summer, and heavier in the Winter.

12 *Matho*, a famous Lawyer, mentioned in other Places by *Juvenal* and *Martial*.

When

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When Night-performance holds the place of Merit,
And Brawn and Back the next of Kin diſherit;
For ſuch good Parts are in Preferment's way,
The Rich Old Madam never fails to pay
Her Legacies, by Nature's Standard giv'n,
One gains an Ounce, another gains Eleven:
A dear bought-Bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice-concocted Blood is paid;
With Looks as wan, as he who in the Brake
At unawares has trod upon a Snake;
Or play'd [13] at *Lyons* a declaiming Prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd *Rhetoricians* dyes.
What Indignation boils within my Veins,
When perjur'd Guardians, proud with Impious Gains,
Choak up the Streets, too narrow for their Trains!
Whoſe Wards by Want betray'd, to Crimes are led
Too foul to name, too falſom to be read!
When he who pill'd his Province ſcapes the Laws,
And keeps his Money, though he loſt his Cauſe:
His Fine begg'd off, contemns his Infamy,
Can riſe at twelve, and get him drunk ere three:
Enjoys his Exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, [14] prevailing Province, to complain!
Such Villanies rous'd [15] *Horace* into Wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his Path,

13 At *Lyons*; a City in *France*, where annual Sacrifices and Games were made in Honour of *Auguſtus Cæſar*.

14 *Prevailing Provinces*; &c. Here the Poet complains, that the Governors of Provinces being acquit'd for their unjuſt Exactions, though they were condemned at their Tryals, yet got off by Bribery.

15 *Horace*, who wrote Satyrs: 'Tis more Noble, ſays our Author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the Labours of *Hercules*, the Sufferings of *Diomedes* and his Followers; or the Flight of *Dedalus* who made the Labyrinth, and the Death of his Son *Icarus*.

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Than an old Tale of *Diomede* repeat,
Or lab'ring after *Hercules* to ſweat,
Or wandring in the winding Maze of *Crete*;
Or with the winged Smith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring periſh with his fooliſh Boy.
With what Impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The Wife, by her procuring Husband ſold?
For tho' the Law makes Null th' Adulterer's Deed
Of Lands to her, the Cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught Eyes up to the Cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful Noſe.
When he dares hope a Colonel's Command,
Whoſe Courſers kept, ran out his Father's Land;
Who yet a Stripling *Nero*'s Chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the Streets, while his vain Maſter ſtrove
With boaſted Art to pleaſe his [16] Eunuch-Love.
Wou'd it not make a modeſt Author dare
To draw his Table-Book within the Square,
And fill with Notes, when lolling at his Eaſe,
Mecenas-like [17], the happy Rogue he ſees
Born by Six weary'd Slaves in open View,
Who cancell'd an Old Will, and forg'd a New:
Made wealthy at the ſmall Expence of Signing
With a wet Seal, and a freſh Interlining?
The Lady, next, requires a laſhing Line,
Who ſqueez'd a Toad into her Husband's Wine:
So well the faſhionable Med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by Country Wives:
Poys'ning, without regard of Fame or Fear:
And ſpotted Corps are frequent on the Bier.

16 *His Eunuch-Love.* *Nero* marry'd *Sporus* an *Eunuch*; though it may be the Poet meant *Nero*'s Miſtreſs in Man's Apparel.

17 *Mecenas*-like. *Mecenas* is often tax'd by *Seneca* and others, for his Effeminacy.

Wou'dſt

Wou'dſt thou to Honours and Preferments climb?
Be bold in Miſchief, dare ſome mighty Crime,
Which Dungeons, Death, or Baniſhment deſerves:
For Virtue is but dryly prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great Men, to great Crimes, owe their Plate emboſt,
Fair Palaces, and Furniture of Coſt;
And high Commands: A Sneaking Sin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank Old Letcher keep
His Son's corrupted Wife, [18] and hope to ſleep?
Or that Male-Harlot, or that unfledg'd Boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If Nature cou'd not, Anger would indite
Such woful Stuff as I or *Sb* — *ll* write.

Count from the time, ſince old [19] *Deucalion*'s Boat,
Rais'd by the Flood, did on *Parnaſſus* float;
And ſcarcely mooring on the Cliff, implor'd
An Oracle how Man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd Stones and Vital Breath enſu'd,
And Virgins naked were by Lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that Golden Age was done,
What Human Kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, Paſſions, Pleaſures, Impotence of Will,
Shall this Satyrical Collection fill.

What Age ſo large a Crop of Vices bore,
Or when was Avarice extended more?
When were the Dice with more Profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd Fob not empty'd now alone,
But Gameſters for whole Patrimonies play;
The Steward brings the Deeds which muſt convey

18 *And hope to ſleep?* The meaning is, that the very Conſideration of ſuch a Crime will hinder a virtuous Man from taking his Repoſe.

19 *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, when the World was drown'd, eſcap'd to the top of Mount *Parnaſſus*; and were commanded to reſtore Mankind by throwing Stones over their Heads: The Stones he threw became Men, and thoſe ſhe threw became Women.

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The loſt Eſtate: What more than Madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort Sitting many Hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-Wages, or a Footman's Livery?
What Age ſo many Summer-Seats did ſee?
Or which of our Forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven Diſhes at a private Meal?
Clients of old were Feaſted; now a poor
Divided Dole is dealt at th' outward Door;
Which by the hungry Rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry Largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,
Ere given; and ev'ry Face obſerv'd with Care,
That no intruding Gueſts uſurp a Share.
Known, you receive: The Cryer calls aloud
Our Old Nobility of *Trojan* Blood,
Who gape among the Crowd for their precarious Food.
The Prætor's, and the Tribune's Voice is heard;
The Freedman juſtles, and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your Great Lordſhips, will maintain my Right.
Tho' born a Slave, tho' [20] my torn Ears are bor'd,
'Tis not the Birth, 'tis Money makes the Lord.
The Rent of Five fair Houſes I receive;
What greater Honours can the Purple give?
The [21] poor *Patrician* is reduc'd to keep,
In Melancholy Walks, a Grazier's Sheep:
Not [22] *Pallas* nor *Licinius* had my Treaſure;
Then let the ſacred Tribunes wait my Leiſure.

20 *Though my torn Ears are bor'd:* The Ears of all Slaves were bor'd as a Mark of their Servitude; which Cuſtom is ſtill uſual in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and in other Parts, even for whole Nations; who bore prodigious Holes in their Ears, and wear vaſt Weights at them.

21 *The poor Patrician*; the poor Nobleman.

22 *Pallas*, or *Licinius*. *Pallas*, a Slave freed by *Claudius Cæſar*, and rais'd by his Favour to great Riches. *Licinius* was another wealthy Freedman, belonging to *Auguſtus*.

Once

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Once a poor Rogue, 'tis true, I trod the Street,
And trudg'd to *Rome* upon my naked Feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No Temples rais'd to Money's Majeſty,
No Altars ſuming to her Pow'r Divine,
Such as to Valour, Peace and Virtue ſhine,
And Faith, and Concord: [23] where the Stork on high
Seems to ſalute her Infant Progeny,
Preſaging pious Love with her auſpicious Cry.
But ſince our Knights and Senators account
To what their ſordid begging Vails amount,
Judge what a wretched Share the Poor attends,
Whoſe whole Subſiſtence on thoſe Alms depends!
Their Houſhold Fire, their Rayment, and their Food,
Prevented [24] by thoſe Harpies; when a Wood
Of Litters thick beſiege the Donor's Gate,
And begging Lords and teeming Ladies wait
The promis'd Dole: Nay, ſome have learn'd the Trick
To beg for abſent Perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their Sedans, for fear of Air:
And for their Wives produce an empty Chair.
This is my Spouſe: Diſpatch her with her Share.
'Tis [25] *Galla:* Let her Ladyſhip but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her Sleep.

Such

23 *Where the Stork on high*, &c. Perhaps the Storks were us'd to build on the top of the Temple dedicated to *Concord*.

24 *Prevented by thoſe Harpies*: He calls the *Roman* Knights, &c. Harpies, or Devourers: In thoſe Days the Rich made Doles intended for the Poor: But the Great were either ſo covetous, or ſo needy, that they came in their Litters to demand their Shares of the Largeſs; and thereby prevented, and conſequently ſtarv'd the Poor.

25 *'Tis Galla*, &c. The Meaning is, that Noblemen would cauſe empty Litters to be carried to the Giver's Door, pretending their Wives were within them: *'Tis Galla*, that is, my Wife: the next Words, *Let her Ladyſhip but peep*, are

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Such fine Employments our whole Days divide:
The Salutations of the Morning tide
Call up the Sun; thoſe ended, to the Hall
We wait the Patron, hear the Lawyers baul;
Then [26] to the Statues: where amidſt the Race
Of Conqu'ring *Rome*, ſome *Arab* ſhews his Face,
Inſcrib'd with Titles, and profanes the Place;
Fit to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The Great Man, home conducted, ſhuts his Door;
Old Clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs Care,
Diſmiſs their Hopes of Eating, and deſpair.
Though much againſt the Grain, forc'd to retire,
Buy Roots for Supper, and provide a Fire.
Mean time his Lordſhip lolls within at Eaſe,
Pamp'ring his Paunch with Foreign Rarities;
Both Sea and Land are ranſack'd for the Feaſt,
And his own Gut the ſole invited Gueſt.
Such Plate, ſuch Tables, Diſhes dreſs'd ſo well,
That whole Eſtates are ſwallow'd at a Meal.
Ev'n Paraſites are baniſh'd from his Board:
(At once a ſordid and luxurious Lord:)
Prodigious Throat, for which whole Boars are dreſt;
(A Creature form'd to furniſh out a Feaſt.)
But preſent Puniſhment purſues his Maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the Peacock raw

of the Servant who diſtributes the Dole; Let me ſee her, that I may be ſure ſhe is within the Litter. The Husband anſwers, ſhe is aſleep, and to open the Litter would diſturb her Reſt.

26 *Then to the Statues*, &c. The Poet here tells you how the Idle paſs'd their time; in going firſt to the Levees of the Great, then to the Hall, that is, to the Temple of *Apollo*, to hear the Lawyers Plead; then to the Market-place of *Auguſtus*, where the Statues of the famous *Romans* were ſet in Ranks on Pedeſtals: Amongſt which Statues were ſeen thoſe of Foreigners, ſuch as *Arabs*, &c. who, for no Deſert, but only on the account of their Wealth, or Favour, were placed amongſt the Nobleſt.

He

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He bears into the Bath; whence want of Breath,
Repletions, Apoplex, inteſtate Death.
His Fate makes Table-Talk, divulg'd with Scorn,
And he, a Jeſt, into his Grave is born.
No Age can go beyond us: Future Times
Can add no farther to the preſent Crimes.
Our Sons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt Flow.
Then Satyr ſpread thy Sails; take all the Winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient Strength for ſuch a ſpacious Field?
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a Vein,
Bold Truths to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When God-like Freedom is ſo far bereft
The Noble Mind, that ſcarce the Name is left?
Ere *Scandalum Magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the Great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt Licence now you take,
If into Rogues Omnipotent you rake,
Death is your Doom, impal'd upon a Stake;
Smear'd o'er with Wax, and ſet on fire, to light
The Streets, and make a dreadful Blaze by Night.
Shall They who drench'd three Uncles in a Draught
Of poys'nous Juice, be then in Triumph brought,
Make Lanes among the People where they go,
And, mounted high on downy Chariots, throw
Diſdainful Glances on the Crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis Defamation but to ſay, That's He!
Againſt [27] bold *Turnus* the Great *Trojan* Arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the Poet gets no Harm:

Achilles

27 *Againſt bold* Turnus, *&c.* A Poet may ſafely write an Heroick Poem, ſuch as that of *Virgil*, who deſcribes the Duel of *Turnus* and *Æneas*; or of *Homer* who writes of *Achilles* and

Achilles may in Epique Verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his Myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his Pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for Company:
But when *Lucilius* brandiſhes his Pen,
And flaſhes in the Face of Guilty Men,
A cold Sweat ſtands in drops on ev'ry Part;
And Rage ſucceeds to Tears, Revenge to Smart:
Muſe, be adviſ'd; 'tis paſt conſid'ring time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous Liſts of Rhime:
Since none the Living Villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the Perſons of the Dead.

and *Hector*; or the Death of *Hylas* the *Catamite* of *Hercules*; who ſtooping for Water, dropt his Pitcher, and fell into the Well after it. But 'tis dangerous to write Satyr like *Lucilius*.

JUVE-

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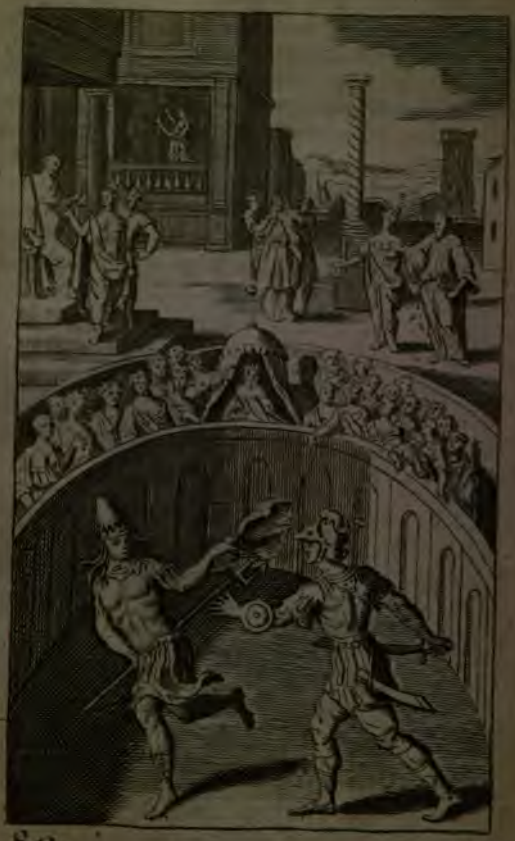

S.2. P.13.

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JUVENAL.

THE SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. *TATE*.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet, in this Satyr, inveighs against the Hypocrisie of the Philosophers, and Priests of his Time; The Effeminacy of Military Officers, and Magistrates. Which Corruption of Manners in general, and more particularly of unnatural Vices, he imputes to the Atheistical Principles that then prevail'd.

I'M sick of *Rome*, and wish my self convey'd
Where freezing Seas obstruct the Merchants Trade;
When Hypocrites read Lectures, and a Sot,
Because into a Gown and Pulpit got,
Tho' surfeit-gorg'd and reeking from the Stews,
Nothing but Abstinence for's Theme will chuse.
The Rakehells too pretend to Learning——Why?
Chrysippus' Statue decks their Library.
Who makes his Closet finest is most Read;
The Dolt that with an *Aristotle's* Head,
Carv'd to the Life, has once adorn'd his Shelf,
Streight sets up for a *Stagyrite* himself.

Precise

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Precise their Look, but to the Brothel come,
You'll know the Price of Philosophick Bum.
You'd swear, if you their Bristled Hides survey'd,
That for a Bear's Caresses they are made;
Yet of their Obscene Part they take such care,
That (like Baboons) they still keep *Podex* bare;
To see't so sleek and trimm'd the Surgeon smiles,
And scarcely can for Laughing launce the Piles.
Since Silence seems to carry Wisdom's Pow'r,
Th' affected Rogues, like Clocks, speak once an Hour.
Those grizled Locks which Nature did provide,
In plenteous growth, their Asses Ears to hide,
The formal Slaves reduce to a degree
Short of their Eye-brows——Now I honour Thee,
Thee *Peribomius*, thou profest He-Whore,
And all thy Crimes impute to Nature's Score:
Thou, as in Harlots Dress thou art attir'd,
For ought I know, with Harlots Itch art fir'd;
Thy Form seems for the *Pathick* Trade design'd,
And generously thou dost own thy Kind.
But what of those lewd Miscreants must become,
Who Preach Morality, and Shake the Bum?
Varillus cries, shall I fear *Sextus'* Doom,
Whose Haunches are the common Sink of *Rome*?
Let him cry Blackmoor-Devil, whose Skin is white;
And Bandy-Legs, who treads himself upright;
Let him reprove that's Innocent——In vain
The *Gracchi* of Sedition must complain.
'Twou'd make you swear the Planets from their Spheres,
Should *Verres* peach Thieves, *Milo* Murderers,
Clodius tax Bawds, *Cethegus Catiline*,
Or [1] *Sylla*'s Pupils *Sylla*'s Rules decline.

1 Suppos'd by some, to be *Cæsar*, *Pompey*, and *Crassus*; but by others (more probably) *Augustus*, *Antony*, and *Lepidus*.

Yet

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Yet we have seen a Modern Magistrate
Restore those rigid [2] Laws that did create
In *Mars* and *Venus* dread; himself the while,
With impious Drugs and Potions, did beguile
The teeming *Julia*'s Womb, and thence did wrest
Crude [3] Births, that yet th' Incestuous Sire confest.
How shall such Hypocrites Reform the State,
On whom the Brothels can Recriminate?
Of this we have an Instance great and new
In a Cock-Zealot of this Preaching Crew,
Whose late Harangue the gaping Rabble drew.
His Theme, as Fate wou'd have't, was Fornication,
And as i'th fury of his Declamation,
He cry'd, Why sleeps the *Julian* Law, that aw'd
This Vice?——*Laronia*, an industrious Bawd,
(As Bawds will run to Lectures) nettled much
To have her Copy-hold so nearly toucht,
With a disdainful Smile, reply'd, Blest Times,
That made thee Censor of the Age's Crimes!
Rome now must needs Reform, and Vice be stopt,
Since a Third *Cato* from the Clouds is dropt.
But tell me, Sir, what Perfume strikes the Air
From your most Rev'rend Neck o'ergrown with Hair?
For modestly we may presume, I trow,
'Tis not your Nat'ral Grain——The Price I'd know,
And where 'tis sold; direct me to the Street,
And Shop, for I with no such Essence meet.
Let me entreat you, Sir, for your own sake,
Use Caution, and permit the Laws to take
A harmless Nap, lest the [4] *Scantinian* wake.

2 The *Lex Julia* against Adultery.

3 *Viz.* Deform'd, and so resembling *Domitian*.

4 The Law so called, from *Scantinius*, against whom it was put in Execution.

Our

Our wife Forefathers took their Meaſures right,
Nor wreak'd on Fornicators all their Spight,
But left a *Limbo* for the *Sodomite*.
If you Commiſſion-Courts muſt needs erect
For Manners, put the Teſt to your own Sect.
But you by Number think your ſelves ſecure,
While our thin Squadron muſt the Brunt endure.
With Grief I muſt confeſs our Muſter's few,
And much with Civil Broils impair'd, while you
Are to the Dev'l and to each other true.
Your Penal Laws againſt Us are enlarg'd,
On whom no Crimes, like what you act, are charg'd.
Flavia may now and then turn up for Bread,
But chaſtly with *Catulla* lies a-bed.
Your *Hiſpo* acts both Sexes parts, before
A Fornicator, and behind a Whore:
We ne'er invade your Walks; the Client's Cauſe
We leave to your Confounding, and the Laws.
If now and then an *Amazonian* Dame
Dares fight a publick Prize, 'tis ſure leſs Shame,
Than to behold your unnerv'd Sex ſet in
To Needle-Work, and like a Damſel ſpin.
How *Hiſter*'s Bondman his ſole Heir became,
And his conniving Spouſe ſo rich a Dame,
Is known; that Wife with Wealth muſt needs be ſped,
Who is content to make a Third in Bed.
You Nymphs that would to Coach and Six arrive,
Marry, keep Counſel, and 'are ſure to thrive!
Yet theſe Obnoxious Men, without Remorſe,
Againſt our Tribe will put the Laws in force,
Clip the Dove's Wing, and give the Vultur Courſe.
Thus ſpoke the Matron——The convicted Crew
From ſo direct a Charge like Lightning flew.
It muſt be ſo——Nor, vain *Metellus*, ſhalt
From *Rome*'s Tribunal, thy Harangues prevail

'Gainſt

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'Gainſt Harlotry, while thou art clad ſo thin,
That through thy Cobweb-Robe we ſee thy Skin
As thou Declaim'ſt——*Fabulla* is, you ſay,
A Whore——I own it; ſo's *Carfinia*;
Rank Proſtitutes, therefore without remorſe
Puniſh the Strumpets, give the Law its Courſe:
But when y'ave ſentenc'd them, *Metellus*, know
They'd bluſh t'appear ſo looſly Dreſt as you.
You ſay the Dog-Star reigns, whoſe ſultry Fire
Melts you to death ev'n in that light Attire;
Go naked then, 'twere better to be mad,
(Which has a priv'lege) than ſo lewdly clad!
How wou'd our Mountain Sires, return'd from Plow
Or Battel, ſuch a Silken Judge allow?
Can'ſt thou reſtore Old Manners, or retrench
Rome's Pride, who com'ſt tranſparent to the Bench?
This Mode in which thou ſingly doſt appear,
By thy Example ſhall get footing here,
Till it has quite deprav'd the *Roman* Stock,
As one infected Sheep confounds the Flock.
Nor will this Crime, *Metellus*, be thy worſt,
No man e'er reach'd the Heights of Vice at firſt:
For Vice like Virtue by Degrees muſt grow.
Thus from this wanton Dreſs, *Metellus*, thou
With thoſe [5] polluted Prieſts at laſt ſhalt join,
Who female Chaplets round their Temples twine,
And with [6] perverted Rites profane the Goddeſs' Shrine.
Where ſuch vile Practices 'twixt Males are paſt,
As makes our Matrons lewd Nocturnals chaſte.

5 Suppos'd to be the College of Prieſts, appointed by *Domitian* to Celebrate the *Quinquatria* to *Minerva*.

6 *Perverted Rites.* Becauſe here Women are excluded from the Myſteries, as Men were elſewhere from *Ceres*'s Worſhip.

Cetyt-

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Cotyttus' [7] Orgies ſcarce are more obſcene,
For thus th' Effeminate Prieſts themſelves demean.
With Jet-black Pencils one his Eye-brows dyes,
And adds new Fire to his laſcivious Eyes;
Another in a Glaſs-*Priapus* ſwills,
While twiſted Gold his platted Treſſes fills;
A Female Robe, and to compleat the Farce,
His [8] Servant not by *Jove* but *Juno* ſwears.
One holds a Mirror, pathick *Otho*'s Shield,
In which he view'd before he march'd to Field,
Nor *Ajax* with more Pride his ſeven-fold Targe did wield.
Oh Noble Subject for new Annals fit,
In muſty Fame's Records unmention'd yet!
A Looking-Glaſs muſt load th' Imperial Car,
The moſt important Carriage of the War!
Galba to kill he thought a Gen'ral's Part,
But as a Courtier, us'd the niceſt Art
To keep his Skin from Tan: before the Fight
Wou'd paint, and ſet his ſoil'd Complexion right.
A Softneſs which *Semiramis* ne'er knew,
When once ſhe had the Field and Foe in view,
Nor *Egypt*'s Queen, when ſhe from *Actium* flew.
No chaſte Diſcourſe their Feſtivals afford,
Obſceneneſs is the Language of their Board:
Soft liſping Tones, taught by ſome bald-pate Prieſt,
For skilful Palate, Maſter of the Feaſt.
A Pack of Proſtitutes, unnerv'd, and rife
For th' Operation of a [9] *Phrygian* Knife.

7 *Cotyttus' Orgies.* The Goddeſs of Impudence worſhipp'd at *Athens*. A Strumpet in her Life-time, that us'd to Dance naked with moſt Obſcene Geſtures.

8 An Inſtance of Extraordinary Effeminacy, it being the Cuſtom for only Women to ſwear by Goddeſſes; the Men by *Jove*, *Hercules*, &c.

9 Alluding to the Prieſts of the *Phrygian* Goddeſs, who were caſtrated.

For

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For from ſuch Pathicks 'twere but juſt to take
Thoſe manly Parts, of which no Uſe they make,
Gracchus, 'tis ſaid, gave to his Trumpeter
Four Hundred *Seſterces*:——For what?——In Dow'r.
The Motion's lik'd, the Parties are agreed;
And for Performance ſeal a formal Deed:
Gueſts are beſpoke, a Wedding-Supper made,
The wonted Joy is wiſht, that done——
The He-Bride in his Bridegroom's Arms is laid.
O Peers of *Rome!* need theſe ſtupendous Times
A [10] *Cenſor* or *Aruſpex* for ſuch Crimes?
The Prodigy leſs Monſtrous wou'd appear,
If Women Calves, or Heifers Lambs ſhou'd bear!
In Bridal Robe and Veil the Pathick's dreſt,
Who [11] bore the ponderous Shield at *Mars* his Feaſt.
[12] Father of *Rome*, ſay what deteſted Clime
Taught *Latian* Shepherds ſo abhorr'd a Crime?
Say, thundring *Mars*, from whence the Nettle ſprung
Whoſe Venom firſt thy Noble Offspring ſtung?
Behold! a Man by Birth and Fortune great
Weds with a Man; yet from th' Etherial Seat
No Rattling of thy Brazen Wheels we hear,
Nor is Earth pierc'd with thy avenging Spear!
Oh! if thy Juriſdiction *(Mars)* falls ſhort
To puniſh Miſchief of ſo vaſt import,
Complain to *Jove*, and move the higher Court.
For ſhame redreſs this Scandal, or reſign
Thy Province to ſome Pow'r that's more Divine.

10 *Viz.* The One to puniſh, the Other to expiate ſuch Unnatural Crimes.

11 He means one of the *Salii*, or Prieſts of *Mars*, who carry'd his Shield and Implements, and was brawny enough to Dance under them at his Feſtival. *Caleſtia Martis Arma ferunt Salii.* Ov. Faſt. 3.

12 *Mars*, Father of *Romulus* who founded *Rome*.

To

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To-Morrow early in *Quirinus'* Vale
I muſt attend——Why?——Thereby hangs a Tale.
A Male Friend's to be marry'd to a Male.
'Tis true, the Wedding's carry'd privately,
The Parties being at preſent ſomewhat ſhy;
But that they own the Match, ere long you'll hear,
And ſee it in the Publick Regiſter.

But one ſore Grief does theſe He-Brides perplex;
Though they debaſe, they cannot change their Sex;
Nor yet, by help of all their wicked Art,
Bring Offſprings to ſecure their Husband's Heart.
Nature too much i'th' dire Embrace is forc'd,
And ne'er joins Influence with Deſires ſo curs'd:
Inceſtuous Births, and Monſters may appear;
But teeming Males nor Earth nor Hell can bear.

Yet, *Gracchus*, thou degen'rate Son of Fame,
Thy Pranks are ſtigmatiz'd with greater Blame:
Theirs was a private, thine an open Shame.
Who like a Fencer on a Publick Stage,
Haſt made thy ſelf the Scandal of the Age.
Nor can *Rome*'s Nobleſt Blood with thine compare,
While thou mak'ſt Paſtime for the Theatre.

To what dire Cauſe can we aſſign theſe Crimes,
But to that reigning Atheiſm of the Times?
Ghoſts, Stygian Lakes, and Frogs with creaking Note,
And *Charon* wafting Souls in leaky Boat,
Are now thought Fables, to fright Fools conceiv'd,
Or Children, and by Children ſcarce believ'd.
Yet give thou Credit. What can we ſuppoſe
The Temperate *Curii*, and the *Scipio's*,
What will *Fabricius* or *Camillus* think,
When they behold, from their *Eliſium*'s brink,
An Atheiſt Soul to laſt Perdition ſink?
How will they from th' aſſaulting Banks rebound,
And wiſh for Sacred Rites to purge th' unhallow'd Ground!

In

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In vain, O *Rome!* thou doſt thy Conqueſts boaſt
Beyond the *Orcades* ſhort-nighted Coaſt,
Since free the conquer'd Provinces remain
From Crimes that thy Imperial City ſtain:
Yet Rumour ſpeaks, if we may credit Fame,
Of one *Armenian* Youth, who ſince he came
Has learn'd the impious Trade; and does exceed
The lewdeſt Pathicks of our *Roman* Breed.
Bleſſings of Commerce! he was ſent, 'tis ſaid,
For Breeding hither; And he's fairly bred.
Fly Foreign Youths from our polluted Streets,
And, ere unman'd, regain your Native Seats,
Leſt while, for Traffick, here too long you ſtay,
You learn at laſt to trade th' *Italian* way;
And, with curs'd Merchandiſe returning home,
Stock all your Country with the [13] Figs of *Rome*.

13 Emrods, call'd in *Latin*, *Ficus*.

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JUVENAL.

THE THIRD SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Story of this Satyr ſpeaks it ſelf. Umbritius, *the ſuppos'd Friend of* Juvenal, *and himſelf a Poet, is leaving* Rome, *and retiring to* Cumæ. *Our Author accompanies him out of Town. Before they take leave of each other,* Umbritius *tells his Friend the Reaſons which oblige him to lead a private Life, in an obſcure Place. He complains that an honeſt Man cannot get his Bread at* Rome. *That none but Flatterers make their Fortunes there: That* Grecians *and other Foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid Arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral Inconveniencies which ariſe from a City life; and the many Dangers which attend it. Upbraids the Noblemen with Covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good Poets; and arraigns the Government for ſtarving them. The great Art of this Satyr is particularly ſhown, in Common Places; and drawing in as many Vices, as could naturally fall into the Compaſs of it.*

Griev'd

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GRiev'd tho' I am an ancient Friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary Seat he choſe:
In quiet [1] *Cuma* fixing his Repoſe:
Where, far from noiſie *Rome* ſecure he lives,
And one more Citizen to *Sibyl* gives.
The Road to [2] *Baia*, and that ſoft Receſs
Which all the Gods with all their Bounty bleſs.
Tho' I in [3] *Procbyta* with greater Eaſe
Cou'd live, than in a Street of Palaces.
What Scene ſo deſert, or ſo full of Fright,
As tow'ring Houſes tumbling in the Night,
And *Rome* on fire beheld by its own blazing Light?
But worſe than all the clatt'ring Tiles, and worſe
Than thouſand Padders, is the Poet's Curſe.
Rogues that [4] in Dog Days cannot Rhime forbear:
But without Mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my Friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his Goods in one poor Cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-Gate,
Where [5] *Numa* modell'd once the *Roman* State,
In mighty Councils with his [6] Nymph retir'd:
Tho' now the ſacred Shades and Founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd *Jews*, who their whole Wealth can lay
In a ſmall Basket, on a Wiſp of Hay.

1 *Cuma*, a ſmall City in *Campania*, near *Puteoli*, or *Puzzolo*, as it is call'd. The Habitation of the *Cumaan Sybil*.

2 *Baia*; another little Town in *Campania*, near the Sea: A pleaſant place.

3 *Procbyta*: A ſmall Barren Iſland belonging to the Kingdom of *Naples*.

4 *In Dog-Days*, The Poets in *Juvenal*'s time, us'd to rehearſe their Poetry in *Auguſt*.

5 *Numa*. The ſecond King of *Rome*; who made their Laws, and inſtituted their Religion.

6 *Nymph. Ægeria*, a Nymph, or Goddeſs, with whom *Numa* feign'd to converſe by Night; and to be inſtructed by her in modelling his Superſtitions.

Yet

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Yet such our Av'rice is, that ev'ry Tree
Pays for his Head; nor Sleep it self is free:
Nor Place, nor Persons, now are Sacred held,
From their own Grove the Muses are expell'd.
Into this lonely Vale our Steps we bend,
I and my sullen discontented Friend:
The marble Caves, and Aquæducts we view;
But how adulterate now, and different from the true!
How much more Beauteous had the Fountain been,
Embellish'd with her first created Green,
Where Crystal Streams thro' living Turf had run,
Contented with an Urn of Native Stone!

Then thus *Umbritius* (with an angry Frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate Town,)
Since noble Arts in *Rome* have no Support,
And ragged Virtue not a Friend at Court,
No Profit rises from th' ungrateful Stage,
My Poverty encreasing with my Age,
'Tis time to give my just Disdain a Vent,
And, Cursing, leave so base a Government.
Where [7] *Dedalus* his borrow'd Wings laid by,
To that obscure Retreat I chuse to fly:
While yet few Furrows on my Face are seen,
While I walk upright, and old Age is green,
And [8] *Lachesis* has somewhat left to spin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this curs'd Place;
And hide from Villains my too honest Face:
Here let [9] *Arturius* live, and such as he;
Such Manners will with such a Town agree.

7 *Where* Dedalus, &c. Meaning at *Cumæ*.

8 *Lachesis*; one of the three Destinies, whose Office was to spin the Life of every Man; as it was of *Clotho* to hold the Distaff, and *Atropos* to cut the Thread.

9 *Arturius*. Any debauch'd wicked Fellow who gains by the Times.

Knaves

Knaves who in full Aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning Truth to Lies, and White to Black:
Can hire large Houſes, and oppreſs the Poor
By farm'd Exciſe; can cleanſe the Common-ſhoar;
And rent the Fiſhery; can bear the Dead;
And teach their Eyes diſſembled Tears to ſhed.
All this for Gain; for Gain they ſell their very Head.
Theſe Fellows (ſee what Fortune's Pow'r can do)
Were once the Minſtrels of a Country Show:
Follow'd the Prizes thro' each paltry Town,
By Trumpet-Cheeks and bloated Faces known.
But now, grown rich, on drunken Holy-days,
At their own Coſts exhibit publick Plays:
Where influenc'd by the Rabble's bloody Will,
With [10] Thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid Avarice rakes
In Excrements again, and hires the Jakes.
Why hire they not the Town, not ev'ry thing,
Since ſuch as they have Fortune in a String;
Who, for her Pleaſure, can her Fools advance,
And toſs 'em topmoſt on the Wheel of Chance.
What's *Rome* to me, what Buſ'neſs have I there,
I who can neither Lie nor falſly Swear?
Nor praiſe my Patron's undeſerving Rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his Times;
Unskill'd in Schemes by Planets to foreſhow,
Like Canting Raſcals, how the Wars will go:
I neither will, nor can Prognoſticate
To the young gaping Heir, his Father's Fate:

10 *With Thumbs bent back,* In a Prize of Sword-Players, when one of the Fencers had the other at his Mercy, the Vanquiſh'd Party implor'd the Clemency of the Spectators. If they thought he deſerv'd it not, they held up their Thumbs, and bent them backwards, in ſign of Death.

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Nor in the Intrails of a Toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd Bawdy Presents to a Bride;
For want of these Town Virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my Way by none:
Like a dead Member from the Body rent;
Maim'd, and unuseful to the Government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the Times,
Conscious of close Intrigues, and dipt in Crimes:
Lab'ring with Secrets which his Bosom burn,
Yet never must to publick Light return?
They get Reward alone who can betray;
For keeping honest Counsels none will pay.
He who can [11] *Verres* when he will, accuse,
The Purse of *Verres* may at pleasure use:
But let not all the Gold which [12] *Tagus* hides,
And pays the Sea in Tributary Tides,
Be Bribe sufficient to corrupt thy Breast;
Or violate with Dreams thy peaceful Rest.
Great Men with jealous Eyes the Friend behold,
Whose Secresie they purchase with their Gold.

I haste to tell thee, nor shall Shame oppose
What Confidents our wealthy *Romans* chose:
And whom I most abhor: To speak my Mind,
I hate, in *Rome*, a *Grecian* Town to find:
To see the Scum of *Greece* transplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor *Greeks* alone, but *Syrians* here abound,
Obscene [13] *Orontes* driving in their ground.

11 *Verres*, Prætor in *Sicily*, Contemporary with *Cicero*; by whom accus'd of oppressing the Province, he was condemn'd: His Name is us'd here, for any Rich vicious Man.

12 *Tagus*, a famous River in *Spain*, which discharges it self into the Ocean near *Lisbon* in *Portugal*. It was held of old, to be full of Golden Sands.

13 *Orontes*, the greatest River of *Syria*: The Poet here puts the River for the Inhabitants of *Syria*.

Conveys

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Conveys his Wealth to [14] *Tyber*'s hungry Shores,
And fattens *Italy* with foreign Whores:
Hither their crooked Harps and Cultarns come:
All find receipt in Hospitable *Rome*.
The barbarous Harlots crowd the publick Place:
Go, Fools, and purchase an unclean Embrace;
The painted Mitre court, and the more painted Face.
Old [15] *Romulus* and Father *Mars* look down,
Your Herdsman primitive, your homely Clowns,
Is turn'd a *Beau* in a loose tawdry Gown.
His once unkemb'd, and horrid Locks, behold
Stilling sweet Oil: his Neck inchain'd with Golds
Aping the Foreigners in ev'ry Dress;
Which, bought at greater Cost, becomes him less.
Mean time they wisely leave their Native Land,
From *Sicyon*, *Samos*, and from *Alabond*,
And *Amydan*, to *Rome* they swarm in Shoals:
So sweet and easie is the Gain from Fools.
Poor Refugees at first, they purchase here:
And, soon as Denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the Great a flatt'ring servile Rout:
Work themselves inward, and their Patrons out.
Quick-witted, Brazen-fac'd, with fluent Tongues,
Patient of Labours, and dissembling Wrongs.
Riddle me this, and guess him if you can,
Who bears a Nation in a single Man?
A Cook, a Conjurer, a Rhetorician,
A Painter, Pedant, a Geometrician,
A Dancer on the Ropes, and a Physician.
All things the hungry *Greek* exactly knows:
And bid him go to Heav'n, to Heav'n he goes.

14 *Tyber*; the River which runs by *Rome*.

15 *Romulus*; First King of *Rome*; Son of *Mars*, as the Poets feign. The first *Romans* were originally Herdsmen.

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In ſhort, no *Scythian*, *Moor*, or *Thracian* born,
But [16] in that Town which Arms and Arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the Board,
In Purple cloath'd, and lolling like a Lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t'other Day
A ſmall-craft Veſſel hither did convey:
Whose ſtow'd with Prunes, and rotten Figs, he lay?
How little is the Privilege become
Of being born a Citizen of *Rome!*
The *Greeks* get all by fulſom Flatteries;
A moſt peculiar Stroke they have at Lies.
They make a Wit of their inſipid Friend;
His Blobber-lips and Beetle-brows commend:
His long Crane-Neck, and narrow Shoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing *Hercules.*
A creaking Voice for a clear Treble goes;
Tho' harſher than a Cock that Treads and Crows.
We can as groſly Praiſe; but to our Grief,
No Flatt'ry but from *Grecians* gains Belief.
Beſides theſe Qualities, we muſt agree
They Mimick better on the Stage than we:
The Wife, the Whore, the Shepherdeſs they Play,
In ſuch a Free, and ſuch a Graceful way,
That we believe a very Woman ſhown,
And fancy ſomething underneath the Gown.
But not [17] *Antiochus*, nor *Stratocles*,
Our Ears and raviſh'd Eyes can only pleaſe:
The Nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All *Greece* is one Comedian: Laugh, and they
Return it louder than an Aſs can bray:

[16] *But in that Town*, &c. He means *Athens*; of which *Pallas* the Goddeſs of Arms and Arts was Patroneſs.

[17] *Antiochus* and *Stratocles*, two famous *Grecian* Mimicks, or Actors, in the Poet's time.

Grieve,

Grieve, and they Grieve; if you Weep silently,
There seems a silent Echo in their Eye:
They cannot *Mourn* like you, but they can Cry.
Call for a Fire, their Winter Cloaths they take:
Begin but you to shiver, and they shake:
In Frost and Snow, if you complain of Heat,
They rub th'unsweating Brow, and swear they sweat.
We live not on the Square with such as these.
Such are our Betters who can better please:
Who Day and Night are like a Looking-Glass;
Still ready to reflect their Patron's Face.
The Panegyrick Hand, and lifted Eye,
Prepar'd for some new Piece of Flattery.
Ev'n Nastiness Occasions will afford;
They praise a belching, or well-pissing Lord.
Besides, there's nothing Sacred, nothing free
From bold Attempts of their rank Letchery.
Thro' the whole Family their Labours run;
The Daughter is debauch'd, the Wife is won;
Nor 'scapes the Bridegroom, or the blooming Son.
If none they find for their lewd Purpose fit,
They with the Walls and very Floors commit.
They search the Secrets of the House, and so
Are worshipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of *Grecians*, cast a view
On what, in Schools, their Men of Morals do;
A rigid [18] Stoick his own Pupil slew:
A Friend, against a Friend of his own Cloth
Turn'd Evidence, and murther'd on his Oath.
What Room is left for *Romans* in a Town
Where *Grecians* Rule, and Cloaks controul the Gown?
Some [19] *Diphilus*, or some *Protogenes*,
Look sharply out, our Senators to seize:

[18] *A Rigid Stoick*, &c. *Publius Ignatius*, a Stoick, falsly accus'd *Bareas Sorenus*, as *Tacitus* tells us.

[19] *Diphilus*, and *Protogenes*, &c. were *Grecians* living in *Rome*.

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Engroſs 'em wholly, by their native Art,
And fear'd no Rivals in their Bubbles Heart:
One Drop of Poiſon in my Patron's Ear,
One ſlight Suggeſtion of a fenſeleſs Fear,
Infus'd with Cunning, ſerves to ruin me:
Diſgrac'd and baniſh'd from the Family,
In vain forgotten Services I boaſt;
My long Dependance in an Hour is loſt.
Look round the World, what Country will appear,
Where Friends are left with greater Eaſe than here?
At *Rome* (nor think me partial to the Poor)
All Offices of ours are out of Door:
In vain we riſe, and to the Levees run;
My Lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The Prætor bids his Lictors mend their pace,
Left his Colleague out-ſtrip him in the Race:
The Childiſh Matrons are, long ſince, awake;
And, for Affronts, the tardy Viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born Son
On the left-hand of a rich Hireling run:
Becauſe the wealthy Rogue can throw away,
For half a Brace of Bouts, a Tribune's Pay:
But you, poor Sinner, tho' you love the Vice,
And like the Whore, demurr upon the Price;
And, ſcighted with the wicked Sum, forbear
To lend a Hand, and help her from the Chair.
Produce a Witneſs of unblemiſh'd Life,
Holy as *Numa*, or as *Numa*'s Wife,
Or [20] him who bid th' unhallow'd Flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling Goddeſs from the Fire:
The Queſtion is not put how far extends
His Piety, but what he yearly ſpends:

20 *Or him who bid*, &c. *Lucius Metellus* the High-Prieſt; who when the Temple of *Veſta* was on Fire, ſav'd the *Palladium*.

Quick,

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Quick, to the Buſneſs; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand Acres feed his Sheep,
What are his Rents, what Servants does he keep?
Th' Account is ſoon caſt up; the Judges rate
Our Credit in the Court by our Eſtate.
Swear by our Gods, or thoſe the *Greeks* adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The Poor muſt gain their Bread by Perjury;
And e'en the Gods, that other Means deny,
In Conſcience muſt abſolve 'em, when they lye.
Add, that the Rich have ſtill a Gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the Poor:
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Veſt,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jeſt:
The greaſie Gown, fully'd with often Turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The Man's in Mourning:
Or if the Shoe be ript, or Patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the Plaiſter on his Foot.
Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool;
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule.
Pack hence, and from the Cover'd Benches riſe,
(The Maſter of the Ceremonies cries)
This is no Place for you, whoſe ſmall Eſtate
Is not the Value of the ſettled Rate:
The Sons of happy Punks, the Pandar's Heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in Triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the Theatre.
Up to the Galleries, for ſhame retreat;
For, by the [a] *Roſcian* Law, the Poor can claim no Seat.
Who ever brought to his rich Daughter's Bed,
The Man that poll'd but Twelve-pence for his Head?

[a] *For by the Roſcian Law*, &c. *Roſcius* a Tribune, who order'd the diſtinction of Places in Publick Shows, between the Noble men of *Rome* and the *Plebeians*.

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Who ever nam'd a poor Man for his Heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the Judging Chair?
The Poor were wiſe, who by the Rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred Place of Reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from Scorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they Riſe by Virtue's Aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs Poverty.
At *Rome* 'tis worſe; where Houſe-Rent by the Year,
And Servants Bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And Tavern-Bills run high for hungry Chear.
To drink or eat in Earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply Country-Cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue Hoods on Holy-days are worn.
Some diſtant Parts of *Italy* are known,
Where [22] none but only dead Men wear a Gown:
On Theaters of Turf, in homely State,
Old Plays they act; old Feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude Song returns upon the Crowd,
And, by Tradition, is for Wit allow'd.
The Mimick yearly gives the ſame Delights;
And in the Mother's Arms the Clowniſh Infant frights.
Their Habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by Degree)
Are plain, alike; the ſame Simplicity,
Both on the Stage, and in the Pit, you ſee.
In his white Cloak the Magiſtrate appears,
The Country Bumkin the ſame Liv'ry wears.
But here, Attir'd beyond our Purſe we go,
For uſeleſs Ornament and flaunting Show:
We take on truſt, in Purple Robes to ſhine;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine.

22 *Where none but only dead Men*, &c. The meaning is, that Men in ſome parts of *Italy* never wore a Gown (the uſual Habit of the *Romans*) till they were bury'd in one.

This

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This is a common Vice; tho' all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that [23] *Coſſus* may but view
Your Face, and in the Crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your Incenſe like a Gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil Nod?
To pleaſe our Patrons, in this vicious Age,
We make our Entrance by the Fav'rite Page:
Shave his firſt Down, and when he polls his Hair,
The conſecrated Locks to Temples bear:
Pay tributary Cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our Off'rings, help to raiſe his Vails.
Who fears in Country-Towns a Houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven Wall?
But we inhabit a weak City, here;
Which Buttreſſes and Props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the Village-Maſon's daily Calling,
To keep the World's Metropolis from falling,
To cleanſe the Gutters, and the Chinks to cloſe;
And, for one Night, ſecure his Lord's Repoſe.
At *Cumæ* we can ſleep quite round the Year,
Nor Falls, nor Fires, nor Nightly Dangers fear;
While rolling Flames from *Roman* Turrets fly,
And the pale Citizens for Buckets cry.
Thy Neighbour has remov'd his wretched Store
(Few Hands will rid the Lumber of the Poor)
Thy own third Story ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Art drench'd in Fumes of undigeſted Wine.
For if the loweſt Floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and Garrets ſoon will take the Turn,
Where [24] thy tame Pidgeons next the Tiles were bred,
Which, in their Neſts unſafe, are timely fled.

[23] *Coſſus* is here taken for any great Man.

[24] *Where thy tame Pidgeons*, &c. The *Romans* us'd to breed their tame Pidgeons in their Garrets.

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25 *Codrus* had but one Bed, ſo ſhort to boaſt,
That his ſhort Wife's ſhort Legs hung dangling out;
His Cupboard's Head ſix Earthen Pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his truſty Tankard plac'd:
And, to ſupport this Noble Plate, there lay
A bending *Chiron* caſt from honeſt Clay;
His few *Greek* Books a rotten Cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe Covers much of Mouldineſs complain'd:
Where Mice and Rats devour'd Poetick Breads
And with Heroick Verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor *Codrus* nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor *Codrus* all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked through the Streets of wealthy *Rome*;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the Palace of *Arturius* burn,
The Nobles change their Cloaths, the Matrons mourn:
The City-Prætor will no Pleadings hear;
The very Name of Fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the *Gauls* were here.
While yet it burns, th'officious Nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring Supplies:
One ſends him Marble to rebuild, and one
With naked Statues of the *Parian* Stone,
The Work of *Polyclete*, that ſeem to live;
While others Images for Altars give;
One Books and Skreens, and *Pallas* to the Breaſt;
Another Bags of Gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs *Arturius*, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his Loſſes multiplies his Store:
Suſpected for Accomplice to the Fire,
That burnt his Palace but to build it higher.

25 *Codrus*, a Learned Man, very poor: by his Books ſuppos'd to be a Poet. For, in all probability, the Heroick Verſes here mention'd which Rats and Mice devour'd, were *Homer*'s Works.

But,

But, cou'd you be content to bid adieu
To the dear Play-Houſe, and the Players too:
Sweet Country Seats are purchas'd ev'ry where,
With Lands and Gardens, at leſs Price than here
You hire a darkſome Dog-hole by the Year.
A ſmall Convenience decently prepar'd.
A ſhallow Well that riſes in your Yard,
That ſpreads his eaſie Cryſtal Streams around,
And waters all the pretty Spot of Ground.
There, love the Fork, thy Garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal Friends [26] a *Pythagorean* Treat.
'Tis ſomewhat to be Lord of ſome ſmall Ground,
In which a Lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of Sleep to die;
Which Fumes of undigeſted Feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect Heat, in languid Stomachs fry.
What Houſe ſecure from Noiſe the Poor can keep,
When ev'n the Rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
So dear it coſts to purchaſe Reſt in *Rome*;
And hence the Sources of Diſeaſes come.
The Drover who his Fellow-Drover meets
In narrow Paſſages of winding Streets;
The Waggoners that curſe their ſtanding Teams,
Wou'd wake ev'n drouſie *Druſus* from his Dreams.
And yet the Wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our Heads, and make their way,
In lofty Litters born, and read, and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: The Shutters make it Night.
Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the publick Place:
The Preaſe before him ſtops the Client's pace.
The Crowd that follows cruſh his panting Sides,
And trip his Heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the Shole:
A Rafter breaks his Head, or Chairman's Pole:

[26] *A Pythagorean Treat*: He means Herbs, Roots, Fruits, and Sallads.

Stack.

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Stockin'd with loads of fat Town-Dirt he goes;
And ſome Rogue-Soldier, with his Hob nail'd Shoes,
Indents his Legs behind in bloody Rows.
See with what Smoke our Doles we celebrate:
A hundred Gueſts, invited, walk in State:
A hundred hungry Slaves, with their *Dutch* Kitchins wait.
Huge Pans the Wretches on their Head muſt bear,
Which ſcarce [27] Gigantick *Corbulo* cou'd rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the Load;
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling Flames abroad.
Their Coats, from botching newly brought, are torn.
Unwieldy Timber-trees in Waggons born,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their Cartiage lie;
That nod, and threaten Ruin from on high.
For, ſhou'd their Axel break, its Overthrow
Would cruſh, and pound to duſt, the Crowd below:
Nor Friends their Friends, nor Sires their Sons could know:
Nor Limbs, nor Bones, nor Carcaſs would remain:
But a maſh'd Heap, a Hotchpotch of the Slain.
One vaſt Deſtruction; not the Soul alone,
But Bodies, like the Soul, inviſibly are flown.
Mean-time, unknowing of their Fellows Fate,
The Servants waſh the Platter, ſcour the Plate,
Then blow the Fire, with puffing Cheeks, and lay
The Rubbers, and the Bathing-ſheets diſplay;
And oyl them firſt; and each is handy in his way.
But he, for whom this buſie Care they take,
Poor Ghoſt, is wandring by the *Stygian* Lake:

27 *Gigantick Corbulo. Corbulo* was a famous General in *Nero*'s time, who conquer'd *Armenia*, and was afterwards put to Death by that Tyrant, when he was in *Greece*, in reward of his great Services. His Stature was not only tall, above the ordinary Size: but he was alſo proportionably ſtrong.

Af-

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Affrighted with [28] the Ferryman's grim Face;
Now to the Horrors of that uncouth Place,
His Paſſage begs with unregarded Pray'r:
And wants two Farthings to diſcharge his Fare.
Return we to the Dangers of the Night;
And, firſt, behold our Houſes dreadful Height:
From whence come broken Potſheards tumbling down;
And leaky Ware, from Garret Windows thrown:
Well may they break our Heads, that mark the flinty Stone.
'Tis want of Senſe to ſup abroad too late;
Unleſs thou firſt haſt ſettled thy Eſtate.
As many Fates attend thy Steps to meet,
As there are waking Windows in the Street.
Bleſs the good Gods, and think thy Chance is rare
To have a Piſs-pot only for thy ſhare.
The ſcouring Drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his Bed-time, takes no reſt that Night.
Paſſing the tedious Hours in greater pain
Than [29] ſtern *Achilles*, when his Friend was ſlain:
'Tis ſo ridic'lous, but ſo true withal,
A Bully cannot ſleep without a Braul:
Yet tho' his youthful Blood be fir'd with Wine,
He wants not Wit the Danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the Coach and Six,
And on the Lacquies will no Quarrel fix.
His Train of Flambeaus, and embroider'd Coat,
May privilege my Lord to walk ſecure on Foot.
But me, who muſt by Moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a Candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be Fighting, where
He only Cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is Drunk beſide.

28 *The Ferry-man's, &c. Charon* the Ferry-man of Hell, whoſe Fare was a Half-penny for every Soul.

29 *Stern Achilles.* The Friend of *Achilles* was *Patroclus*, who was ſlain by *Hector*.

Where

Where did you whet your Knife to night, he cries,
And shred the Leeks that in your Stomach rise?
Whose windy Beans have stuft your Guts, and where
Have your black Thumbs been dipt in Vinegar?
With what Companion Cobler have you fed,
On old Ox-cheeks, or He-Goats tougher Head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your Answer, quick,
Before my Foot salutes you with a Kick.
Say, in what nasty Cellar under Ground,
Or what Church-Porch, your Roguesship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the Blame.
Before the Bar, for beating him, you come;
This is a poor Man's Liberty in *Rome*.
You beg his Pardon; happy to retreat
With some remaining Teeth, to chew your Meat.
Nor is this all; for, when retir'd, you think
To sleep securely; when the Candles wink,
When ev'ry Door with Iron Chains is barr'd,
And roaring Taverns are no longer heard;
The Ruffian Robbers by no Justice aw'd,
And unpaid Cut-throat Soldiers, are abroad,
Those venal Souls, who hardned in each Ill,
To save Complaints and Prosecution, kill.
Chas'd from their Woods and Bogs, the Padders come
To this vast City, as their Native Home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in *Rome*.
The Forge in Fetters only is employ'd;
Our Iron Mines exhausted and destroy'd
In Shackles; for these Villains scarce allow
Goads for the Teams, and Plough-shares for the Plough.
Oh happy Ages of our Ancestors,
Beneath [30] the Kings and Tribunitial Pow'rs;

30 *Beneath the Kings*, &c. *Rome* was originally rul'd by Kings; till for the Rape of *Lucretia*, *Tarquin* the Proud was expell'd. After which it was govern'd by two Consuls, yearly.

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One Jayl did all their Criminals restrain;
Which now the Walls of *Rome* can scarce contain.
More I cou'd say, more Causes I cou'd show
For my Departure: but the Sun is low:
The Waggoner grows weary of my Stay;
And whips his Horses forwards on their Way.
Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with Care
You to our own [31] *Aquinum* shall repair,
To take a Mouthful of sweet Country Air,
Be mindful of your Friend; and send me word,
What Joys your Fountains and cool Shades afford:
Then, to assist your Satyrs, I will come;
And add new Venom when you write of *Rome*.

yearly chosen; but they oppressing the People, the Commoners mutiny'd, and procur'd Tribunes to be created, who defended their Privileges, and often oppos'd the Consular Authority, and the Senate.

[31] *Aquinum* was the Birthplace of *Juvenal*.

JUVE-

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JUVENAL.

THE FOURTH SATYR.

By the Rev. Mr. *RICHARD DUKE.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr first brings in Crispinus, *whom he had a Lash at in his first Satyr, and whom he promises here not to be forgetful of for the future. He exposes his monstrous Prodigality and Luxury, in giving the Price of an Estate for a Barbel; and from thence takes occasion to introduce the principal Subject, and true Design of this Satyr, which is grounded upon a ridiculous Story of a Turbut presented to* Domitian, *of so vast a Bigness that all the Emperor's Scullery had not a Dish large enough to hold it: Upon which the Senate in all haste is summon'd, to consult in this Exigency, what is fittest to be done. The Poet gives us a Particular of the Senators Names, their distinct Characters,*

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Characters, and Speeches, and Advice; and after much and wise Consultation, an Expedient being found out and agreed upon, he dismisses the Senate, and concludes the Satyr.

ONCE more *Crispinus*, call'd upon the Stage,
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my Rage:
A Monster, to whom ev'ry Vice lays claim,
Without one Virtue to redeem his Fame.
Feeble and sick, yet strong in Lust alone,
The rank Adult'rer preys on all the Town;
All but the Widow's nauseous Charms go down.
What matter then how stately is the Arch
Where his tir'd Mules slow with their Burden march?
What matter then how thick and long the Shade
Through which, by sweating Slaves, he is convey'd?
How many Acres near the City Walls,
Or new-built Palaces, his own he calls?
No ill Man's happy; least of all is he
Whose study 'tis to corrupt Chastity.
Th' Incestuous Brute, who the veil'd Vestal Maid
But lately to his impious Bed betray'd,
Who for her Crime, [1] if Laws their Course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the Grave.
But now of slighter Faults; and yet the same
By others done, the Censor's Justice claim.
For what good Men ignoble count and base,
Is Virtue here, and does *Crispinus* grace:
In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The Person is more odious than the Crime.

1 *If Laws their Course*, &c. *Ought to descend*, &c. *Crispinus* had deflowr'd a Vestal Virgin, but by his Favour with *Domitian*, he escap'd the Punishment due to her Offence, which was to be buried alive by *Numa*'s Laws; as may be seen in *Livy*, *l.* 1. and is more particularly describ'd in *Plutarch*'s Life of *Numa*.

And

And so all Satyr's lost. The lavish Slave
Six [2] thousand Pieces for a Barbel gave:
A Sesterce for each Pound it weigh'd, as they
Give out, that hear great things, but greater say,
If by this Bribe well plac'd, he would ensnare
Some sapless Usurer that wants an Heir;
Or if this Present the sly Courtier meant,
Should to some Punk of Quality be sent,
That in her easy Chair in State does ride,
The Glasses all drawn up on ev'ry side,
I'd praise his Cunning; but expect not this,
For his own Gut he bought the stately Fish.
Now ev'n [3] *Apicius* Frugal seems, and Poor,
Outvy'd in Luxury unknown before.
Gave you, *Crispinus*, you this mighty Sum?
You, that, for want of other Rags, did come
In your own Country Paper wrapp'd, to *Rome*?
Do Scales and Fins bear Price to this Excess?
You might have bought the Fisherman for less.
For less some Provinces whole Acres fell,
Nay, [4] in *Apulia*, if you bargain well,
A Manor wou'd cost less than such a Meal.
What think we then of his [5] luxurious Lord?
What Banquets loaded that Imperial Board?

2 *Six thousand Pieces.* Six thousand of the *Roman Sestertii*, which make six *Sestertia*, according to our Account, 46*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

3 *Now even* Apicius. A Man for Gluttony and Prodigality famous even to a Proverb, who having spent most of his vast Estate upon his Gut, for fear of Want poyson'd himself. *Senec.*

4 *Nay in* Apulia. Part of *Italy*, near the *Adriatick* Gulf, where Land it seems was very cheap, either for the barrenness and cragged height of the Mountains, or for the unwholsomeness of the Air, and the Wind *Atabulus*. *Horat. Lib.* 1. *Sat.* 5. *Montes Apulia notos — quos terret Atabulus & quos nunquam crepsemus*, &c.

5 *His luxurious Lord.* The Emperor *Domitian*.

When

When in one Dish, that taken from the rest
His constant Table wou'd have hardly miss,
So many Sesterces were swallow'd down,
To stuff one Scarlet-coated Court Buffoon,
Whom *Rome* of all her Knights now Chiefest greets,
From crying stinking Fish about the Streets.
Begin, *Calliope*, but not to sing:
Plain, honest Truth we for our Subject bring.
Help then, ye young *Pierian* Maids, to tell
A downright Narrative of what befel.
Afford me willingly your sacred Aids, [Maids.
Me that have call'd you young, me that have styl'd you
When he, with whom [6] the *Flavian* Race decay'd,
The groaning World with Iron Scepter sway'd,
When [7] a bald *Nero* reign'd, and servile *Rome* obey'd,
Where *Venus'* Shrine does fair *Ancona* grace,
A Turbut taken of prodigious Space,
Fill'd the extended Net, not less than those
That dull *Maeotis* does with Ice enclose.
Till conquer'd by the Sun's prevailing Ray,
It opens to the *Pontick* Sea their way;
And throws them out unwieldy with their Growth,
Fat with long Ease, and a whole Winter's Sloth:
The wise Commander of the Boat and Lines
For [8] our High-Priest the stately Prey designs;

For

6 *The* Flavian *Race decay'd.* *Domitian* was the last and worst of the *Flavian* Family, which tho' at first obscure, yet had produc'd great and good Men. *Reipublicæ nequaquam pœnitenda*, says *Sueton.* 9. For of this Family were *Vespasian* and *Titus*.

7 *A bald Nero.* *Domitian*, who could not so much as bear with Patience the mention of Baldness, tho' in Jest only, and objected to another, as *Suetonius* in his Life tells us. And who, for his Cruelty, is here call'd a second *Nero*.

8 *Our High-Priest.* The Emperor *Domitian* call'd so, either from

For who that Lordly Fiſh durſt ſell or buy,
So many Spies and Court-Informers nigh?
No Shore but of this Vermin Swarms does bear,
Searchers of Mud and Sea-weed! that would ſwear
The Fiſh had long in *Cæſar*'s Ponds been fed,
And from its Lord undutifully fled;
So, juſtly ought to be again reſtor'd.
Nay, if you credit Sage [9] *Palphurius*' Word,
Or dare rely on *Armillatus*' Skill,
Whatever Fiſh the vulgar Fry excel
Belong to *Cæſar*, whereſoe'er they ſwim,
By their own Worth confiſcated to him.
The Boat-man then ſhall a wiſe Preſent make,
And give the Fiſh, before the Seizers take.
Now fickly Autumn to dry Froſts gave way,
Cold Winter rag'd, and freſh preſerv'd the Prey;
Yet with ſuch haſte the buſy Fiſher flew,
As if a hot South-Wind Corruption blew:
And now he reach'd the Lake, [10] where what remains
Of *Alba*, ſtill her antient Rites retains,

from his Inſtituting the College of the *Alban* Prieſts, of whom he was as it were Chief; or for taking upon him the Office of *Pontifex Maximus*, in the Condemnation of the Veſtal Virgin *Cornelia*; or, more generally, becauſe often the Emperors aſſum'd both the Title and Office of High-Prieſt.

9 *Palphurius* and *Armillatus*. Both Men of Conſular Degree: Lawyers, and Spies, and Informers, and ſo Favourites of *Domitian*.

10 *What remains of* Alba, *&c. Alba Longa* built by *Aſcanius*, about fifteen Miles from *Rome*, was deſtroy'd after by *Tullus Hoſtilius*, the Temples only excepted, (*Liv. l.* 1.) The *Albans* upon this their Misfortune neglecting their Worſhip, were by ſundry Prodigies commanded to reſtore their antient Rites, the chief of which was the keeping perpetually burning the Veſtal Fire, which was brought thither by *Æneas* and his *Trojans* as a fatal Pledge of the Perpetuity of the *Roman* Empire.

Still

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Still worſhips *Veſta*,[11] tho' an humbler way,
Nor lets the hallow'd *Trojan* Fire decay.
The wandring Croud that to ſtrange Sights reſort,
And choak'd a while his Paſſage to the Court,
At length gives way; ope flies the Palace-Gate,
The Turbut enters in, without the[12] Fathers wait.
The Boat-man ſtrait does to *Atrides* preſs,
And thus preſents his Fiſh, and his Addreſs:
Accept, Dread Sir, this Tribute from the Main,
Too great for private Kitchins to contain.
To your glad Genius ſacrifice this Day,
Let common Meats reſpectfully give way.
Haſte to unload your Stomachs to receive
This Turbut, that for you did only live,
So long preſerv'd to be Imperial Food,
Glad of the Net, and to be taken proud.
How fulſom this! how groſs! yet this takes well,
And the vain Prince with empty Pride does ſwell.
Nothing ſo monſtrous can be ſaid or feign'd,
But with Belief and Joy is entertain'd,
When to his Face the worthleſs Wretch is prais'd,
Whom vile Court-Flatt'ry to a God has rais'd.
But oh hard Fate! the Palace-Stores no Diſh
Afford, capacious of the mighty Fiſh.
To ſage Debate are ſummon'd all the Peers,
His truſty and much-hated Counſellors.
In whoſe pale Looks the ghaſtly Terror ſat,
That haunts the dangerous Friendſhip of the Great.
[13] The loud *Liburnian* that the Senate call'd,
Run, run; he's ſet, he's ſet, no ſooner baul'd,

11 *Tho' an humbler way.* There was a more ſtately Temple erected to *Veſta* at *Rome* by *Numa*, than this at *Alba*, where the ſame Ceremonies were us'd.

12 *The Fathers.* The Senate always ſo call'd. *Patres Conſcripti.*

13 *The loud Liburnian.* Some ſay that of the People of this Country, which is part of *Illyricum*.

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But with his Robe ſnatch'd up in haſte, does come
Pegaſus, [14] Bailiff of affrighted *Rome*.
What more were Præfects then? The beſt he was,
And faithfulleſt Expounder of the Laws.
Yet in ill Times thought all things manag'd beſt,
When Juſtice exercis'd her Sword the leaſt.

[15] Old *Criſpus* next, Pleaſant, tho' Old, appears;
His Wit nor Humour yielding to his Years:
His Temper mild, good Nature join'd with Senſe,
And Manners charming as his Eloquence.
Who fitter for a uſeful Friend than he,
To the great Ruler of the Earth and Sea,
If as his Thoughts were juſt, his Tongue were free?
If it were ſafe to vent his Gen'rous Mind
To *Rome*'s dire Plague, and Terror of Mankind,
If cruel Pow'r could ſoothing Counſel bear?
But what's ſo tender as a Tyrant's Ear?
With whom whoever, tho' a Fav'rite, ſpake,
At ev'ry Sentence ſet his Life at ſtake,
Tho' the Diſcourſe were of no weightier things,
Than ſultry Summers, or unhealthful Springs.

tyricum, the *Romans* made their Cryers, becauſe of their loud Voices. Others take *Liburnus* for the proper Name of one Man——Liburnus *than the Senate call'd.*

14 *Pegaſus, Bailiff.* A Citizen of *Alba*, a very learned Lawyer, and Præfect or Chief Magiſtrate of *Rome*. He calls him here Bailiff: As if *Rome* by *Domitian*'s Cruelty, had ſo far loſt its Liberty and Priviledges, that it now was no better than a Country Village, and fit to be govern'd by no better than a Bailiff.

15 *Old Criſpus.* (*Vibius Criſpus.*) This was he that made the known Jeſt upon *Domitian*'s killing Flies. When one Day *Domitian*, being alone in his Cloſet, and being aſk'd, Whether there was any one left within with the Emperor? He anſwer'd, No, not ſo much as a Fly. The Names and Characters of moſt of theſe Senators here mention'd may be found in *Suetonius*'s Life of *Domitian*, and in *Tacitus*.

This

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This well he knew, and therefore never try'd
With his weak Arms to ſtem the ſtronger Tyde.
Nor did all *Rome*, grown Spiritleſs, ſupply
A Man that for bold Truth durſt bravely die.
So ſafe by wiſe complying Silence he
Ev'n in that Court did fourſcore Summers ſee.
Next him *Acilius*, tho' his Age the ſame,
With eager haſte to the Grand Council came:
With him a Youth, unworthy of the Fate
That did too near his growing Virtues waite,
Urg'd by the Tyrant's Envy, Fear, or Hate.
(But 'tis long ſince Old Age began to be
In Noble Blood no leſs than Prodigy,
Whence 'tis I'd rather be of [16] *Giants Birth*,
A Pigmy-Brother to theſe Sons of Earth.)
Unhappy Youth! whom from his deſtin'd End
No well-diſſembled Madneſs could defend;
When naked in the *Alban* Theater,
In *Libyan* Bears he firſt his Hunting-Spear.
Who ſees not now thro' the Lord's thin Diſguiſe,
That long-ſeem'd Fools do prove at laſt more wiſe?
That State-Court Trick is now too open laid:
Who now admires the [17] Part old *Brutus* play'd?
Thoſe honeſt Times might ſwallow this Pretence,
When [18] the King's Beard was deeper than his Senſe.

16. *Of Giants Birth.* Of an obſcure and unknown Family.

17 *The part old Brutus play'd.* 'Tis a known Story, how Brutus finding that his own Brothers, and ſome of the moſt conſiderable Men of Rome had been put to Death by *Tarquinius Superbus*, counterfeited himſelf a Madman or Fool, and ſo avoided the Tyrant's Cruelty, till he had gain'd a fit time to deſtroy him, revenge his Brother's and Countrymens Deaths, and free Rome.

18 *When the Kings Beard.* In thoſe ancient and moroſe ſimple times, when it was the Cuſtom never to ſhave their Beards: For 400 Years there was no ſuch thing as a Barber heard of in Rome.

Next

Next *Rubrius* came, [19] tho' not of Noble Race,
With equal Marks of Terror in his Face.
Pale with the gnawing Guilt and inward Shame
Of an old Crime that is not fit to name.
Worse, yet in Scandal taking more delight,
Than [20] the vile *Pathick* that durst Satyr write.

Montanus' Belly next, advancing slow,
Before the sweating Senator did go.

Crispinus after, but much sweeter, comes,
Scented with costly Oils and Eastern Gums,
More than would serve two Fun'rals for Perfumes.

Then *Pompey*, none more skill'd in the Court-Game
Of cutting Throats with a soft Whisper, came.

Next *Fuscus*, he who many a peaceful Day
For [21] *Dacian* Vultures was reserv'd a Prey,
Till having study'd War enough at home,
He led abroad th' unhappy Arms of *Rome*.

Cunning *Veiento* next, and by his side
Bloody *Catullus* leaning on his Guide,
Decrepit, yet a furious Lover he,
And deeply smit with Charms he could not see.
A Monster, that even this worst Age out-vies,
Conspicuous and above the common Size.

19 *Tho' not of Noble Race, with equal Marks of Terror.* For *Domitian's* Cruelty reach'd even to the common People, and those of lower Birth, which (in the end of this Satyr) the Poet tells us, caus'd his Destruction.

20 *The vile Pathick, Nero*, who wrote a Satyr upon *Quinctianus*, whom he charges with his own profligate Lewdness and Debauchery. *Tac. Ann.* 15.

21 *For Dacian Vultures, Cornelius Fuscus*, a Nobleman of no manner of Experience, or more knowledge of War-Affairs, than what he had studied in his own Country Retirement, was yet by *Domitian* twice sent with an Army against the *Dacians*, in the last of which his Army was defeated, and himself slain.

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A blind base Flatt'rer, [22] from some Bridge or Gate,
Rais'd to a murd'ring Minister of State.
Deserving still to beg upon the Road,
And bless each passing Waggon and its Load.
None more admir'd the Fish; he in its Praise
With Zeal his Voice, with Zeal his Hands did raise.
But to the left all his fine things did say,
Whilst on his right the unseen Turbut lay.
So he the fam'd *Cilician* Fencer prais'd,
And at each hit with Wonder seem'd amaz'd.
So did the Scenes and Stage Machines admire,
And Boys that flew thro' Canvas Clouds in Wyre.
Nor came *Veiento* short; but as inspir'd
By thee, *Bellona*, by thy Fury fir'd,
Turns Prophet: See, the mighty Omen, see,
He cries, of some illustrious Victory!
Some Captive King thee his new Lord shall own:
Or from his *British* Chariot headlong thrown,
The [23] proud *Arviragus* come tumbling down!
The Monster's foreign. [24] Mark the pointed Spears
That from thy Hand on his pierc'd Back he wears!
Who Nobler could, or plainer things presage?
Yet one thing 'scap'd him, the Prophetick Rage
Shew'd not the Turbut's Country, nor his Age.
At length by *Cæsar* the grand Question's put:
My Lords, your Judgment; Shall the Fish be cut?
Far be it, far from us! *Montanus* cries;
Let's not dishonour thus the Noble Prize!

22 *From Bridge or Gate.* The common Stands for Beggars.

23 *The proud* Arviragus. One of the ancient *British* Kings.

24 *Mark the pointed Spears.* He makes the Flatterer call the sharp Fins rising on the Fish's back, Spears; and to signify and portend that *Domitian* shall stick the like in some Foreign Enemy.

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A Pot of fineſt Earth, thin, deep, and wide,
Some [25] skilful quick *Prometheus* muſt provide.
Clay and the forming Wheel prepare with ſpeed.
But, *Cæſar*, be it from henceforth decreed,
That Potters on the Royal Progreſs wait,
T'aſſiſt in theſe Emergencies of State.
This Counſel pleas'd; nor con'd it fail to take,
So fit, ſo worthy of the Man that ſpake,
The old Court Riots he remember'd well,
Could Tales of *Nero*'s Midnight Suppers tell,
When *Falern* Wines the lab'ring Lungs did fire,
And to new Dainties kindled falſe Deſire.
In Arts of Eating none more early Train'd,
None in my time had equal Skill attain'd.
He whether [26] *Circe*'s Rock his Oyſters bore,
Or [27] *Lucrine* Lake, or [28] the *Rutupian* Shore,
Knew at firſt taſte; nay, at firſt ſight could tell
A Crab or Lobſter's Country by its Shell.
They riſe, and ſtraight all with reſpectful Awe,
At the Word giv'n, obſequiouſly withdraw,
Whom full of eager haſte, ſurprize, and fear,
Our mighty Prince had ſummon'd to appear;
As if ſome News he'd of the *Catti* tell,
Or that the fierce *Sicambrians* did rebel:
As if Expreſſes from all Parts had come
With freſh Alarms threatning the Fate of *Rome*.

25 *Some skilful quick Prometheus.* Some skilful Potter. Alluding to the old Fable of *Prometheus*, whoſe skill in this Art was ſuch that he made a Man of Clay.

26 *Circe's Rock.* The *Circean* Promontory, nam'd from *Circe* that liv'd there, on the Shore of *Campania*.

27 *The Lucrine Lake*, Between *Baiæ* and *Puteoli*.

28 *The Rutupian Shore. Rutupa*, or *Rutupi*, an ancient Town's Name on the *Kentiſh* Shore, ſuppos'd to be our *Richborough*. Theſe were all famous in thoſe Times for Oyſters.

What

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What Folly this! but oh! that all the reſt
Of his dire Reign had thus been ſpent in Jeſt!
And all that Time ſuch Trifles had employ'd
In which ſo many Nobles he deſtroy'd!
He ſafe, they unreveng'd, to the Diſgrace
Of the ſurviving, tame, *Patrician* Race!
But when he dreadful to the Rabble grew,
Him, who ſo many Lords had ſlain, they ſlew.

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JUVENAL.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

By the Reverend Mr. *WILLIAM BOWLES.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet diſſuades a Paraſite from frequenting the Tables of Great Men, where he is certain to be treated with the higheſt Scorn and Contempt: And, at the ſame time, Inveighs againſt the Luxury and Inſolence of the Roman *Nobility.*

IF harden'd by Affronts, and ſtill the ſame,
Loſt to all Senſe of Honour, and of Shame,
Thou yet canſt love to haunt the Great Man's Board,
And think no Supper good but with a Lord:
If yet thou canſt hold out, and ſuffer more
Than lewd [1] *Sarmentus*, or vile *Galba* bore,
Thy ſolemn Oath ought to be ſet aſide:
But ſure the Belly's eaſily ſupply'd.

[1] *Sarmentus.* A Buffoon and Paraſite of *Auguſtus Ceſar.* The ſame perhaps with that *Sarmentus* in *Horace, Sat.* 3. *l.* 1.

Sup-

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S. 5. p. 52.

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Suppoſe, what frugal Nature wou'd ſuffice,
Suppoſe that wanting, Hunger is not nice.
Is no [2] Bridge vacant, no convenient Seat,
Where thou may'ſt cringe, and gnaw thy broken Meat,
And with a Matt, and Crutch, and ty'd-up Leg,
More honeſtly and honourably Beg?
First, if he pleaſe to ſay, Sit down, and ſmile,
Behold the full Reward of all thy Toil!
All thy old Services are largely paid,
And thou a proud and happy Man art made.
See! of thy boaſted Friendſhip ſee the Fruits!
And theſe too he upbraids, and theſe imputes.
If after too cold Months thy Lord think fit
His poor, neglected Clients to admit,
And ſay, Sup with me, thou haſt thy deſire,
Be thankful, Mortal, and no more require.
Thus Bleſt, muſt [3] *Trebius* to his *Levees* run,
When the Stars languiſh near the riſing Sun;
Break off ſweet Slumbers, drowſie, and undreſt,
To ſhew his Zeal, and to prevent the reſt;
Run to prevent the fawning humble Train,
While ſlow [4] *Bootes* drives his frozen Wain.
Perhaps the gen'rous Entertainment may
For all the Stare and dear Attendance pay.
For him is kept a Liquor more Divine,
You Spunges muſt be drunk with Lees of Wine,
Drunk for your Patron's Pleaſure and his Jeſt;
Then raving like a [5] *Corybas* poſſeſt,

2 Where common Beggars us'd to place themſelves.

3 It was the Cuſtom in *Rome* for the Clients to attend their Patrons, to ſalute them in the Morning. *Virgil*, *Martial*, &c.

4 That Conſtellation, otherwiſe call'd the *Bear*, which appearing always above the Horizon, is ſaid by the Poets never to deſcend into the Sea. The meaning is that *Trebius* was forc'd to run early in the Morning, by the Light of thoſe Stars.

5 Prieſt of *Cybele*.

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Thou and the Freed-men firſt begin to jarr;
From mutual Jeers, the Prelude to the War,
Thou and thy Fellow-Paraſites engage,
And Battel with a Troop of Servants wage:
Then Glaſſes and *Saguntine* Pitchers fly,
And broken Pates diſcolour'd Napkins dye.
While happy he, ſtretch'd on his Couch, ſupine
Looks on with Scorn, and drinks old Gen'rous Wine,
Preſt from the Grape, when Warlike *Rome* was free,
But kindly, never ſends one Glaſs to thee.
Perhaps to-morrow he may change his Wine,
And drink old ſparkling *Alban*, or [6] *Sitine*,
Whoſe Title, and whoſe Age, with Mould o'ergrown
The good old Cask for ever keeps unknown:
Such [7] bold *Helvidius* drank, and *Thraſea* crown'd
With Garlands, when the flowing Bowl went round
On *Brutus'* Birth-day: And to raiſe Delight,
To pleaſe at once the Taſte, and charm the Sight,
He in bright Amber drinks, or brighter Gold,
And Cups with ſhining Beryls ſet does hold.
Thou art not ſuffer'd or to Touch or Taſte;
And if thou dar'ſt, a Guard on thee is plac'd
To watch the Gems. This may perhaps ſurprize,
But, Sir, you'll pardon, they are Stones of Price.

[6] From *Setia* a Town of *Campania*, renown'd for the beſt Wines.

[7] *Thraſea* and *Helvidius* his Sons-in-Law, Men of great Virtue, Conſtancy, and Zeal for the Liberty of their Country; they were both oppreſs'd by *Nero*, *Thraſea* put to Death, and *Helvidius* baniſhed: *Tacitus* has related at large the Charge and Accuſation of *Thraſea*, with what Bravery he receiv'd the Order by which he was commanded to die, and being allow'd his Choice, open'd his Veins with theſe words: *Libemus Jovi Liberatori*, *Annal. Lib.* 16. They are ſaid here to have ſolemnly obſerved the Birth-days of *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, the Deliverers of their Country; which may perhaps be true, tho' it be not objected among many things of this kind in *Tacitus*.

For

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For *Virro* does, as many do of late,
Gems from his Fingers to his Cups translate,
Which the bold [8] Youth to *Dido*'s Love preferr'd,
Wore on the Scabbard of his shining Sword.
Thou may'st at distance gaze, and sigh in vain,
A crack'd black Pot's reserv'd for thee to drain.
If his Blood boil, and th' adventitious Fire
Rais'd by high Meats, and higher Wines, require
To temper and allay the burning Heat,
Waters are brought, which by Decoction get
New Coolness, such plain Nature does not know,
Nor Ice so cool, nor *Hyperborean* Snow.
Did I complain but now, and justly too,
That the same Wine is not allow'd to you?
Another Water's reach'd you, when you call,
From Hands of *Moorish* Footmen, lean and tall;
The grim Attendance he assigns t'affright
Rather than wait; Rogues who wou'd scare by Night,
If met among the Tombs: the ghastly Slaves
Look as if newly started from their Graves.
Before himself the Flower of *Asia* stands,
To watch his Looks, and to receive Commands.
A [9] Boy of such a Price as had undone
Old *Roman* Kings, and drain'd the Treasure of a Crown.
If thou or any of thy Tribe want Wine,
Look back, and give thy *Ganymedes* the sign.
The lovely Boy, and bought at such a rate,
Is much too handsom, and too proud to wait
On the destitu'd and poor: Will he descend
To give a Glass to a declining Friend?

8 An Allusion to that of *Virgil* describing *Æneas Stellatus, Iaspide fulvâ Ensis erat.*

9 The *Romans* mightily affected to be serv'd by beautiful Boys, whom they bought at vast rates. *Martial*, &c.

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No: his good Mien, his Youth, and blooming Face
Tempt him to think, that with a better Grace
Himſelf might ſit, and thou ſupply his Place.
Behold there yet remains, which muſt be born,
Proud Servants more inſufferable Scorn.
With what Diſdain another gave thee Bread!
The meaneſt Wretches are with better fed:
Th' impenetrable Cruſt thy Teeth defies,
And petrify'd with Age ſecurely lies,
Hard, mouldy, black: If thou preſume t'invade,
With ſacrilegious Hands, thy Patron's Bread,
There ſtands a Servant ready to chaſtiſe
Your Inſolence, and teach you to be wiſe.
Will you, a bold Intruder, never learn
To know your Basket, and your Bread diſcern?
'Tis juſt, ye Gods! and what I well deſerve;
Why did not I more honourably ſtarve?
Did I for this abandon Wife and Bed?
For this, alas! by vain Ambition led,
Thro' cold [10] *Eſquiliæ* run ſo oft, and beat
The Storms and Fury of the Vernal Air,
And then with Cloak wet thro'attend, and dropping Hair?
See! by the talleſt Servant born on high,
A [11] Sturgeon fills the largeſt Diſh and Eye!
With how much Pomp he's plac'd upon the Board!
With what a Tail and Breaſt ſalutes his Lord!
With what Expence and Art, how richly dreſt!
Garniſh'd with 'Sparagus, himſelf a Feaſt!
Thou art to one ſmall diſmal Diſh confin'd,
A Crab ill dreſt, and of the vileſt Kind.

10 One of the ſeven Hills on which *Rome* was built.

11 The Authors whom I have the Opportunity to conſult, are not agreed what Fiſh is meant by *Squilla*: I have tranſlated it Sturgeon, I confeſs at random, but it may ſerve as well.

He

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He on his own Fiſh pours the nobleſt Oil,
The product of [12] *Venatrum*'s happy Soil.
That to your marcid dying Herbs aſſign'd,
By the rank Smell and Taſte betrays its Kind,
By *Moors* imported, and for Lamps alone deſign'd.
Well rubb'd with this, when [13] *Boccar* comes to Town,
He makes the Theatres and Baths his own,
All round from him, as from th' Infected, run;
The pois'nous Stink even their own Serpents ſhun.
Behold a Mullet ev'n from *Corſu* brought!
Or near the Rocks of [14] *Tauromínium* caught.
Since our own Seas no longer can ſupply,
Exhauſted by our boundleſs Luxury:
The ſecret Deep can no Protection give,
No *Tyrrhene* Fiſh is ſuffer'd now to live
To his juſt Growth. The Provinces from far
Furniſh our Kitchins, and revenge our War.
Baits for the Rich and Childleſs they ſupply;
Aurelia thence muſt ſell, and [15] *Lenas* buy.
The largeſt Lamprey which their Seas afford,
Is made a Sacrifice to *Virro*'s Board.
When *Auſter* to th' *Æolian* Caves retires
With dropping Wings, and murm'ring there reſpires,
Raſh daring Nets, in hope of ſuch a Prize,
Charybdis, and the treacherous Deep deſpiſe.
An Eel for you remains, in [16] *Tyber* bred,
With fouleſt Mud, and the rank Ordure fed,

12 A Town in *Campania*, famous for the beſt Oil.

13 The Name of a King of *Mauritania*; but here muſt be underſtood as the Name of any noble *Moor*.

14 A Town of *Sicily*.

15 One of thoſe whom the *Romans* call'd *Haredipetæ*, who courted and preſented the Rich and Childleſs, in hope to become their Heirs.

16 The Fiſh of *Tyber* were for this Reaſon thought the worſt in *Italy*.

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Diſcharg'd by Common-Shores from all the Town;
No ſecret Paſſage was to him unknown;
In every noiſom Sink the Serpent ſlept,
And thro' dark Vaults oft to *Suburræ* crept.
One word to *Virro* now, if he can bear,
And 'tis a Truth, which he's not us'd to hear;
No Man expects, (for who ſo much a Sot,
Who has the Times he lives in ſo forgot?)
What *Seneca*, what *Piſo* us'd to ſend,
To raiſe, or to ſupport a ſinking Friend.
Thoſe Godlike Men, to wanting Virtue kind,
Bounty well plac'd preferr'd, and well deſign'd,
To all their Titles, all that height of Pow'r,
Which turns the Brains of Fools, and Fools alone adore.
When your poor Client is condemn'd t'attend,
'Tis all we ask, receive him like a Friend;
At leaſt, let him be eaſie if you can,
Let him be treated like a Free-born Man.
Deſcend to this, and then we ask no more,
Rich to your ſelf, to all beſide be poor.
Near him is plac'd the Liver of a Gooſe,
That Part alone which Luxury wou'd chuſe,
A Boar entire, and worthy of the Sword
Of [17] *Meleager*, ſmoaks upon the Board.
Next Muſhrooms, larger when the Clouds deſcend
In fruitful Show'rs, and deſir'd [18] Thunders rend
The Vernal Air. No more plough up the Ground
Of [19] *Lybia*, where ſuch Muſhrooms can be found,
Alledius [20] cries, but furniſh us with ſtore
Of Muſhrooms, and import thy Corn no more!

17 The Story of the *Caledonian* Boar, ſlain by *Meleager*, is to be found, *Metamor. Lib.* 8.

18 Rainy and thundering Springs produce abundance of Muſhrooms, and were therefore deſired. *Pliny, Lib.* 19.

19 *Rome* was ſupply'd with great Quantities of Corn from *Africa*, and of Muſhrooms too it ſeems.

20 The Name of a Glutton or Paraſite.

Mean

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Mean while thy Indignation yet to raiſe,
The Carver dancing round each Diſh, ſurveys
With flying Knife; and as his Art directs,
With proper Geſtures ev'ry Fowl diſſects:
A thing of ſo great moment to their Taſte,
That one falſe ſlip had ſurely marr'd the Feaſt.
If thou dare murmur, if thou dare complain
With Freedom, like a *Roman* Gentleman,
Thou'rt ſeiz'd immediately by his Commands,
And dragg'd like [21] *Cacus* by *Herculean* Hands
Out from his Preſence. When does haughty he
Deſcend to take a Glaſs once touch'd by thee?
That Wretch were loſt, who ſhou'd preſume to think
He might be free, who durſt ſay, Come, Sir, drink:
Will any Freedom here from you be born,
Whoſe Cloaths are threadbare, and whoſe Cloaks are torn?
Wou'd any God, or Godlike Man below,
Four hundred thouſand [22] Seſterces beſtow!
How mightily wou'd *Trebius* be improv'd,
How much a Friend to *Virro*, how belov'd!
Will *Trebius* eat of this? What Sot attends
My Brother? Who carves to my beſt of Friends?
O Seſterces, this Honour's done to you!
You are his Friends, and you his Brethren too.
Would'ſt thou become his Patron and his Lord;
Would'ſt thou be in thy turn by him ador'd?
No young [23] *Æneas* in thy Hall muſt play,
Nor ſweeter Daughter lead thy Heart aſtray.

21 The Name of a famous Thief, who ſtole the Oxen of *Hercules* and drew them into his Den backwards; but was ſlain by *Hercules*, and dragg'd out by the Heels. *Æneid.* 8.

22. The *Cenſus Equeſtris*, about 3125*l.* Engliſh. *Roſcius Otho* made a Law, that whereas before Roman Gentlemen, and Commons ſat promiſcuouſly in the Theatres, there ſhou'd be fourteen Seats or Benches apart, for thoſe who were worth that Sum.

23. An Alluſion to that of *Dido*, *Si quis mihi parvulus aula Luderet Æneas*. The meaning is,

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O how a barren Wife does recommend!
How dear, how pleaſant is a Childleſs Friend!
But if thy *Mycale*, thy Teeming Wife
Pour out three Boys, the Comfort of thy Life;
He [24] too will in the prattling Neſt rejoice,
Farthings and Nuts provide, and various Toys,
For the young ſmiling Paraſites, the wanton Boys.
He viler Friends with doubtful Muſhrooms treats,
Secure for you, himſelf Champignons eats;
Such *Claudius* lov'd, of the ſame Sort and Taſte,
Till [25] *Agrippina* kindly gave the laſt.
To him are order'd, and thoſe happy few
Whom Fate has rais'd above contempt and you,
Moſt fragrant Fruits, ſuch in [26] *Pheacian* Gardens grew;
Where a perpetual Autumn ever ſmil'd,
And Golden Apples loaded Branches fill'd.
By ſuch ſwift *Atalanta* was betray'd,
The vegetable Gold ſoon ſtopt the flying Maid.
To you ſuch ſcabb'd harſh Fruit is giv'n, as raw
Young Soldiers at their Exerciſings gnaw,
Who trembling learn to throw the fatal Dart,
And under Rods of rough Centurions ſmart.
Thou tak'ſt all this as done to ſave Expence;
No! 'tis on purpoſe done to give Offence:
What Comedy, what Farce can more delight,
Than grinning Hunger, and the pleaſing Sight
Of your bilk'd Hopes? No! He's reſolv'd t'extort
Tears from your Eyes: 'Tis barb'rous jeſt and ſport.
Thou think'ſt thy ſelf Companion of the Great,
Art free and happy in thy own Conceit.

is, thou muſt have no Child to defeat his hopes of becoming thy Heir.

24 Ironically.

25 His Wife *Agrippina* gave him a poiſon'd one, of which he died. See that ingenious Satyr of *Seneca*; *Claudii Apocolocyntoſis*.

26 The Gardens of *Alcinous*, King of the *Pheacians*, are renown'd in *Homer* and all Antiquity.

He

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He thinks thou'rt tempted by th' attractive Smell
Of his warm Kitchen, and he judges well.
For [27] who ſo naked, in whoſe empty Veins
One ſingle Drop of Noble Blood remains;
What Freeborn Man, who, tho' of Mungrel ſtrain,
Wou'd twice ſupport the Scorn and proud Diſdain,
With which thoſe Idols you adore, the Great,
Their wretched Vaſſals and Dependants treat?
O Slaves moſt abject! you ſtill gaping ſit,
Devouring with your Eyes each pleaſing Bit;
Now ſure we Parafites at laſt ſhall ſhare
That Boar, and now that Wild-fowl, or that Hare;
Thus you expecting gaze, with your Teeth ſet;
With your Bread ready, and your Knives well whet;
Demure and ſilent; but, alas! in vain;
He mocks your Hunger, and derides your Pain.
If you can bear all this, and think him kind,
You well deſerve the Treatment which you find.
At laſt thou wilt beneath the [28] Burthen bow;
And, glad, receive the [29] manumitting Blow
On thy ſhav'd ſlaviſh Head; mean while attend,
Worthy of ſuch a Treat, and ſuch a Friend.

27 In the following Lines, there is in the Original, Reference to the Cuſtom of *Roman* Children, wearing for diſtinction of their Quality, the *Bulla aurea*, or *Corſacea*. I have tranſlated them according to the intent and ſenſe of the Poet, without alluſion to thoſe Cuſtoms; which being unknown to meer Engliſh Readers, wou'd have only made the Tranſlation as obſcure as the Original.

28 Of ſo many Indignities,

29 I know the Commentators give another Senſe of theſe laſt Lines; but I take them to allude to the manner of the Manumiſſion of Slaves, which was done by giving them a touch or blow on the Head, by their Lord, or the Prætor, with the Wand call'd *Vindicta*; and thus the meaning will be, that *Trebius*, weary'd at laſt, will be glad to be diſcharg'd from the Slavery of attending, where he finds ſuch uſage.

JUVE-

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JUVENAL.

THE SIXTH SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

This Satyr, of almost double length to any of the rest, is a bitter Invective against the Fair Sex. 'Tis, indeed, a Common-place, from whence all the Moderns have notoriously stolen their sharpest Railleries. In his other Satyrs, the Poet has only glanc'd on some particular Women, and generally scourg'd the Men. But this he reserv'd wholly for the Ladies. How they had offended him I know not: But upon the whole matter he is not to be excus'd for imputing to all, the Vices of some few amongst them. Neither was it generously done of him, to attack the weakest as well as the fairest part of the Creation: Neither do I know what Moral he could reasonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole Sex, if all had been true which he alledges against them: for that had been to put an end to Human Kind. And to bid us beware of their Artifices, is a kind of silent Acknowledgment, that they have more Wit than

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than Men: which turns the Satyr upon us, and particularly upon the Poet; who thereby makes a Compliment, where he meant a Libel. If he intended to exerciſe his Wit, he has forfeited his Judgment, by making the one half of his Readers his mortal Enemies: And amongſt the Men, all the happy Lovers, by their own Experience, will diſprove his Accuſations. The whole World muſt allow this to be the Wittieſt of his Satyrs; and truly he had need of all his Parts, to maintain with ſo much Violence, ſo unjuſt a Charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his Opinion: And on that Conſideration chiefly I ventur'd to tranſlate him. Tho' there wanted not another Reaſon, which was, that no one elſe would undertake it: At leaſt, Sir C. S. *who could have done more Right to the Author, after a long delay, at length abſolutely refus'd ſo ungrateful an Employment: And every one will grant, that the Work muſt have been imperfect and lame, if it had appear'd without one of the Principal Members belonging to it. Let the Poet therefore bear the blame of his own Invention; and let me ſatisfy the World, that I am not of his Opinion. Whatever his* Roman *Ladies were, the* Engliſh *are free from all his Imputations. They will read with Wonder and Abhorrence, the Vices of an Age, which was the moſt Infamous of any on Record. They will bleſs themſelves when they behold thoſe Examples related of* Domitian's *time: They will give back to Antiquity thoſe Monſters it produc'd: And believe with reaſon, that the Species of thoſe Women is extinguiſh'd; or at leaſt, that they were never here propagated. I may ſafely therefore proceed to the Argument of a Satyr, which is no way relating to them: And firſt obſerve, that my Author makes their*

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their Luſt the moſt Heroick of their Vices: The reſt are in a manner but Digreſſion. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he ſeems to have taken his laſt leave of it, on the ſudden he returns to it: 'Tis one Branch of it in Hippia, *another in* Meſſalina, *but Luſt is the main Body of the Tree. He begins with this Text in the firſt Line, and takes it up with Intermiſſions to the end of the Chapter. Every Vice is a Loader, but that's a Ten. The Fillers, or intermediate Parts, are their Revenge; their Contrivances of ſecret Crimes; their Arts to hide them; their Wit to excuſe them; and their Impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept ſecret. Then the Perſons to whom they are moſt addicted; and on whom they commonly beſtow the laſt Favours: As Stage-Players, Fidlers, Singing-Boys, and Fencers. Thoſe who paſt for Chaſte amongſt them, are not really ſo; but only for their vaſt Dowries, are rather ſuffer'd, than lov'd by their own Husbands. That they are Imperious, Domineering, Scolding Wives: Set up for Learning and Criticiſm in Poetry; but are falſe Judges. Love to ſpeak* Greek *(which was then the Faſhionable Tongue, as* French *is now with us.) That they plead Cauſes at the Bar, and play Prizes at the Bear-Garden. That they are Goſſips and News-Mongers: Wrangle with their Neighbours abroad, and beat their Servants at home. That they Lie-in for new Faces once a Month, are ſluttiſh with their Husbands in private; and Paint and Dreſs in Publick for their Lovers. That they deal with* Jews, *Diviners, and Fortune-tellers: Learn the Arts of Miſcarrying, and Barrenneſs. Buy Children, and produce them for their own. Murder their Husbands Sons, if they*

ſtand

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ſtand in their way to his Eſtate; and make their Adulterers his Heirs. From hence the Poet proceeds to ſhew the Occaſions of all theſe Vices, their Original, and how they were introduc'd in Rome, *by Peace, Wealth, and Luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the Word of our malicious Author; Bad Women are the general ſtanding Rule; and the Good, but ſome few Exceptions to it.*

IN [1] *Saturn*'s Reign, at Nature's early Birth,
There was that thing call'd Chaſtity on Earth;
When in a narrow Cave, their common Shade,
The Sheep, the Shepherds, and their Gods were laid:
When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beaſts were ſpread
By Mountain-Huſwives, for their homely Bed,
And moſſy Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's Head.
Unlike the Niceneſs of our Modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs with new-affected Names:)
The *Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death diſſolve in Tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd Matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to Infants of Gigantick Mold;
Rough as their ſavage Lords who rang'd the Wood,
And [2] fat with Acorns belch'd their windy Food.
For when the World was buckſom, freſh and young,
Her Sons were undebauch'd and therefore ſtrong;
And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or ſtruggling from the teeming Oaks to Birth,
Or from what other Atoms they begun,
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.
Some thin Remains of Chaſtity appear'd,
Ev'n [3] under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard;

Before

1 In the Golden Age; when *Saturn* reign'd.

2 Acorns were the Bread of Mankind, before Corn was found.

3 When *Jove* had driven his Father

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Before the ſervile *Greaks* had learnt to ſwear
By Heads of Kings; while yet the bounteous Year
Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
Ere Thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd.
At length * uneaſy Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the Siſters to the Stars withdrew;
From that old *Æra* Whoring did begin,
So venerably Ancient is the Sin.
Adult'rers next invade the Nuptial State,
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a Foreign Weight;
All other Ills did Iron Times adorn;
But Whores and Silver in one Age were born.
Yet thou, they ſay, for Marriage doſt provide;
Is this an Age to Buckle with a Bride?
They ſay thy Hair the Curling Art is taught,
The Wedding Ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober Man like thee to change his Life!
What Fury wou'd poſſeſs thee with a Wife?
Art thou of every other Death bereft,
No Knife, no Ratsbane, no kind Halter left?
(For ev'ry Nooſe compar'd to hers is cheap.)
Is there no City Bridge from whence to leap?
Would'ſt thou become her Drudge, who doſt enjoy
A better ſort of Bedfellow, thy Boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly Brawls,
Nor with a begg'd Reward thy Pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate Heavings calls for more,
When all thy Spirits were drain'd out before.
But ſtill *Urſidius* courts the Marriage-Bait,
Longs for a Son to ſettle his Eſtate,
And takes no Gifts, tho' every gaping Heir
Would gladly greaſe the rich old Batchelor.

Father into Baniſhment, the Silver Age began, according to the Poets.

* The Poet makes Juſtice and Chaſtity Siſters; and ſays, that they fled to Heaven together, and left Earth for ever.

What

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What Revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a Leacher, ſuch a Life to change?
A rank, notorious Whoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his Neck into the Marriage Nooſe?
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a Coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous Cuckold's ſight,
That he to Wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope, in this lewd Town, to find a Maid!
The Man's grown mad: To eaſe his frantick Pain,
Run for the Surgeon; breath the middle Vein.
But let a Heifer with gilt Horns be led
To *Juno*, Regent of the Marriage-Bed,
And let him ev'ry Deity adore,
If his new Bride prove not an arrant Whore
In Head and Tail, and ev'ry other Pore.
On [5] *Ceres'* Feaſt, reſtrain'd from their Delight,
Few Matrons there, but curſe the tedious Night:
Few whom their Fathers dare ſalute, ſuch Luſt
Their Kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a Guſt.
With Ivy now adorn thy Doors, and Wed;
Such is thy Bride, and ſuch thy genial Bed.
Think'ſt thou one Man is for one Woman meant?
She ſooner with one Eye wou'd be content.
And yet, 'tis nois'd, a Maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall Village, tho' Fame ſays not where:
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no Man ſhe found;
'Twas deſart, all, about her Father's Ground:
And yet ſome luſtful God might there make bold;
Are [6] *Jove* and *Mars* grown impotent and old?
Many a fair Nymph has in a Cave been ſpread,
And much good Love without a Feather Bed.

5 *Ceres'* *Feaſt.* When the *Roman* Women were forbidden to bed with their Husbands.

6 *Jove* and *Mars*, Of whom more fornicating Stories are told than of any of the other Gods.

Whither

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Whither wou'd'ſt thou to chuſe a Wife reſort,
The Park, the Mall, the Play-houſe, or the Court?
Which way ſoever thy Adventures fall,
Secure alike of Chaſtity in all.
One ſees a Dancing-Maſter cap'ring high,
And Raves, and Piſſes, with pure Ecſtaſy:
Another does, with all his Motions, move,
And gapes, and grins, as in the Feat of Love:
A third is charm'd with the new Opera Notes,
Admires the Song, but on the Singer dotes:
The Country Lady in the Box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in Paſſion, both at Eyes and Ears.
The reſt, (when now the long Vacation's come,
The noiſy Hall and Theatres grown dumb)
Their Mem'ries to refreſh, and clear their Hearts,
In borrow'd Breeches act the Players Parts.
The Poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the Singing-Boy a Treat.
The Rich, to buy him, will refuſe no Price;
And ſtretch his Quail-pipe till they crack his Voice.
Tragedians, acting Love, for Luſt are ſought:
(Tho' but the Parrots of a Poet's Thought.)
The Pleading Lawyer, tho' for Counſel us'd,
In Chamber-Practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a Wife, and father Heirs;
(The product of concurring Theatres.)
Perhaps a Fencer did thy Brows adorn,
And a young Sword-man to thy Lands is born.
Thus *Hippia* loath'd her old Patrician Lord,
And left him for a Brother of the Sword:
To wondring [7] *Pharos* with her Love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one Monſter more than *Africk* bred:

7 She fled to *Egypt*; which wonder'd at the Enormity of her Crime.

Forgetting

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Forgetting Houſe and Husband, left behind,
Ev'n Children too; ſhe ſails before the Wind;
Falſe to 'em all, but conſtant to her Kind.
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She cou'd the Play-houſe and the Players leave.
Born of rich Parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on Down, and in a Damask Bed;
Yet daring now the Dangers of the Deep,
On a hard Mattreſs is content to ſleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, ſhe did her Fame expoſe:
But that, great Ladies with great Eaſe can loſe.
The tender Nymph cou'd the rude Ocean bear:
So much her Luſt was ſtronger than her Fear.
But had ſome honeſt Cauſe her Paſſage preſt,
The ſmalleſt Hardſhip had diſturb'd her Breaſt:
Each Inconvenience makes their Virtue cold:
But Womankind, in Ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own Lord to Sea,
What Doubts and Scruples wou'd ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her Stomach ſick, and her Head giddy grows;
The Tar and Pitch are nauſeous to her Noſe.
But in Love's Voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never Sea-ſick with a Friend.
Amidſt the Crew, ſhe walks upon the Board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every Cord:
And, if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her Lord.
Now ask, for whom her Friends and Fame ſhe loſt?
What Youth, what Beauty cou'd th' Adult'rer boaſt?
What was the Face, for which ſhe cou'd ſuſtain
To be call'd Miſtreſs to ſo baſe a Man?
The Gallant of his Days had known the beſt:
Deep Scars were ſeen indented on his Breaſt;
And all his batter'd Limbs requir'd their needful Reſt.
A Promontory Wen, with grieſly Grace,
Stood high upon the Handle of his Face;

His

His blear Eyes ran in Gutters to his Chin:
His Beard was Stubble, and his Cheeks were thin.
But 'twas his Fencing did her Fancy move:
'Tis Arms and Blood and Cruelty they love.
But ſhou'd he quit his Trade, and ſheath his Sword,
Her Lover wou'd begin to be her Lord.

This was a private Crime; but you ſhall hear
What Fruits the Sacred Brows of Monarchs bear:
The [s] good old Sluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide up roſe th' Imperial Whore:
She who preferr'd the Pleaſures of the Night
To Pomps, that are but impotent Delight:
Strode from the Palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine Embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, like *Juno* in a Cloud,
Of all her Train but one poor Wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret Service ſhe cou'd truſt;
The Rival and Companion of her Luſt.
To the known Brothel-Houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty Room gives double Pay;
That Room in which the rankeſt Harlot lay.
Prepar'd for Fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving Breaſts, and with deſiring Eyes:
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length when friendly Darkneſs is expir'd,
And ev'ry Strumpet from her Cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and ling'ring at the Gate,
With a repining Sigh ſubmits to Fate:
All Filth without, and all a Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unſated with the Sin,
Old *Cæſar*'s Bed the modeſt Matron ſeeks;
The Steam of Lamps ſtill hanging on her Cheeks

[s] He tells the famous Story of *Meſſalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*.

In

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In ropy Smut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the Product of the Night.
Now ſhould I ſing what Poiſons they provide;
With all their Trumpery of Charms beſide;
And all their Arts of Death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt Sin the Sex can own.
Ceſennia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of ev'ry Vice, by her own Lord Renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand Pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His Tongue is ty'd in golden Fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry Hour;
Who wou'd not do as much for ſuch a Dower?
She writes Love Letters to the Youth in Grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the Cuckold's Face;
And might do more: Her Portion makes it good;
Wealth [9] has the Privilege of Widowhood.
Theſe Truths with his Example you diſprove,
Who with his Wife is monſtrouſly in Love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his Wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three Wrinkles in her Face,
Let her Eyes leſſen, and her Skin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy Steward ſay,
Pack up with all your Trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at Bed and Board:
Your Betters muſt be had to pleaſe my Lord.
Mean time ſhe's abſolute upon the Throne:
And knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have Flocks of Sheep, with Wool more fine
Than Silk, and Vineyards of the nobleſt Wine:

[9] *Wealth has the Privilege*, &c. His meaning is, that a Wife who brings a large Dowry may do what ſhe pleaſes, and has all the Privileges of a Widow.

Whole

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Whole Droves of Pages for her Train ſhe craves,
And ſweeps the Priſons for attending Slaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her Eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When Winter ſhuts the Seas, and fleecy Snows
Make Houſes white, ſhe to the Merchant goes;
Rich Cryſtals of the Rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge *Agat* Vaſes, and old *China* Ware:
Then [10] *Berenice's* Ring her Finger proves,
More precious made by her inceſtuous Loves:
And infamouſly dear: A Brother's Bribe,
Ev'n God's Anointed, and of *Judah's* Tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the ſacred Shrine,
And think it only Sin to feed on Swine.

But is none worthy to be made a Wife
In all this Town? Suppoſe her free from Strife,
Rich, Fair, and Fruitful, of unblemiſh'd Life;
Chaſte as the *Sabines*, whoſe prevailing Charms
Diſmiſs'd their Husbands and their Brothers Arms:
Grant her, beſides, of Noble Blood that ran
In ancient Veins, ere Heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a Poet's Word,
A black Swan is not half ſo rare a Bird.
A Wife, ſo hung with Virtues, ſuch a Freight,
What mortal Shoulders cou'd ſupport the Weight!
Some Country-Girl, ſcarce to a Curt'ſey bred,
Wou'd I much rather than [11] *Cornelia* wed,
If Supercilious, Haughty, Proud, and Vain,
She brought her Father's Triumphs, in her Train.

10 A Ring of great Price, which *Herod Agrippa* gave to his Siſter *Berenice*. He was the King of the *Jews*, but Tributary to the *Romans*.

11 *Cornelia*, Mother to the *Gracchi*, of the Family of the *Cornelii*; from whence *Scipio* the *African* was deſcended, who triumph'd over *Hannibal*.

At

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Away with all your *Carthaginian* State,
Let vanquiſh'd *Hannibal* without doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow Gate.
O [12] *Pæan*, cries *Amphion*, bend thy Bow
Againſt my Wife, and let my Children go:
But ſullen *Pæan* ſhoots at Sons and Mothers too.
His *Niobe* and all his Boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous Offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the Sow that carry'd
The [13] thirty Pigs at one large Litter farrow'd.
What Beauty or what Chaſtity can bear
So great a Price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the Honey's much, the Gall is more.
Upbraided with the Virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven Hours in twelve, you loath the Wife you praiſe;
Some Faults, tho' ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due Perfection want,
Who have not learnt to Liſp the [14] *Grecian* Cant?
In *Greece* their whole Accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their Faſhion, Breeding, Language, muſt be *Greek:*
But raw, in all that does to *Rome* belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their Mother Tongue.
In *Greek* they flatter, all their Fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their Secrets; nay, they ſcold in *Greek:*
Ev'n in the Feat of Love, they uſe that Tongue.
Such Affectations may become the Young;
But thou, old Hag, of Threeſcore Years and Three,
Is ſhewing of thy Parts in *Greek* for thee?

12 He alludes to the known Fable of *Niobe* in *Ovid*. *Amphion* was her Husband: *Pæan* is *Apollo*, who with his Arrows kill'd her Children, becauſe ſhe boaſted that ſhe was more fruitful than *Latona*, *Apollo*'s Mother.

13 He alludes to the white Sow in *Virgil*, who farrow'd thirty Pigs.

14 Women then learnt *Greek*, as ours ſpeak *French*.

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Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All those tender Words
The momentary trembling Bliss affords,
The kind soft Murmurs of the private Sheets
Are Bawdy, while thou speak'st in publick Streets.
Those Words have Fingers; and their Force is such,
They raise the Dead, and mount him with a Touch;
But all Provocatives from thee are vain:
No Blandishment the slacken'd Nerve can strain.

If then thy Lawful Spouse thou canst not Love,
What Reason shou'd thy Mind to Marriage move?
Why all the Charges of the Nuptial Feast,
Wine, and Deserts, and Sweet-meats to digest?
Th' endowing Gold that buys the dear Delight,
Giv'n for their first and only happy Night?
If thou art thus uxoriously inclin'd,
To bear thy Bondage with a willing Mind,
Prepare thy Neck, and put it in the Yoke:
But for no Mercy from thy Woman look.
For tho', perhaps, she loves with equal Fires,
To absolute Dominion she aspires:
Joys in the Spoils, and triumphs o'er thy Purse;
The better Husband makes the Wife the worse.
Nothing is thine to give, or sell, or buy,
All Offices of ancient Friendship die;
Nor hast thou leave to make a Legacy.
By [17] thy imperious Wife thou art bereft
A Privilege to Pimps and Pandars left;
Thy Testament's her Will; where she prefers
Her Ruffians, Drudges, and Adulterers,
Adopting all thy Rivals for thy Heirs.

Go [16] drag that Slave to Death. [17] Your Reason, why
Shou'd the poor Innocent be doom'd to die?

16 All the *Romans*, even the most inferior, and most infamous sort of them, had the Power of making Wills.

16 *Go drag that Slave*, &c. These are the Words of the Wife.

17 *Your Reason why*, &c. The Answer of the Husband.

What

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What Proofs? For, when Man's Life is in debate,
The Judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'ſt [18] thou that Slave a Man? the Wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the Crime, the Villain dies.
I have the Soveraign Pow'r to ſave or kill;
And give no other Reaſon but my Will.
Thus the She-Tyrant Reigns, till pleas'd with Change,
Her wild Affections to new Empires range:
Another Subject-Husband ſhe deſires;
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires.
While the laſt Wedding Feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And Garlands hang yet green upon the Door.
So ſtill the Reck'ning riſes; and appears
In total Sum, Eight Husbands in Five Years.
The Title for a Tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it wou'd too commonly be writ.
Her Mother living, hope no quiet Day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to Flea
Her Husband bare, and then divides the Prey.
She takes Love-Letters with a crafty Smile,
And, in her Daughter's Anſwer, mends the Style.
In vain the Husband ſets his watchful Spies;
She cheats their Cunning, or ſhe bribes their Eyes.
The Doctor's call'd; the Daughter, taught the Trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full Health is ſick.
The panting Stallion, at the Cloſet-door,
Hears the Conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Can'ſt thou, in Reaſon, hope, a Bawd ſo known,
Shou'd teach her other Manners than her own?
Her Int'reſt is in all th' Advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the Daughter's Rents the Mother lives.
No Cauſe is try'd at the litigious Bar,
But Women Plaintiffs or Defendants are.

18 *Call'ſt thou that Slave a Man?* The Wife again,

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They form the Proceſs, all the Briefs they write;
The Topicks furniſh, and the Pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs Lawyer how to bite.
They turn Virago's too; the Wrettler's Toil
They try, and ſmear their naked Limbs with Oil:
Againſt the Poſt their wicker Shields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the Sword, and at the Plaſtron puſh.
Of ev'ry Exerciſe the Manniſh Crew
Fulfils the Parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd Fights t'engage,
But rout the Gladiators on the Stage.
What ſenſe of Shame in ſuch a Breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to Arms, and her own Sex to fly?
Yet to be wholly Man ſhe wou'd diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold Pleaſure at the Game,
For frothy Praiſes and an empty Name.
Oh what a decent Sight 'tis to behold
All thy Wife's Magazine by Auction ſold!
The Belt, the creſted Plume, the ſeveral Suits
Of Armour, and the *Spaniſh* Leather Boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the Heat
Of figur'd Silks, and under Scarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting *Amazonian* Whore,
She ſtands in Guard with her right Foot before:
Her Coats tuck'd up; and all her Motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries Hah! at ev'ry Thruſt:
But laugh to ſee her tir'd with many a Bout,
Call for the Pot, and like a Man Piſs out.
The Ghoſts of ancient *Romans*, ſhou'd they riſe,
Wou'd grin to ſee their Daughters play a Prize.
Beſides, what endleſs Brawls by Wives are bred:
The Curtain-Lecture makes a mournful Bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the Sheets,
Her Cry begins, and the whole Day repeats,
Conſcious of Crimes her ſelf, ſhe teizes firſt;
Thy Servants are accus'd; thy Whore is curſt;

She

She acts the Jealous, and at Will she cries:
For Womens Tears are but the Sweat of Eyes.
Poor Cuckold-Fool, thou think'st that Love sincere,
And suck'st between her Lips the falling Tear:
But search her Cabinet, and thou shalt find
Each Tiller there with Love-Epistles lin'd.
Suppose her taken in a close Embrace,
This you wou'd think so manifest a Case,
No Rhetorick cou'd defend, no Impudence out-face:
And yet ev'n then she cries, the Marriage-Vow
A mental Reservation must allow;
And there's a silent Bargain still imply'd,
The Parties shou'd be pleas'd on either side:
And both may for their private Needs provide.
Tho' Men your selves, and Women us you call,
Yet *Homo* is a common Name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a Woman caught;
Guilt gives 'em Courage to maintain their Fault.
You ask from whence proceed those monstrous Crimes
Once poor, and therefore chaste, in former times,
Our Matrons were: no Luxury found room
In low-roost Houses, and bare Walls of Lome;
Their Hands with Labour harden'd while 'twas Light,
And frugal Sleep supply'd the quiet Night,
While pinch'd with Want, their Hunger held 'em straight;
When [19] *Hannibal* was hov'ring at the Gate:
But wanton now, and lolling at our Ease,
We suffer all th' invet'rate Ills of Peace,
And wasteful Riot; whose destructive Charms
Revenge the vanquish'd World of our victorious Arms.
No Crime, no lustful Postures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our Guardian-God, is gone:

19 A famous *Carthaginian* Captain, who was upon the point of conquering the *Romans*.

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Pride, Lazineſs, and all luxurious Arts,
Poor like a Deluge in, from foreign Parts:
Since Gold obſcene, and Silver found the way,
Strange Faſhions with ſtrange Bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple Manners to betray.

What care our drunken Dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of Tail or Head.
Who lewdly dancing at a Midnight Ball,
For hot Eringoes and fat Oyſters call:
Full Brimmers to their fuddled Noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt Provocatives of Luſt.
When Vapours to their ſwimming Brains advance,
And double Tapers on the Tables dance.

Now think what bawdy Dialogues they have,
What *Tullia* talks to her confiding Slave,
At *Modeſty*'s old Statue; when by Night
They make a ſtand, and from their Litters light:
The good Man early to the Levee goes,
And treads the naſty Paddle of his Spouſe.

The Secrets of the [20] Goddeſs nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by Boys and Barbers underſtood:
Where the rank Matrons, dancing to the Pipe,
Jig with their Bums, and are for Action ripe;
With Muſick rais'd, they ſpread abroad their Hair;
And toſs their Heads like an enamour'd Mare:
Lauſella lays her Garland by, and proves
The mimick Letchery of Manly Loves.
Rank'd with the Lady the cheap Sinner lies;
For here not Blood, but Virtue, gives the Prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this Venereal Striſe:
'Tis downright Luſt, and acted to the Life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vig'rous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, wou'd make old [21] *Neſtor* young.

20 *The Good Goddeſs.* At whoſe Feaſts no Men were to be preſent.

21 *Neſtor.* Who lived three hundred Years.

Impatient

Impatient of delay, a gen'ral Sound,
An univerſal Groan of Luſt goes round;
For then, and only then, the Sex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of Action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty Lovers in.
The Whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the Slaves,
And Watermen, a Race of ſtrong-back'd Knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred Rites were free
From thoſe Pollutions of Obſcenity:
But 'tis well known [22] what Singer, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious Action enterpriz'd;
Into the Fair, with Women mixt, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed Inſtrument;
A grateful Preſent to thoſe holy Choirs,
Where the Mouſe, guilty of his Sex, retires;
And ev'n Male-Pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no Profaneneſs on that Age prevail'd;
No Scoffers at Religious Rites are found;
Tho' now at ev'ry Altar they abound.
I hear your cautious Counſel, you wou'd ſay,
Keep cloſe your Women under Lock and Key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe Keepers? Women, nurſt
In Craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The Sex is turn'd all Whore; they love the Game:
And Miſtreſſes, and Maids, are both the ſame,
The poor *Ogulnia*, on the Poet's Day,
Will borrow Clothes, and Chair, to ſee the Play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her Eſtate;
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of Plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But Women have no ſhame of Poverty.

22 He alludes to the Story of *P. Clodius*, who, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Singing Woman, went into the Houſe of *Cæſar*, where the Feaſt of the Good Goddeſs was celebrated, to find an Opportunity with *Cæſar*'s Wife *Pompeia*.

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They live beyond their ſtint; as if their Store
The more exhauſted, wou'd encreaſe the more:
Some Men, inſtructed by the Lab'ring Ant,
Provide againſt th' Extremities of Want;
But Womankind, that never knows a Mean,
Down to the Dregs their ſinking Fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear;
And think no Pleaſure can be bought too dear.

There are who in ſoft Eunuchs place their Bliſs;
To ſhun the Scrubbing of a bearded Kiſs;
And 'ſcape Abortion; but their ſolid Joy
Is [23] when the Page, already paſt a Boy,
Is Capon'd late; and to the Gelder ſhown,
With his two Pounders to Perfection grown.
When all the Navel-ſtring cou'd give, appears;
All but the Beard, and that's the Barber's loſs, not theirs.
Seen from afar, and famous for his Ware,
He ſtruts into the Bath, among the Fair:
Th' admiring Crew to their Devotions fall:
And, kneeling, on their New [24] *Priapus* call.
Kerv'd for his Lady's uſe, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wiſe,
Rather than truſt him with thy Fav'rite Boy;
He proffers Death, in proff'ring to enjoy.

If Songs they love, the Singer's Voice they force
Beyond his Compaſs, 'till his Quail-Pipe's hoarſe;
His Lute and Lyre with their Embrace is worn;
With Knots they trim it, and with Gems adorn:
Run over all the Strings, and Kiſs the Caſe;
And make Love to it, in the Maſter's place.

A certain Lady once of high Degree,
To *Janus* Vow'd, and *Veſta*'s Deity,

23 He taxes Women with their loving Eunuchs, who can get no Children; but adds, that they only love ſuch Eunuchs as are gelded when they are already at the Age of Manhood.

24 The God of Luſt.

That

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That [25] *Pollio* might, in Singing, win the Prize;
Pollio the Dear, the Darling of her Eyes:
She pray'd and brib'd; what cou'd ſhe more have done
For a ſick Husband, or an only Son?
With her Face veil'd, and heaving up her Hands,
The ſhameleſs Suppliant at the Altar ſtands;
The Forms of Pray'r ſhe ſolemnly purſues;
And, pale with Fear, the offer'd Intrails views.
Anſwer, ye Pow'rs: For, if you heard her Vow,
Your Godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for [26] Actors they implore:
An Impudence not known to Heav'n before.
Th' [27] *Aruſpex*, tir'd with this Religious Rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the Gout.
But ſuffer not thy Wife abroad to roam;
If ſhe loves Singing, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in Streets, with *Amazonian* Pace;
For that's to Cuckold thee before thy Face.
Their endleſs Itch of News comes next in play;
They vent their own; and hear what others ſay.
Know what in *Thrace*, or what in *France* is done;
Th' Intrigues betwixt the Stepdam and the Son.
Tell who loves who, what Favours ſome partake:
And who is Jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant Widow in what Month was made:
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.
She, firſt, beholds the raging Comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what Lands deſtroys.
Still for the neweſt News ſhe lies in wait;
And takes Reports juſt ent'ring at the Gate.
Wrecks, Floods, and Fires; whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the *Fame* of ev'ry Street.

[25] A famous Singing Boy.
[26] That ſuch an Actor whom they love might win the Prize.
[27] He who inſpects the Intrails of the Sacrifice, and from thence foretells the Succeſs.

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This is a Grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very Judgment, and her Neighbours Curſe:
For, if their Barking Dog diſturb her Eaſe,
No Pray'r can bind her, no Excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd Malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the Maſter, who the Curr maintain'd,
Muſt feel the Scourge: By Night ſhe leaves her Bed,
By Night her Bathing Equipage is led,
That marching Armies a leſs Noiſe create;
She moves in Tumult, and ſhe ſweats in State.
Mean-while, her Gueſts their Appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for Hunger, and ſome gaſp for Sleep.
At length ſhe comes, all flush'd; but ere ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging Preparation-Cup;
And then to clear her Stomach, ſpews it up.
The Deluge-Vomit all the Floor o'erflows,
And the four Savour naufeates ev'ry Noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a Lake;
Her wretched Husband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:
But mutters many a Curſe againſt his Wife;
And damns himſelf for chuſing ſuch a Life.
But of all Plagues, the greateſt is untold;
The Book-learn'd Wife in *Greek* and *Latin* bold.
The Critick-Dame, who at her Table ſits:
Homer and *Virgil* quotes, and weighs their Wits;
And pities *Dido*'s Agonizing Fits.
She has ſo far th' Aſcendant of the Board,
The prating Pedant puts not in one Word:
The Man of Law is Non pluſt, in his Sute;
Nay, ev'ry other Female Tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating Anvils, you wou'd ſwear,
And [28] *Vulcan* with his whole Militia there.

28 The God of Smiths.

Tabors

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Tabors [29] and Trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring Moon.
Ev'n Wit's a Burthen, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no Continence of Tongue,
Should walk in Breeches, and ſhou'd wear a Beard;
And mix among the Philoſophick Herd.
O what a midnight Curſe has he, whoſe Side
Is peſter'd with a [30] Mood and Figure Bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my Fate)
No Logick Learn, nor Hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:
I hate a Wife to whom I go to School,
Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, diſtinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows;
Corrects her Country-Neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking [31] *Priſcian*'s breaks her Husband's Head.
The gawdy Goſſip, when ſhe's ſet agog,
In Jewels dreſt, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of Pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does, is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe's ſcarce a tolerable Evil;
But rich, and fine, a Wife's a very Devil.
She duely, once a Month, renews her Face;
Mean time, it lies in Dawb, and hid in Greaſe;
Thoſe are the Husband's Nights; ſhe craves her Due,
He takes fat Kiſſes, and is ſtuck in Glue.
But to the Lov'd Adult'rer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the Bath, in Brightneſs ſhe appears:

29 The Ancients thought that with ſuch Sounds they could bring the Moon out of her Eclipſe.

30 A Woman who has learn'd Logick.

31 A Woman Grammarian, who corrects her Husband for ſpeaking falſe *Latin*, which is call'd breaking *Priſcian*'s Head.

For

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For him the rich *Arabia* ſweats her Gum;
And precious Oils from diſtant *Indies* come:
How Haggardly ſoe'er ſhe looks at home.
Th' Eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her Face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to ev'ry Grace,
The Cruſt remov'd, her Cheeks as ſmooth as Silk,
Are poliſh'd with a Waſh of Aſſes Milk;
And ſhou'd ſhe to the fartheſt *North* be ſent,
A Train [32] of theſe attend her Baniſhment.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a Face, it ſeem'd a Sore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the Day
They do, and how they paſs their Time away.
For, if o'er-night the Husband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his Back,
Next day, be ſure, the Servants go to wrack.
The Chamber-maid and Dreſſer are call'd Whores;
The Page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole Houſe ſuffers for the Maſter's Crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd to wake another time.
She hires Tormentors by the Year; ſhe treats
Her Viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her Face, ſurveys her Gown,
Caſts up the Day's Account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous Tone,
She bids 'em, in the Devil's Name, be gone.
Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting Dame,
Sicilian [33] Tyrants may renounce their Name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad, to take the Air,
Or goes to *Iſis'* Church (the Bawdy-houſe of Pray'r)
She hurries all her Handmaids to the Task;
Her Head, alone, will twenty Dreſſers ask.

32 *A Train of theſe.* That is, of She-Aſſes.

33 *Sicilian Tyrants*, are grown to a Proverb in Latin for their Cruelty.

Piſcas,

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Pſecas, the Chief, with Breaſt and Shoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders ev'ry ſacred Hair;
If any Straggler from his Rank be found,
A Pinch muſt, for the Mortal Sin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault; But in the Glaſs,
The Dame's offended at her own ill Face.
The Maid is baniſh'd; and another Girl
More dex'trous, manages the Comb and Curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a Point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old Woman gives Advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for Age, or Wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such Counſel, ſuch delib'rate Care they take,
As if her Life and Honour lay at ſtake:
With [34] Curls on Curls they build her Head before,
And mount it with a formidable Tow'r.
A Gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the Pigmy kind.
Duck-leg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a Dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on Tip-toes for a Kiſs.
Mean-while, her Husband's whole Eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receives his Rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a Wife,
But like a Bawling Neighbour, full of Strife:
Near him in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her Hate to all his Servants and his Friends.
Bellona's Prieſts, an Eunuch at their Head,
About the Streets a mad Proceſſion lead;
The [35] Venerable Gelding, large, and high,
O'erlooks the Herd of his inferior Fry.
His awkward Clergymen about him prance;
And beat the Timbrels to their Myſtick Dance.

34 This dreſſing up the Head ſo high, which we call a Tow'r, was an ancient way amongſt the *Romans*.

35 *Bellona*'s Prieſts were a ſort of Fortune-tellers, and the High-Prieſt an Eunuch.

Guilt-

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Guiltleſs of Teſticles, they tear their Throats,
And ſqueak, in Treble, their unmanly Notes.
Mean-while, his Cheeks the Mitred Prophet ſwells,
And dire Preſages of the Year foretels.
Unleſs with Eggs (his Prieſtly Hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert th' Autumnal Blaſt.
And [36] add beſide a murrey-colour'd Veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the Peſt:
And, thrown into the Flood, their Crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky Omens of the Year.
Th' aſtoniſht Matrons pay, before the reſt;
That Sex is ſtill obnoxious to the Prieſt.
Thro' ye they beat, and plunge into the Stream,
If ſo the God has warn'd 'em in a Dream.
Weak in their Limbs, but in Devotion ſtrong,
On their bare Hands and Feet they crawl along
A whole Field's length, the Laughter of the Throng.
Shou'd *Io* (*Io*'s Prieſt I mean) command
A Pilgrimage to *Meröe*'s burning Sand,
Thro' Deſarts they wou'd ſeek the ſecret Spring;
A Holy Water for Luſtration bring.
How can they pay their Prieſts too much Reſpect,
Who trade with Heav'n, and Earthly Gains neglect?
With him Domeſtick Gods diſcourſe by Night:
By Day, attended by his Choir in white,
The Bald-pate Tribe runs madding thro' the Street,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they Cheat.
The Ghoſtly Sire forgives the Wife's Delights,
Who ſins, thro' Frailty, on forbidden Nights;
And tempts her Husband in the Holy time,
When Carnal Pleaſure is a Mortal Crime.

36 *And add beſide*, &c. A Garment was given to the Prieſt, which he threw into the River; and that, they thought, bore all the Sins of the People, which were drown'd with it.

The

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The Sweating Image ſhakes his Head, but he
With mumbled Pray'rs attones the Deity.
The Pious Prieſthood the fat Gooſe receive,
And they once brib'd, the Godhead muſt forgive.
No ſooner theſe remove, but full of Fear,
A Gypſie *Jeweſs* whiſpers in your Ear,
And begs an Alms: An High-Prieſt's Daughter ſhe,
Vers'd in their *Talmud*, and Divinity,
And Propheſies beneath a ſhady Tree.
Her Goods a Basket, and old Hay her Bed,
She ſtrouls, and Telling Fortunes gains her Bread:
Farthings, and ſome ſmall Monies are her Fees;
Yet ſhe Interprets all your Dreams for theſe.
Foretels th' Eſtate, when the Rich Uncle dies,
And ſees a Sweet-heart in the Sacrifice.
Such Toys a Pidgeon's Intrails can diſcloſe:
Which yet th' *Armenian* Augur far out-goes:
In Dogs, a Victim more obſcene, he rakes;
And murder'd Infants for Inſpection takes:
For Gain his Impious Practice he purſues;
For Gain will his Accomplices accuſe.
More Credit, yet, is to [37] *Chaldeans* giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the Voice of Heav'n.
Their Anſwers, as from *Hammon's* Altar, come:
Since now the *Delphian* Oracles are dumb,
And Mankind, ignorant of future Fate,
Believes what fond Aſtrologers relate.
Of theſe, the moſt in vogue is he, who ſent
Beyond Seas, is return'd from Baniſhment,
His Art who to [38] aſpiring *Otho* ſold;
And ſure Succeſſion to the Crown foretold.
For his Eſteem is in his Exile plac'd;
The more Believ'd, the more he was Diſgrac'd.

37 *Chaldeans* are thought to have been the firſt Aſtrologers.

38 *Otho* ſucceeded *Galba* in the Empire; which was foretold him by an Aſtrologer.

No

No Aſtrologick Wizard Honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in Chains.
He gets Renown, who, to the Halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear,
From him your Wife enquires the Planets Will,
When the Black Jaundice ſhall her Mother kill:
Her Siſter's and her Uncle's End wou'd know:
But, firſt, conſults his Art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt Gift that Heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' Adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If [39] *Mars* and *Saturn* ſhall the World infeſt;
Or *Jove* and *Venus*, with their Friendly Rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better Days.
Beware the Woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe Studies does her ſelf delight;
By whom a greaſie Almanack is born,
With often handling, like chaft Amber, worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the Twelve Houſes, and their Lords, is free.
She, if the Scheme a fatal Journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her Husband go.
If but a Mile ſhe travel out of Town,
The Planetary Hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky Moment; if her Eye but akes,
Or itches, its Decumbiture ſhe takes.
No Nouriſhment receives in her Diſeaſe,
But what the Stars and [40] *Ptolomy* ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To Chiromancers cheaper Art repair,
Who clap the pretty Palm, to make the Lines more fair.

39 *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two Unfortunate Planets; *Jupiter* and *Venus*, the two Fortunate.

40 *Ptolomy* a Famous Aſtrologer, an *Egyptian*.

But

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But the Rich Matron, who has more to give,
Her Anſwers from the [41] *Brachman* will receive:
Skill'd in the Globe and Sphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his Compaſs, meaſures Seas and Lands.
The pooreſt of the Sex, have ſtill an Itch
To know their Fortunes, equal to the Rich.
The Dairy-Maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty Taylor, and the Cook forſake.
Yet theſe, tho' Poor, the Pain of Child-bed bear;
And, without Nurſes, their own Infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich Mantle, ſpread
For the Babe born in the great Lady's Bed.
Such is the Pow'r of Herbs; ſuch Arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their Fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever Slops ſhe will have bought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly Draught:
Help her to make Man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for Savin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds 'till her Nine Months be run,
Thou may'ſt be Father to [42] an *Æthiop*'s Son:
A Boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By Law is to inherit all thy Lands:
One of that Hue, that ſhou'd he croſs the way,
His [43] Omen wou'd diſcolour all the Day,
I paſs the Foundling by, a Race unknown,
At Doors expos'd, whom Matrons make their own:

41 The *Brachmans* are *Indian* Philoſophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after *Pythagoras*, the Tranſlation of Souls from one Body to another.

42 His meaning is, help her to any kind of Slops, which may cauſe her to miſcarry; for fear ſhe may be brought to Bed of a Blackmoor, which thou, being her Huſband, art bound to Father; and that Baſtard may by Law inherit thy Eſtate.

43 The *Romans* thought it ominous to ſee a Blackmoor in the Morning, if he were the firſt Man they met.

And

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And into Noble Families advance
A Nameleſs Iſſue, the blind Work of Chance.
Indulgent Fortune does her Care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the Naked Boy:
Her Garment ſpreads, and laps him in the Fold,
And covers with her Wings from nightly Cold:
Gives him her Bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the Farce, and laughs at her own Play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes Proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving Wife the Force of Magick tries,
And Philters for th' unable Husband buys:
The Potion works not on the Part deſign'd;
But turns his Brains, and ſtupifies his Mind.
The ſotted Moon-Calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own Buſ'neſs by another done:
A long Oblivion, a benumming Froſt,
Conſtrains his Head; and Yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler Juice wou'd make him foam and rave,
Like that [44] *Caſonia* to her *Caius* gave:
Who, plucking from the Forehead of the Fole
His Mother's Love, infus'd it in the Bowl:
The boiling Blood ran hiſſing in his Veins,
Till the mad Vapour mounted to his Brains.
The [45] Thund'rer was not half ſo much on Fire,
When *Juno*'s Girdle kindled his Deſire.
What Woman will not uſe the Pois'ning Trade,
When *Ceſar*'s Wife the Precedent has made?

44 *Caſonia*, Wife to *Caius Caligula*, the great Tyrant: 'Tis ſaid ſhe gave him a Love-Potion, which flying up into his Head, diſtracted him; and was the occaſion of his committing ſo many Acts of Cruelty.

45 The Story is in *Homer*; where *Juno* borrow'd the Girdle of *Venus*, call'd *Ceſtos*, to make *Jupiter* in love with her, while the *Grecians* and *Trojans* were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

Let

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Let [46] *Agrippina*'s Muſhroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlav'ring, old, unuſeful Sot;
That only clos'd the driv'ling Dotard's Eyes,
And ſent his Godhead downward to the Skies.
But this fierce Potion calls for Fire and Sword;
Nor ſpares the Commons, when it ſtrikes the Lord.
So many Miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle Pois'ner coſt Mankind.
If Stepdames ſeek their Sons-in-Law to kill,
'Tis venial Treſpaſs; let them have their Will:
But let the Child, entruſted to the Care
Of his own Mother, of her Bread beware:
Beware the Food ſhe reaches with her Hand;
The Morſel is intended for thy Land.
Thy Tutor be thy Taſter, ere thou eat;
There's Poiſon in thy Drink, and in thy Meat.
You think this feign'd; the Satyr in a Rage
Struts in the Buskins of the Tragick Stage;
Forgets his Bus'neſs is to Laugh and Bite,
And will of Deaths and dire Revenges write.
Wou'd it were all a Fable, that you read;
But [47] *Drymon*'s Wife pleads guilty to the Deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the Fact was caught,
Two Sons diſpatching at one deadly Draught.
What, Two! Two Sons, thou Viper, in one Day!
Yes, Sev'n, ſhe cries, if Sev'n were in my way.
Medea's [48] Legend is no more a Lye;
Our Age adds Credit to Antiquity.

46 *Agrippina* was the Mother of the Tyrant *Nero*, who poyſon'd her Husband *Claudius*, that *Nero* might ſucceed, who was her Son, and not *Britannicus*, who was the Son of *Claudius*, by a former Wife.

47 The Widow of *Drymon* poyſon'd her Sons, that ſhe might ſucceed to their Eſtate; This was done either in the Poet's time, or juſt before it.

48 *Medea*, out of Revenge to *Jaſon* who had forſaken her, kill'd the Children which ſhe had by him.

Great

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Great Ills, we grant, in former Times did Reign,
And Murthers then were done; but not for Gain.
Leſs Admiration to great Crimes is due,
Which they thro' Wrath, or thro' Revenge, purſue.
For, weak of Reaſon, impotent of Will,
The Sex is hurry'd headlong into Ill:
And, like a Cliff from its Foundation torn
By raging Earthquakes, into Seas is born
But thoſe are Fiends, who Crimes from Thought begin,
And, cool in Miſchief, meditate the Sin.
They read th' Example of a pious Wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her Husband's Life;
Yet, if the Laws did that Exchange afford,
Would ſave their Lap-Dog ſooner than their Lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the 49 *Belides* you meet;
And 50 *Clytemneſtra's* grow in every Street:
But here's the diff'rence; *Agamemnon's* Wife
Was a groſs Butcher, with a bloody Knife;
But Murther, now, is to perfection grown:
And ſubtle Poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome Antidote prevents their Arts,
And lines with Balſam all the Noble Parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the Dagger does the Deed.

49 The *Belides*, were fifty Sifters, marry'd to fifty young Men, their Couſin-Germans; and kill'd them all on their Wedding-Night, excepting *Hypermneſtra*, who ſav'd her Husband *Linus*.

50 *Clytemneſtra* the Wife of *Agamemnon*, who, in favour to her Adulterer *Ægyſthus*, was conſenting to his Murther.

JUVE-

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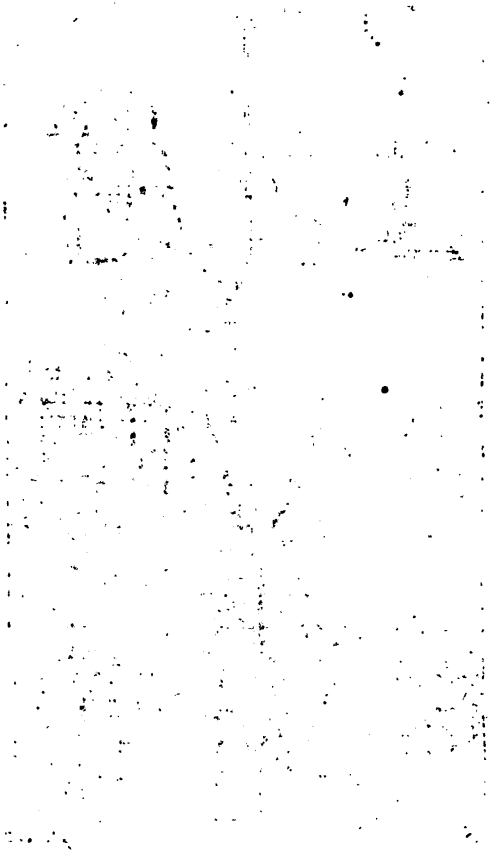

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JUVENAL.

THE

SEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *CHARLES DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Hope and Encouragement of all the Learned is only repos'd in Cæsar; *whether in* Domitian, Nerva, *or* Trajan, *is left doubtful by the Poet. The Nobility, which in Reason ought to Patronize Poetry, and Reward it, are now grown sordidly Covetous, and think it enough for them barely to praise Writers, or to write ill Verses themselves. This gives Occasion to our Author, to lament likewise the hard Fortune and Necessities of other Arts, and their Professors; particularly Historians, Lawyers, Rhetoricians, and Grammarians.*

ON *Cæsar* all our Studies must depend:
For *Cæsar* is alone the Muses Friend:
When now the celebrated Wits, for Need,
Hire Bagnio's, to the Cryer's Trade succeed,
Or get their own by baking others Bread;

Or

Or by the Porter's Lodge, with Beggars, wait
For greaſie Fragments at the Great Man's Gate.
'Tis better, ſo; if thy Poetick Fob
Refuſe to pay an Ordinary's Club;
And much more Honeſt, to be hir'd, and ſtand
With Auctionary Hammer in thy Hand,
Provoking to give more, and knocking thrice
For the ſold Houſhold-Stuff, of Picture's Price;
Expoſing Play-Books, full of Fuſtian Lines,
Or the dull Libraries of dead Divines.
Ev'n this is better, tho' 'tis hardly got,
Than be a perjur'd Witneſs of a Plot,
To ſwear he ſaw three Inches thro' a Door,
As *Aſiatick* Evidences ſwore;
Who hither coming, out at Heels and Knees,
For this had Penſions, Titles, and Degrees.
Henceforward, let no Poet fear to ſtarve;
Cæſar will give, if we can but deſerve.
Tune all your Lyres, the Monarch's Praiſe invites
The lab'ring Muſe, and vaſt Rewards excites;
But if from other Hands than his, you think
To find Supply, 'tis Loſs of Pen and Ink:
Let Flames on your unlucky Papers prey,
Or Moths thro' written Pages eat their way;
Your Wars, your Loves, your Praiſes be forgot,
And make of all an univerſal Blot.
The Muſes Ground is barren Deſart all,
If no Support from *Cæſar*'s Bounty fall;
The reſt is empty Praiſe, an Ivy Crown,
Or the lean [1] Statue of a ſtarv'd Renown.
For now the cunning Patron never pays,
But thinks he gives enough in giving Praiſe;
Extols the Poem, and the Poet's Vein,
As Boys admire the Peacock's gaudy Train:

1 A Statue erected in Honour of a Poet.

Mean

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Mean-while thy Manhood, fit for Toils and Wars,
Patient of Seas, and Storms, and Houſhold Cares,
Ebbs out apace, and all thy Strength impairs.
Old Age, with ſilent Pace, comes creeping on,
Nauſeates the Praiſe, which in her Youth ſhe won,
And hates the Muſe, by which ſhe was undone.
The Tricks of thy baſe Patron now behold,
To ſpare his Purſe, and ſave his darling Gold;
In his own Coin the ſtarving Wit he treats;
Himſelf makes Verſes, which himſelf repeats;
And yields to *Homer* on no other ſcore,
Than that he liv'd a thouſand Years before.
But if to Fame alone thou doſt pretend,
The Miſer will his empty Palace lend;
Set wide his Doors, adorn'd with plated Braſs,
Where Droves, as at a City Gate may paſs;
A ſpacious Hall afford thee, to rehearſe,
And ſend his Clients to applaud thy Verſe;
But not one Farthing to defray the Coſts
Of Carpenters, the [a] *Pulpit*, and the Poſts.
Houſe-room, that coſts him nothing, he beſtows:
Yet ſtill we ſcribble on, tho' ſtill we loſe;
We drudge, and cultivate with Care, a Ground
Where no Return of Gain was ever found:
The Charms of Poetry our Souls bewitch;
The Curſe of Writing is an endleſs Itch.
But he whoſe noble Genius is allow'd,
Who with ſtretch'd Pinions ſoars above the Croud,
Who mighty Thought can clothe with manly Dreſs,
He, whom I fanſy, but can ne'er expreſs:
Such, ſuch a Wit, tho' ready to be found,
Muſt be ſecure from Want, if not abound.
Nice is his Make, impatient of the War,
Avoiding Buſ'neſs, and abhorring Care;

[a] *Pulpit*. In which the Poets rehears'd.

He

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He muſt have Groves, and lonely Fountains chuſe,
And eaſie Solitudes to bait his Muſe;
Unvex'd with Thought of Wants, which may betide,
Or for to-morrow's Dinner to provide.
Horace [3] ne'er wrote but with a roſie Cheek,
His Belly pamper'd, and his Sides were ſleek.
A Wit ſhould have no Care, or this alone,
To make his riſing Numbers juſtly run.
Phœbus and *Bacchus*, thoſe two jolly Gods,
Bear no ſtarv'd Poets to their bleſt Abodes.
'Tis not for hungry Wit, with Wants controll'd,
The Face of *Jove* in Council to behold:
Or Fierce [4] *Alecto*, when her Brand ſhe toſs'd
Betwixt the *Trojan* and *Rutilian* Hoſt.
If *Virgil*'s Suit [5] *Mecœnas* had not ſped,
And ſent [6] *Alexis* to the Poet's Bed;
The creſted Snakes had dropt upon the Ground,
And the loud Trumpet languiſh'd in the Sound.
Yet we expect that [7] *Lappa*'s Muſe ſhould pleaſe,
As much as did immortal [8] *Sophocles*;
When he his Diſhes and his Cloaths has ſent
To pawn, for Payment of a Quarter's Rent;
His Patron [9] *Numitor* will nothing lend,
Pleads Want of Money to his wretched Friend,
Yet can large Preſents to his Harlot ſend;
Can purchaſe a tame Lion, and can treat
The Kingly Slave with ſev'ral Sorts of Meat:
It ſeems he thinks th'Expence is more, to feaſt
The famiſh'd Poet, than the hungry Beaſt.

3 A famous Poet, who was in great Favour with the Emperor *Auguſtus Cæſar*, by the means of his Patron *Mecanas*.

4 One of the three Furies.

5 A Favourite to *Auguſtus*, and a great Patron of Poets.

6 *Mecanas* his Boy; with whom *Virgil* was in Love.

7 *Rubrenus Lappa*, a poor Tragick Poet.

8 An excellent Poet of *Athens*, who wrote *Greek* Tragedies.

9 A rich Nobleman of *Rome*. *Lucan*

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Lucan [10], content with Praiſe, may lie at eaſe
In coſtly Grotts, and Marble Palaces:
But to poor [11] *Baſſus* what avails a Name;
To ſtarve on Compliments and empty Fame?
All *Rome* is pleas'd, when [12] *Statius* will rehearſe,
And longing Crowds expect the promis'd Verſe:
His lofty Numbers with ſo great a Guſt
They hear, and ſwallow with ſuch eager Luſt:
But, while the common Suffrage crown'd his Cauſe,
And broke the Benches with their loud Applauſe;
His Muſe had ſtarv'd, had not a Piece unread,
And by a [13] Player bought, ſupply'd her Bread.
He could diſpoſe of Honours, and Commands,
The Power of *Rome* was in an Actor's Hands,
The peaceful Gown, and military Sword:
The bounteous Play'r out-gave the pinching Lord.
And wouldſt thou, Poet, riſe before the Sun,
And to his Honour's Lazy *Levee* run?
Stick to the Stage, and leave thy ſordid Peer;
And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis earn'd with Hardſhip there.
The former Age did one *Mecænas* ſee,
One giving Lord of happy Memory.
Then, then, 'twas worth a Writer's Pains, to pine,
Look pale, and all [14] *December* taſte no Wine.
Such is the Poet's Lot: What luckier Fate
Does on the Works of grave Hiſtorians wait?

10 A great Poet, who was put to Death by *Nero*, partly out of Envy to his Poetry, partly, for being in a Plot with his Uncle *Seneca* and *Piſo*.

11 *Saleius Baſſus*, a poor Poet.

12 *Statius*, Surnam'd *Papinius*, a famous Poet in the Time of *Caſar Domitian*.

13 *Paris*, a famous Actor; and Favourite to *Domitian*; the Patron of *Statius*.

14 The *Romans* celebrated their great Holydays, called *Saturnalia*, in *December*; when every one drank freely; and the Slaves were, in a manner, Maſters.

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More Time they ſpend, in greater Toils engage;
Their Volumes ſwell beyond the thouſandth Page:
For thus the Laws of Hiſtory command;
And much good Paper ſuffers in their Hand.
What Harveſt riſes from this labour'd Ground?
Where they get Pence, a [15] Clerk can get a Pound.
A lazy Tribe, juſt of the Poet's pitch,
Who think themſelves above the growing rich.
Next, ſhew me the well-lung'd [16] *Civilian*'s Gain,
Who bears in Triumph an Artill'ry Train
Of Chancery Libels: opens the firſt Cauſe,
Then with a Pick-lock Tongue perverts the Laws:
Talks loud enough in Conſcience for his Fee,
Takes Care his Client all his Zeal may ſee;
Twitch'd by the Sleeve, he mouths it more and more,
Till with white Froth his Gown is ſlaver'd o'er.
Ask what he gains by all this lying Prate,
A Captain's Plunder trebles his Eſtate.
The Magiſtrate aſſumes his awful Seat;
Stand forth, [17] pale *Ajax*, and thy Speech repeat:
Aſſert thy Client's Freedom; bawl, and tear
So loud, thy Country-Judge at leaſt may hear.
If not diſcern; and when thy Lungs are ſore,
Hang up the [18] Victor's Garland at thy Door:
Ask for what Price thy venal Tongue was ſold:
A ruſty Gammon of ſome ſev'n Years old:
Tough, wither'd [19] *Treuffles*; ropy Wine, a Diſh
Of ſhotten Herring, or ſtale ſtinking Fiſh.
For four times talking, if one Piece thou take,
That muſt be cantled, and the Judge go ſnack.

15 Or rather a publick Notary.

16 In thoſe Times the Lawyers got little.

17 Alluding to that of *Ovid*; *Conſidere Duces*, &c.

18 When an Orator had won a Cauſe, a Garland was hung up before his Door.

19 *Treuffles*, in *Engliſh*, called Ground Cheſt-nuts, or Pignuts: But, perhaps, the Author means Onyons, or Scallions. 'Tis

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'Tis true, [20] *Emilius* takes a five-fold Fee,
'Tho' ſome plead better, with more Law than he:
But then he keeps his Coach, ſix *Flanders* Mares
Draw him in State, whenever he appears:
He ſhews his Statue too, where plac'd on high,
The Gennet underneath him ſeems to fly;
While with a lifted Spear, in Armour bright,
His aiming Figure meditates a Fight.
With Arts like theſe, rich *Matho*, when he ſpeaks,
Attracts all Fees, and little Lawyers breaks.
Tongillus, very poor, has yet an Itch
Of gaining Wealth, by feigning to be rich;
Bathes often, and in State, and proudly vain,
Sweeps thro' the Streets with a long dirty Train:
From thence, with Lackeys running by his Side,
High on the Backs of brawny Slaves will ride,
In a long Litter, thro' the Market-place;
And with a Nod the diſtant Rabble grace:
Clad in a Gown, that glows with *Tyrian* Dye,
Surveys rich Moveables with curious Eye,
Beats down the Price, and threatens ſtill to buy.
Nor can I wonder at ſuch Tricks as theſe:
The purple Garments raiſe the Lawyer's Fees,
And ſell him dearer to the Tool that buys;
High Pomp and State are uſeful Properties.
The Luxury of *Rome* will know no End;
For ſtill the leſs we have, the more we ſpend.
Truſt Eloquence to ſhew our Parts and Breeding!
Not [21] *Tully* now cou'd get ten Groats by pleading;
Unleſs the Diamond glitter'd on his Hand:
Wealth's all the Rhet'rick Clients underſtand:
Without large Equipage, and loud Expence,
The Prince of Orators would ſcarce ſpeak Senſe.

20 *Emilius*. A rich Lawyer.
21 *Marcus Tullius Cicero*, the greateſt Orator that ever Rome bred.

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Paulus [22], who with Magnificence did plead,
Grew rich, while tatter'd *Gallus* begg'd his Bread.
Who to poor *Baſilus* his Cauſe would truſt,
Tho' ne'er ſo full of Pity, ne'er ſo juſt?
His Clients, unregarded, claim their Due;
For Eloquence in Rags was never true.
Go, Wretch, thy Pleadings into [23] *Africk* ſend;
Or *France*, where Merit never needs a Friend.
But oh, what Stock of Patience wants the Fool,
Who waſtes his Time and Breath in teaching School!
To hear the Speeches of declaiming Boys,
Depoſing Tyrants with eternal Noiſe!
Sitting or ſtanding, ſtill confin'd to roar,
In the ſame Verſe, the ſame Rules o'er and o'er:
What Kind of Speech, what Colours, how to purge
Objections, ſtate the Caſe, and Reaſons urge.
All would learn theſe; but at the Quarter-day,
Few Parents will the Pedant's Labour pay.
Pay, Sir! For what? The Scholar knows no more
At ſix Months End, than what he knew before:
Taught, or untaught, the Dunce is ſtill the ſame,
Yet ſtill the wretched Maſter bears the blame.
Once ev'ry Week poor *Hannibal* is maul'd;
The Theme is giv'n, and ſtrait the Council's call'd,
Whether he ſhould to *Rome* directly go,
To reap the Fruit of the dire [24] Overthrow;
Or into Quarters put his harraſs'd Men
'Till Spring returns, and take the Field agen.
The murder'd Maſter cries, Would Parents hear
But half that Stuff which I am bound to bear,
For that Revenge I'll quit the whole Arrear.

22 *Paulus* was a rich Lawyer, *Baſilus* and *Gallus* were very poor.

23 *France* and *Africa* were then famous for great Lawyers, and fat Fees.

24 The Victory obtained by *Hannibal* at *Canna*; after which, if he had immediately attempted *Rome*, in all Probability he had carried it.

The

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The ſame Complaints moſt other Pedants make;
Plead real Cauſes, and the feign'd forſake:
[25] *Medea*'s Poiſon, *Jaſon*'s Perjury,
And [26] *Philomela*'s Rape, are all laid by;
Th' accuſing [27] *Stepdame*, and the Son accus'd:
But if my friendly Counſel might be us'd,
Let not the Learn'd this Courſe, or t'other, try,
But, leaving both, profeſs plain Poverty;
And ſhew his [28] Tally for the Dole of Bread,
With which the Pariſh Poor are daily fed:
Ev'n that exceeds the Price of all thy Pains.
Now look into the Muſick-Maſter's Gains,
Where noble Youth at vaſt Expence is taught;
But Eloquence not valu'd at a Groat.
On ſumptuous Baths the Rich their Wealth beſtow,
Or ſome expenſive airy Portico;
Where ſafe from Showers they may be born in State,
And free from Tempeſts, for fair Weather wait:
Or rather not expect the clearing Sun,
Thro' Thick and Thin their Equipage muſt run:
Or ſtaying, 'tis not for the Servants ſake,
But that their Mules no Prejudice may take.
At the Walk's End behold, how rais'd on high,
A Banquet-houſe ſalutes the ſouthern Sky;

25 A notable Sorcereſs, Daughter of *Æetes* King of *Colchos*, and Wife to *Jaſon*, who left her afterwards, and married another.

26 Daughter of *Pandion* King of *Athens*, was raviſh'd by *Tereus* King of *Thrace*, who cut out her Tongue that ſhe might not diſcloſe the Secret.

27 *Phædra* Wife of *Theſeus*, who fell in Love with her Son-in-Law *Hippolitus*, and becauſe ſhe could not obtain her Ends of him, accus'd him to his Father that he would have forc'd her.

28 In any Dole, made by the Emperor, or one of the City Magiſtrates, the poor Citizens had each a Tally given them; Which they ſhewed firſt, and then received their Proportion.

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Where, from afar, the Winter-Sun displays
The milder Influence of his weaken'd Rays.
The Cook, and Sewer, each his Talent tries;
In various Figures Scenes of Dishes rise:
Besides, a Master-Cook, with greasie Fist,
Dives in luxurious Sauces to the Wrist.
Amidst this wasteful Riot, there accrues
But poor ten Shillings for [29] *Quintilian*'s Dues:
For, to breed up the Son to common Sense,
Is evermore the Parents least Expence.
From whence then comes *Quintilian*'s vast Estate?
Because he was the darling Son of Fate;
And Luck, in scorn of Merit, made him great.
Urge not th' Example of one single Man,
As rare as a white Crow, or sable Swan.
Quintilian's Fate was to be counted Wise,
Rich, Noble, Fair, and in the State to rise:
Good Fortune grac'd his Action, and his Tongue;
His Colds became him, and when hoarse he sung.
O, there's strange difference, what Planets shed
Their Influence on the new-born Infant's Head!
'Tis Fate that flings the Dice; and as she flings,
Of Kings makes Pedants, and of Pedants Kings.
What made [30] *Ventidius* rise, and [31] *Tullus* great,
But their kind Stars, and hidden Pow'r of Fate?
Few Pedagogues but curse the barren Chair;
Like [32] *Him* who hang'd himself for meer Despair

29 *Quintilian*, a Famous Man both in Rhetorick and Oratory, who taught School in the Times of *Galba*, *Domitian*, and *Trajan*, and receiv'd his Salary out of the Emperor's Treasury.

30 *Ventidius Bassus* was a Lieutenant to *Marc Antony*; and the first who beat the *Parthians* in three Battels.

31 Here is meant *Tullus Servilius*, one of the Roman Kings.

32 *Thrasymachus*, a Rhetorician of *Carthage*, who hanged himself by reason of his Poverty.

And

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And Poverty; or *Him* 33, whom *Caius* sent
For liberty of Speech to Banishment.
Ev'n *Socrates* in Rags at *Athens* taught,
And wanted to 34 defray the deadly Draught.
In Peace, ye Shades of our Great Grandsires, rest,
No heavy Earth your sacred Bones molest:
Eternal Spring, and rising Flow'rs adorn
The Reliques of each venerable Urn,
Who pious Rev'rence to their Tutors paid,
As Parents honour'd, and as Gods obey'd.
Achilles 35, grown in Stature fear'd the Rod,
And stood corrected at the *Centaur*'s Nod;
His Tender Years in Learning did employ,
And promis'd all the Heroe in the Boy.
The Scene's much alter'd in the Modern School,
The Boys of *Rufus* call their Master Fool;
A just 36 Revenge on him, who dar'st defame
The Merit of immortal *Tully*'s Name.
But ask, What Fruit 37 *Palemon*'s Pains have earn'd,
Or who has paid the Price of what he Learn'd;
Tho' Grammar Profits less than Rhetorick's are,
Yet ev'n in those his Usher claims a Share;
Besides, the Servants Wages must be paid:
Thus of a little, still a less is made:

33 *Secundus Carinus*; who was banish'd from Rome, by the Emperor *Caligula*, for declaiming against Tyrants.

34 When *Socrates* was condemn'd to die by Poison, he wanted Money to pay for the Juice of Hemlock which he was to drink; and desir'd one of his Friends to lay it down for him, and satisfie the Fees of the Executioner.

35 The Son of *Peleus* and *Thetis*, who had *Chiron* the *Centaur* for his Tutor.

36 *Rufus* call'd *Tully* an Allobroge; as if his Latine were barbarous and not truly Roman.

37 A poor Grammarian, but of great Esteem.

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As Merchants Gains come ſhort of half the Mart,
For he who drives their Bargains, dribs a Part.
The covetous Father now includes the Night,
And Cov'nants thou ſhalt teach by Candle-light
When puffing Smiths, and ev'ry painful Trade
Of Handy-crafts, in peaceful Beds are laid:
Then thou art bound to ſmell on either Hand
As many ſtinking Lamps, as School-Boys ſtand;
Where *Horace* could not read in his own ſully'd Book:
And [38] *Virgil*'s ſacred Page is all beſmear'd with Smoke.
But when thou dun'ſt their Parents, ſeldom they
Without a Suit before the [39] *Tribune* pay,
And yet hard Laws upon the Maſter lay.
Be ſure he knows exactly Grammar-Rules,
And all the beſt Hiſtorians read in Schools;
All Authors, ev'ry Poet to an hair;
That, ask'd the Queſtion, he may ſcarce deſpair
To tell who nurſt [40] *Anchiſes*, or to name
Anchemolus's [41] Stepmother, and whence ſhe came:
How long [42] *Aceſtes* liv'd, what Stores of Wine
He gave to the departing *Trojan* Line.
Bid him beſides his daily Pains employ,
To form the tender Manners of the Boy;
And work him, like a waxen Babe, with Art,
To perfect Symmetry in ev'ry Part:

38 *Virgil*, Surnamed *Maro*; the Favourite Poet of *Auguſtus Caſar*.

39 *Tribune*, Here is meant *Tribunus Ærarius*, who took Cognizance only of Cauſes of leſs Moment, not the *Tribunus Plebis*, as *Britannicus* imagin'd.

40 *Anchiſes* was Father of *Æneas*, the *Trojan*, who was the Founder of *Rome*.

41 *Anchemolus*, the Son of *Rhetus*, a King in *Italy*; raviſh'd his Stepmother *Caſperia*.

42 A King of *Sicily*; who kindly entertain'd *Æneas* in his Voyage.

To

To be his better Parent, to beware
No young Obſcenities his Strength impair,
No mutual Filth; to mark his Hands and Eyes,
Diſtorted with unnatural Ecſtaſies:
This be thy Task; and yet for all thy Pains,
At the Year's End expect no greater Gains,
Than what [43] a Fencer, at a Prize, obtains.

[43] The People were us'd, at their Sword-plays, to gather Money for the Conqueror,

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JUVENAL.

THE

EIGHTH SATYR.

By Mr. *G. STEPNY* of *Trinity*-College in *Cambridge*.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Satyr, the Poet proves that Nobility does not consist in Statues and Pedigrees, but in Honourable and good Actions: He lashes Rubellius Plancus, *for being Insolent, by reason of his High Birth; and lays down an Instance that we ought to make the like Judgment of Men, as we do of Horses, who are valu'd rather according to their Personal Qualities, than by the Race of whence they come. He advises his Noble Friend* Ponticus *(to whom he Dedicates the Satyr) to lead a virtuous Life, dissuading him from Debauchery, Luxury, Oppression, Cruelty, and other Vices, by his severe Censures on* Lateranus, Damasippus, Gracchus, Nero,

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ro, Catiline; *and in opposition to these, displays the Worth of Persons meanly Born, such as* Cicero, Marius, Servius Tullius, *and the* Decii.

The Translator of this Satyr industriously avoided imposing upon the Reader, and perplexing the Printer with tedious Common-place Notes; but finding towards the latter End many Examples of Noblemen who disgrac'd their Ancestors by vicious Practices, and of Men meanly born, who ennobled their Families by virtuous and brave Actions, he thought some Historical Relations were necessary towards rendring those Instances more Intelligible; which is all he pretends to by his Remarks. He won'd gladly have left out the heavy Passage of the Mirmillo *and* Retiarius, *which he honestly confesses he either does not rightly understand, or cannot sufficiently explain. If he has not confin'd himself to the strict Rules of Translation, but has frequently taken the Liberty of Imitating, Paraphrasing, or Reconciling the* Roman *Customs to our Modern Usage; he hopes this Freedom is pardonable, since he has not us'd it, but when he found the Original flat, obscure, or defective; and where the Humour and Connection of the Author might naturally allow of such a Change.*

WHat's the Advantage, or the real Good,
In tracing from the Source our ancient Blood?
To have our Ancestors in Paint or Stone,
Preserv'd as Relicks, or, like Monsters shewn?
The Brave *Aemilii*, as in Triumph plac'd,
The Virtuous *Curii*, half by Time defac'd;
Corvinus, with a mouldring Nose, that bears
Injurious Scars, the sad Effects of Years;
And *Galba* grinning without Nose or Ears?

Vain are their Hopes, who fancy to inherit
By Trees of Pedigrees, or Fame, or Merit:
Tho' plodding Heralds thro' each Branch may trace
Old Captains and Dictators of their Race,
While their Ill Lives that Family bely,
And grieve the Brass which stands dishonour'd by.
'Tis meer Burlesque, that to our Gen'rals Praise
Their Progeny immortal Statues raise,
Yet (far from that old Gallantry) delight
To game before their Images all Night,
And steal to Bed at the approach of Day,
The Hour when these their Ensigns did display.
Why should soft [1] *Fabius* impudently bear
Names gain'd by Conquests in the *Gallic* War?
Why lays he claim to *Hercules* his Strain,
Yet dares be Base, Effeminate and Vain?
The glorious Altar to that Heroe built,
Adds but a greater Lustre to his Guilt,
Whose tender Limbs, and polish'd Skin, disgrace
The grisly Beauty of his Manly Race;
And who by practising the dismal Skill
Of Pois'ning, and such treach'rous ways to kill,
Makes his unhappy Kindred-Marble sweat,
When his degen'rate Head by theirs is set.
Long Galleries of Ancestors, and all
The Follies which ill-grace a Country-Hall,

1 The Family of the *Fabii* were descended of *Hercules* (in Honour of whom the *Romans* built a Temple in the *Forum Boarium*.) *Fabius Maximus* in remembrance of his Services in the Wars, against the People of *Provence*, *Languedoc*, *Dauphiny*, and other Provinces of *France* (formerly known by the Name of *Allobroges*) was Surnam'd *Allobrogicus*; which Title his Son wou'd have assumed, whom our Author here Censures, as a Man of an Effeminate Person, a profligate Life, and of Dangerous Practices.

Challenge

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Challenge no Wonder or Eſteem from me;
" Virtue alone is true Nobility.
Live therefore well: to Men and Gods appear,
Such as good [2] *Paulus*, *Coſſus*, *Druſus*, were;
And in thy Conſular triumphal Show,
Let *Theſe* before thy Father's Statues go;
Place 'em before the [3] *Enſigns of the State*,
As chuſing rather to be Good than Great.
Convince the World that you're devout and true,
Be juſt in all you ſay, and all you do;
Whatever be your Birth, you're ſure to be
A Peer of the Firſt Magnitude to me:
Rome for your ſake ſhall puſh her Conqueſts on,
And bring [4] New Titles home from Nations won,
To Dignify ſo Eminent a Son.
With your bleſt Name ſhall ev'ry Region ſound,
Loud as mad *Egypt*, when her Prieſts have found
A new [5] *Oſiris*, for the Ox they drown'd.
But who will call thoſe *Noble*, who deface,
By meaner Acts, the Glories of their Race;
Whoſe only Title to our Father's Fame
Is couch'd in the dead Letters of their Name?
A Dwarf as well may for a Giant paſs;
A *Negro* for a Swan; a Crook-back'd Laſs

2 Brave and virtuous *Romans*.

3 The Rods and Ax, which were carried in Proceſſions, as Badges of the Conſular Dignity.

4 Such as *Getulicus*, *Africanus*, *Numantinus*, *Creticus*.

5 *Oſyris*, for teaching the *Ægyptians* Husbandry, had a Temple built at *Memphis*; where he was worſhip'd in the Shape of an Ox, which the Prieſts uſed to drown at a certain Age; and gave out, their God was withdrawn, and abſented himſelf for a few Days; during which time 'twas their Cuſtom to go Mourning and ſearching up and down till they found another Ox to ſupply his place, and then they broke out with theſe Exclamations, *We have found him, let's rejoice.*

Be

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Be call'd *Europa*; and a Cur may bear
The Name of Tyger, Lion, or whate'er
Denotes the Nobleſt or the Fierceſt Beaſt:
Be therefore careful, leſt the World in jeſt
Shou'd thee juſt ſo with the Mock-titles greet,
Of *Camerinus*, or of Conquer'd *Crete*.
To whom is this Advice and Cenſure due?
Rubellius Plautus, 'tis apply'd to you;
Who think your Perſon ſecond to Divine,
Becauſe deſcended from the *Druſian* Line;
Tho' yet you no Illuſtrious Act have done,
To make the World diſtinguiſh *Julia*'s Son
From the vile Offspring of a Trull, who ſits
By the Town-Wall, and for her Living knits.
You are poor Rogues (you cry) *the baſer Scum*
And inconſiderable Dregs of Rome;
Who know not from what Corner of the Earth
The obſcure Wretch, who got you, ſtole his Birth:
Mine I derive from Cecrops [6]——May your Grace
Live, and enjoy the Splendor of your Race——.
Yet of theſe *baſe Plebeians* we have known
Some, who, by charming Eloquence, have grown
Great Senators, and Honours to that Gown:
Some at the Bar with Subtilty defend
The Cauſe of an unlearned Noble Friend;
Or on the Bench the knotty Laws untye:
Others their ſtronger Youth to Arms apply,
Go to *Euphrates*, or thoſe Forces join
Which Garriſon the Conqueſts near the *Rhine*.
While you, *Rubellius*, on your Birth rely;
Tho' you reſemble your Great Family
No more, than thoſe rough Statues on the Road
(Which we call *Mercuries*) are like that God:

6 The firſt King of *Athens*.

Your

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Your *Blockhead* tho' excel in this alone,
You are a *Living Statue*, that of *Stone*.
Great Son of *Troy*, who ever prais'd a Beaſt
For being of a Race above the reſt,
But rather meant his Courage, and his Force?
To give an Inſtance——We commend a Horſe
(Without regard of Paſture or of Breed)
For his undaunted Mettle and his Speed;
Who [7] wins moſt Places with greateſt eaſe, and firſt
Prints with his Hoofs his Conqueſt on the Duſt.
But if fleet *Dragon*'s Progeny at laſt
Proves jaded, and in frequent Matches caſt,
No Favour for the *Stallion* we retain,
And no Reſpect for the degen'rate Strain;
The worthleſs Brute is from *New-Market* brought,
And at an under-rate in *Smithfield* bought,
To turn a Mill, or drag a Loaded Life
Beneath two Panniers and a Baker's Wife.
That we may therefore you, not yours, admire;
Firſt, Sir, ſome Honour of your own acquire;
Add to that Stock which juſtly we beſtow
On thoſe [8] *Bleſt Shades* to whom you all things owe.
This may ſuffice the *Haughty Youth* to ſhame,
Whoſe ſwelling Veins (if we may credit Fame)
Burſt almoſt with the Vanity and Pride,
That their Rich Blood to *Nero*'s is ally'd:
The Rumour's likely; for "We ſeldom find
"Much Senſe with an Exalted Fortune join'd.
But, *Ponticus*, I wou'd not you ſhou'd raiſe
Your Credit by Hereditary Praiſe;
Let your *own* Acts Immortaliſe your Name;
'Tis Poor relying on another's Fame;

7 I have taken the Liberty to give this Simile a Modern Air, becauſe it happens to agree exactly with the Humour of our Author.

8 (Meaning your Anceſtors) *Rebellius Plancus.*

For,

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For, take the Pillars but away, and all
The Superſtructure muſt in Ruins fall;
As a Vine droops, when by Divorce remov'd
From the Embraces of the Elm ſhe lov'd.
Be a good Soldier, or upright Truſtee,
An Arbitrator from Corruption free,
And if a Witneſs in a doubtful Cauſe,
Where a brib'd Judge means to elude the Laws;
Tho' [9] *Phalaris his Brazen Bull* were there,
And *he* wou'd dictate what he'd have you ſwear,
Be not ſo Profligate, but rather chuſe
To guard your Honour, and your Life to loſe,
Rather than let your Virtue be betray'd;
Virtue the Nobleſt Cauſe for which you're made.
" † Improperly we meaſure Life by Breath;
" Such do not truly Live who merit Death;
Tho' they their wanton Senſes nicely pleaſe
With all the Charms of Luxury and Eaſe;
Tho' mingled Flow'rs adorn their careleſs Brow,
And round 'em coſtly Sweets neglected flow,
As if they in their Funeral State were laid,
And to the World, as they're to Virtue, Dead.
When [10] *You* the Province you expect, obtain,
From Paſſion and from *Avarice* refrain;
Let our Aſſociates Poverty provoke
Thy generous Heart not to encreaſe their Yoke,

9 *Phalaris* was a Tyrant of *Agrigentum* in *Sicily*; to flatter whoſe Cruelty, *Perillus* invented a Brazen Bull, wherein People might be Roaſted alive, and their Cries were not unlike the Bellowings of an Ox: But the Tyrant had the Juſtice to reward the Artizan as he deſerv'd, by making him firſt try the Experiment.

† This and the ſeven following Verſes are a ſort of Paraphraſe upon two Lines of the Original, which I was forced to enlarge, becauſe the Senſe of the Author is too cloſe and obſcure.

10 (Speaking to *Pontius*.)

Since

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Since Riches cannot reſcue from the Grave,
Which claims alike the Monarch and the Slave.
To what the Laws enjoin, Submiſſion pay;
And what the Senate ſhall Command, Obey;
Think what Rewards upon the Good attend,
And how thoſe fall unpitied who offend:
Tutor and *Capito* may Warnings be,
Who felt the Thunder of the States Decree,
For robbing the *Cilicians;* tho' they
(Like leſſer Pikes) only ſubſiſt on Prey.
But what avails the Rigour of their Doom?
Which cannot future Violence o'ercome,
Nor give the Miſerable Province Eaſe,
Since what one Plund'rer left, the next will ſeize.
Cherippus, [11] then, in time your ſelf bethink,
And what your Rags will yield by Auction, ſink;
Ne'er put your ſelf to Charges to complain
Of Wrong which heretofore you did ſuſtain,
Make not a Voyage to detect the Theft:
'Tis mad to Laviſh what their Rapine left.
When *Rome* at firſt our rich Allies ſubdu'd,
From gentle Taxes Noble Spoils accru'd;
Each wealthy Province, but in part Oppreſt,
Thought the Loſs trivial, and enjoy'd the reſt.
All Treaſuries did then with Heaps abound;
In ev'ry Wardrobe coſtly Silks were found;
The leaſt Apartment of the meaneſt Houſe
Cou'd all the wealthy Pride of Art produce;
Pictures which from [12] *Parrhaſius* did receive
Motion and Warmth; and Statues taught to live;
Some [12] *Polyclete's*, ſome *Myron's* Work declar'd,
In others [12] *Phidias'* Maſterpiece appear'd;
And crowding Plate did on the Cupboard ſtand,
Emboſs'd by curious [12] *Mentor's* artful Hand.

11 Any poor Man who is oppreſs'd.

12 Famous Painters, Statuaries, and other Artizans.

Prizes

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Prizes like these O
These 11 *Delabella*
These 13 *Antony*
23 *Verres* for these
And when their R
The hidden Fruits
Which made in Pe
Than what is Pla

This was of Old
Have nothing left
Or some few Mave
Yet left this provide
They drive the
Making both
Their Rapine
They not from
But the poor
If they be little
Such are the
And are the

Thus may
Who dare not
(For how can
" Smooth
But Treſpa
Sclavonia,
Who with the
And ſend us
Is laviſh'd
For, ſhou'd
Your Cruel

11 Procon
Sicily.
14 Recruit
15 The

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...e rank Deity, whose filthy Face
...mbly o'er stinking Stables place.
...en he has run his length, and does begin
...er his course directly for the Inn,
...e they have watch'd, expecting him all Night)
...sic *Syrian*, ere he can alight,
...ts him Essence, while his courteous Host
...l knowing nothing by good Breeding's lost)
...ev'ry Sentence with some fawning Word,
...s *My King*, *My Prince*, at least *My Lord*;
...a tight Maid, ere he for Wine can ask,
...es his Meaning, and unoils the Flask.
...me (Friends to Vice) industriously defend
...s innocent Diversions, and pretend
...r I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,
...ging that, when young, we did the same.
...ant we did; yet when that Age was past,
...frolick Humour did no longer last;
...did not cherish and indulge the Crime:
...s foul in acting, shou'd be left in time.
...true, some Faults, of course, with Childhood end,
...therefore wink at Wags when they offend,
...l spare the Boy, in hopes the Man may mend.
But *Lateranus* (now his vig'rous Age
...ou'd prompt him for his Country to engage,
...he Circuit of our Empire to extend,
...d all our Lives, in *Cæsar's*, to defend)
...ature in Riots, places his Delight
...ll day in plying Bumpers, and at night
...eels to the Bawds, over whose Doors are set
Pictures and Bil... ...h *Here are Whores to let.*
Shou'd any de... ...xpected Fate
Summon all ... ...Hands to guard the State,
Cæsar, send ... ...cure the [11] Port;
But where's ... *Where does he resort?*

[11] *Ostia*, th... River *Tyber*.

Send

Your Father's Glory will your Sin proclaim,
And to a clearer Light expoſe your Shame;
" For ſtill more publick Scandal Vice extends,
" As he is Great and Noble who offends.
How dare [19] *you* then your high Extraction plead?
Yet bluſh not when you go to forge a Deed,
In the ſame Temple which your Grandſire built;
Making his Statue privy to the Guilt.
Or in a Bawdy Maſquerade are led
Muffled by Night to ſome polluted Bed.
Fat *Lateranus* does his Revels keep
Where his Fore-fathers peaceful Aſhes ſleep;
Driving himſelf a Chariot down the Hill,
And (tho' a Conſul) links himſelf the Wheel:
To do him Juſtice, 'tis indeed by Night,
Yet the Moon ſees, and ev'ry ſmaller Light
Pries as a Witneſs of the ſhameful Sight:
Nay when his Year of Honour's ended, ſoon
He'll leave that Nicety, and mount at Noon;
Nor bluſh ſhou'd he ſome Grave Acquaintance meet,
But, (proud of being known) will Jerk and Greet:
And when his Fellow-Beaſts are weary grown,
He'll play the Groom, give Oats, and rub 'em down.
If after [20] *Numa*'s Ceremonial way
He at *Jove*'s Altar wou'd a Victim ſlay,
To no clean Goddeſs he directs his Pray'rs,
But by [21] *Hippona* moſt devoutly Swears,

19 The Poet in this place ſpeaks neither to *Rubellius* nor *Pontius*, but in general to any perjur'd or debauch'd Nobleman.

20 *Numa Pompilius* (the ſecond King of *Rome*) the better to civilize the Savage Humour of the People, firſt introduced among them the Fear and Worſhip of the Gods, and inſtituted the Rites and Ceremonies of Prieſts, Oaths, and Sacrifices.

21 *Hippona* was the Goddeſs of Jockies and Horſes.

Or

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Or some rank Deity, whose filthy Face
We suitably o'er stinking Stables place.
When he has run his length, and does begin
To steer his course directly for the Inn,
(Where they have watch'd, expecting him all Night)
A greasie *Syrian*, ere he can alight,
Presents him Essence, while his courteous Host
(Well knowing nothing by good Breeding's lost)
Tags ev'ry Sentence with some fawning Word,
Such as *My King*, *My Prince*, at least *My Lord*;
And a tight Maid, ere he for Wine can ask,
Guesses his Meaning, and unoils the Flask.
Some (Friends to Vice) industriously defend
These innocent Diversions, and pretend
That I the Tricks of Youth too roughly blame,
Alledging that, when young, we did the same.
I grant we did; yet when that Age was past,
The frolick Humour did no longer last;
We did not cherish and indulge the Crime:
What's foul in acting, shou'd be left in time.
'Tis true, some Faults, of course, with Childhood end,
We therefore wink at Wags when they offend,
And spare the Boy, in hopes the Man may mend.
But *Lateranus* (now his vig'rous Age
Shou'd prompt him for his Country to engage,
The Circuit of our Empire to extend,
And all our Lives, in *Cæsar*'s, to defend)
Mature in Riots, places his Delight
All day in plying Bumpers, and at night
Reels to the Bawds, over whose Doors are set
Pictures and Bills, with *Here are Whores to let.*
Shou'd any desperate unexpected Fate
Summon all Heads and Hands to guard the State,
Cæsar, send quickly to secure the [22] Port;
But where's the General? Where does he resort?

22 *Ostia*, the Mouth of the River *Tyber*.

Send

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Send to the Sutler's; there y'are sure to find
The Bully match'd with Rascals of his kind,
Quacks, Coffin-makers; Fugitives and Sailors;
Rooks, Common Soldiers, Hangmen, Thieves and Tailors;
With *Cybele*'s Priests, who, weary'd with Processions,
Drink there, and sleep with Knaves of all Professions.
A Friendly Gang! each equal to the best;
And all, who can, have liberty to jest:
One Flaggon walks the round, (that none shou'd think
They either change, or stint him of his Drink)
And left Exceptions may for Place be found,
Their Stools are all alike, their Table round.
What think you, *Pontius*, your self might do,
Shou'd any Slave, so lewd, belong to you?
No doubt, you'd send the Rogue in Fetters bound
To work in *Bridewell*, or to Plough your Ground:
But, *Nobles*, you who trace your Birth from *Troy*,
Think, you the great Prerogative enjoy
Of doing Ill, by virtue of that Race;
As if what we esteem in Coblers base,
Wou'd the high Family of *Brutus* grace.
Shameful are these Examples, yet we find
(To *Rome*'s Disgrace) far worse than these behind:
Poor *Damasippus*, whom we once have known
Flutt'ring with Coach and six about the Town,
Is forc'd to make the Stage his last Retreat,
And Pawns his Voice, the All he has, for Meat:
For now he must (since his Estate is lost)
Or represent, or be himself, a Ghost:
And *Lentulus Acts Hanging* with such Art,
Were I a Judge, he shou'd not *Feign* the Part.
Nor wou'd I their vile Insolence acquit,
Who can with Patience, nay Diversion, sit,
Applauding my Lord's Buffoonry for Wit,
And clapping Farces acted by the Court,
While the Peers Cuff, to make the Rabble sport:

Or

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Or Hirelings, at a Prize, their Fortunes try;
Certain to fall unpity'd if they Dye;
Since none can have the favourable Thought
That to Obey a Tyrant's Will they Fought,
But that their Lives they willingly expose,
Bought by the Prætors to adorn their Shows.
Yet say, the Stage and Lists were both in fight,
And you must either chuse to Act, or Fight;
Death never sure bears such a ghastly Shape,
That a rank Coward basely wou'd escape
By playing a foul Harlot's jealous Tool,
Or a feign'd *Andrew* to a real Fool.
Yet a Peer Actor is no Monstrous thing,
Since *Rome* has own'd a [23] *Fidler* for a *King:*
After such Pranks, the World it self at best
May be Imagin'd nothing but a Jest.
Go [24] to the Lists where Feats of Arms are shown,
There you'll find *Gracchus*, (from Patrician,) grown
A Fencer and the Scandal of the Town.

23 Meaning *Nero*, whom he censures severely in the Pages following, *Fig.* 33.

24 This Period is perplext, and I fear will not be understood in our Language, being only a Description of the *Roman* Gladiators, who were of two sorts, and had different Names according to the Arms and Habit they appear'd with; one fought with a Cymiter in his right Hand, a Target on his left Arm, and an Helmet on his Head; he was call'd *Mirmillo*, or *Scutor*. The other wore a short Coat without Sleeves, call'd *Tunica*, a Hat on his Head; he carried in his right Hand a Javelin fork'd like a *Trident*, call'd *Fuscina*; and on his left Arm a *Net*, in which he endeavour'd to catch his Adversary, and from thence was call'd *Retiarius*. The meaning of the Poet is, to reprehend *Gracchus* (whom he had before rebuked in the second Satyr) for three Vices at once: For his Baseness, forasmuch as being a Nobleman he will condescend to fight upon the publick Theatre! For his Impudence, in not chusing an Habit which might have kept him disguis'd, and hindred him from being known: And for his Cowardise in running away.

Nor

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Nor will he the *Mirmillo's* Weapons bear,
The *Modeſt Helmet* he Diſdains to wear;
As *Retiarius* he Attacks his Foe:
Firſt waves his *Trident* ready for the Throw,
Next caſts his *Net*, but neither levell'd right,
He ſtares about expos'd to publick ſight,
Then places all his Safety in his Flight.
Room for the Noble Gladiator! See
His Coat and Hatband ſhew his Quality.
Thus when at laſt the brave *Mirmillo* knew
'Twas *Gracchus* was the Wretch he did purſue,
To Conquer ſuch a Coward griev'd him more,
Than if he many Glorious Wounds had bore.
Had [25] we the Freedom to expreſs our Mind,
There's not a Wretch ſo much to Vice inclin'd,
But will own [26] *Seneca* did far excell
His *Pupil*, by whoſe Tyranny he fell:

To

25 For the clearer underſtanding of what follows, it may be neceſſary to give a ſhort Abridgment of *Nero*'s Cruelties, Follies and End: Which may be found at large in his Life, written by *Suetonius* and *Tacitus*, and in the Continuation which Mr. *Saville* has added to his Tranſlation of the laſt of theſe Authors, by way of Supplement to what is wanting betwixt the Annals and the Hiſtory. But I ſhall only relate what I find mention'd in this Satyr, and ſhall begin with his Parricides.

26 Upon Suſpicion that *Seneca* his Tutor had ſome Knowledge of the Conſpiracy which *Piſo* was carrying on againſt his Perſon, *Nero* laid hold on this Opportunity to rid himſelf of the uneaſy Cenſurer of his Vices, yet allow'd him the Liberty of chuſing the Manner of his Death. *Seneca* was apprehenſive of Pain, and therefore deſir'd to have his Veins open'd, which he judg'd might be the moſt eaſy and pleaſant Method of Dying; but finding it too tedious, he prevail'd with his Friend and Phyſician, *Annaus Statius*, to give him a Draught of Poyſon, which too operating very ſlowly, by reaſon his Veins

were

To expiate whose Complicated Guilt,
With some Proportion to the Blood he spilt,
Rome [27] shou'd more Serpents, Apes, and Sacks provide
Than one, for the Compendious Parricide.
'Tis true [28] *Oreſtes* a like Crime did act;
Yet weigh the Cauſe, there's difference in the Fact:

were exhauſted, and his Limbs chill'd, the Standers-by, to make quicker Diſpatch, ſmother'd him with the Steem of an hot Bath. *Juvenal* not unjuſtly places this Murder of *Seneca* among *Nero*'s Parricides, ſince a Tutor ought to be eſteem'd as a Civil Parent.

27 This bold Thought and Expreſſion of *Juvenal* is grounded on the *Roman* Laws, whereby Parricides were condemn'd to be ſow'd up in a Bag (call'd *Culeus*) with a Cock, a Monkey, a Serpent and a Dog, and thrown together into the Sea, or any Neighbouring River. This Puniſhment of drowning in a Sack is ſtill us'd in ſeveral Parts of *Germany*, but without the Company of thoſe Creatures above mention'd.

28 The Story of *Oreſtes* (betwixt whom and *Nero*, *Juvenal* won'd draw a Parallel) is this; his Mother *Clytemneſtra* finding her Husband *Agamemnon* was return'd alive from the Siege of *Troy*, and fearing he might Revenge her Amours with *Egyſthous*, with whom ſhe had lived in Adultery during her Husband's Abſence, ſhe thought the ſafeſt way might be to Aſſaſſinate *Agamemnon*, by the help of *Egyſthous*, at his firſt Reception, and before he could ſuſpect ſuch an Attempt. The manner how they diſpatch'd him, is reported differently. Some Authors relate, that as he was changing his Linnen, he was ſtifled in a Shirt ſow'd together at the Neck. But *Homer* in the 4th and 11th Books of his *Odyſſey*, where he deſcribes this Murder, is of *Juvenal*'s Opinion, that he was kill'd at a Banquet, when he little expected ſuch Treatment. *Egyſthous* after this Murder married *Clytemneſtra*, and Uſurp'd the Kingdom of *Mycena*, 7 Years: During which time *Oreſtes* grew up to Man's Eſtate, and by the inſtigation of his Siſter *Electra*, and the Aſſiſtance of ſome Neighbouring Princes, march'd from *Athens*, Deſtroy'd and Murther'd the Uſurper; and at laſt, under pretence of being Mad, ſtabb'd his Mother. *Homer* (as well as our Author) juſtifies this Revenge, as being undertaken by the Advice of the Gods: And *Paterculus* infers, they muſt needs have approved the Action, ſince *Oreſtes* (after it) lived long, and reigned happily.

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He [29] slew his *Mother* at the Gods Command,
They bid him strike, and did direct his Hand;
To punish Falsehood, and appease the Ghost
Of his poor *Father* treacherously lost,
Just in the Minute when the flowing Bowl
With a full Tide inlarg'd his Chearful Soul.
Yet kill'd he not his [31] *Sister*, or his [30] *Wife*,
Nor [32] aim'd at any near Relation's Life;
Orestes, in the Heat of all his Rage,
Ne'er [33] Play'd or Sung upon a Publick Stage;

Never

29 *Nero* cou'd not suffer his Mother *Agrippina*, because of her encroaching on his Government; for which Reason he made frequent Attempts upon her Life, but without Success, till at last *Anicetus* his Bondman undertook to stab her; which she perceiving, and guessing by whose Orders he came, clapt her Hand upon her Belly, and bid him (with great Presence of Mind) strike there, supposing it deserv'd that Punishment for bearing such a Monster.

30 He ordered his first Wife *Octavia* to be publickly executed, upon a false Accusation of Adultery, and kill'd his second Wife *Poppæa*, when she was big with Child, by a kick on the Belly.

31 *Britannicus* (his Brother by Adoption) was poison'd by his Orders, out of jealousy lest he shou'd supplant him. And *Antonia* (*Claudius*'s Daughter) was executed under pretence of a Conspiracy, but in truth because she refused to marry *Nero* after the Death of *Poppæa*.

32 He caus'd *Rufinus Crispinus*, Son to *Poppæa*, to be drown'd as he was Fishing; and *Aulus Plancus*, a Relation of his Mother's, to be kill'd, because she was fond of him.

I need mention no more of these unnatural Murders, but go on to his other Extravagancies.

33 He was Industrious to be esteem'd the best Musician of his Age; and at his Death regretted nothing more sensibly, than that the World shou'd lose so great a Master. To maintain this Reputation, he frequently condescended to Act and Sing upon the Theater among the ordinary Comedians, and took a Journey to *Greece* on purpose to try his

Skill

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Never [34] on Verſe did his wild Thoughts employ,
To paint the horrid Scene of burning *Troy*,
Like *Nero*, who to raiſe his Fancy higher,
And finiſh the great Work, ſet *Rome* on Fire.
Such [35] Crimes make Treaſon juſt, and might compel
Virginius, *Vindex*, *Galba*, to Rebel:

Skill againſt the moſt Famous Artiſts of that Country; from whom he bore away the Garland (which was the uſual Recompence of the beſt Performer) return'd to *Rome* in Triumph, as if he had conquer'd a Province; and order'd both the Garland and Inſtrument to be hung up among the Banners and Honours of his Family.

[34] He had likewiſe a great Vanity towards being thought a good Poet, and made Verſes on the Deſtruction of *Troy*, call'd *Troica*; and 'tis reported he burnt *Rome*, to be more lively and natural in his Deſcription: Tho' 'tis more probable he deſtroy'd the Old-Faſhion'd Buildings, out of diſlike to the narrowneſs and crookedneſs of the Streets, and to have the Honour of rebuilding the City better, and calling it by his own Name.

[35] These monſtrous Frolicks and Cruelties cou'd not but make his People weary of his Government. *Virginius Rufus*, who was his Lieutenant-General in *Gaul*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Junius Vindex* (a Nobleman of that Country) ſoon perſuaded the Armies under his Command to fall from their Allegiance; and ſolicited *Sergius Galba*, who was Lieutenant-General in *Spain*, to do the like, by offering him the Empire in Favour of Mankind; which he at laſt accepted, upon intimation that *Nero* had iſſu'd out ſecret Orders to diſpatch him; and march'd with all the Forces he cou'd gather, towards *Rome*. *Nero* not being in a Condition to oppoſe ſuch Troops, fell into Deſpair, which turn'd to an Uncertainty what Meaſures to take, whether to Poyſon himſelf, or beg Pardon of the People, or endeavour to make his Eſcape. The laſt of theſe Methods ſeem'd moſt Adviſeable; he therefore put himſelf into Diſguiſe, and crept with four Attendants only into a poor Cottage; where perceiving he was purſued, as a Sacrifice to the Publick Vengeance, and apprehending the Rabble wou'd Treat him Barbarouſly, if he fell into their Hands; with much ado he reſolv'd to Stab himſelf.

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For what cou'd *Nero's* self have acted worse,
To aggravate the wretched Nation's Curse?
These are the blest Endowments, Studies, Arts,
Which exercise our mighty Emperor's Parts:
Such Frolicks with his Roving Genius suit,
On [33] Foreign Theatres to prostitute
His Voice and Honour, for the poor Renown
Of putting all the *Grecian* Actors down,
And winning at a Wake their Parsley-Crown.
Let [33] this Triumphal Chaplet find some Place
Among the other Trophies of thy Race;
By these *Domitii's* Statues shall be laid,
The Habit and the Mask in which you play'd
Antigone's, or bold *Thyestes'* Part,
(While your wild Nature little wanted Art)
And on the Marble Pillar shall be hung
The Lute to which the *Royal Madness* Sung.
Who, [36] *Catiline*, can boast a nobler Line,
Than thy lewd Friend *Cethegus* his, and thine?
Yet you took Arms, and did by Night conspire
To set our Houses and our Gods on Fire:
(An Enterprise which might indeed become
Our Enemies, the *Gauls*, not Sons of *Rome*,

[36] *Catiline's* Conspiracy is a Story too well known to be insisted on: He was of a Noble Family, but by his Extravagancies had reduced himself to great Want, which engaged him in bad Practices. The *Roman* Armies were then pursuing Conquests in remote Provinces, which *Catiline* judg'd the most seasonable Opportunity for undertaking some desperate Design: He therefore entred into a Conspiracy with *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and other Senators, and Persons considerable by their Births and Employments, to make themselves absolute Masters of their Country, by seizing the Senate, plundering the Treasury, and burning the City.

To

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To recompence whose Barbarous Intent
Pitch'd [37] *Shirts* wou'd be too mild a Puniſhment)
But [38] *Tully*, our wife Conſul, watch'd the Blow,
With Care diſcover'd, and diſarm'd the Foe:
Tully, the humble Muſhroom, ſcarcely known:
The lowly Native of a Country Town,
(Who till of late cou'd never reach the height
Of being honour'd as a *Roman* Knight)
Throughout the trembling City plac'd a Guard,
Dealing an equal ſhare to every Ward,

37 Incendiaries by the *Roman* Law were wrapt in a Pitch'd Coat (which they call'd *Tunica Moleſta*) and Burnt alive: As we ſee by *Tacitus*, *Ann. Sect.* 44. Where *Nero* after having ſet *Rome* on Fire, lays the Blame and Puniſhment upon the Chriſtians, by ordering them, with a Cruel Jeſt, to be Light up, and ſerve as Torches, when it was dark.

38 One *Fulvia* (whom *Livy* calls a Common Whore, tho' *Plutarch* makes her paſs for a Lady of Quality) came to have ſome knowledge of this Enterprize, and diſcover'd it to *Cicero*, (a Perſon whom *Paterculus* elegantly calls *Virum Novitatis Nobiliſſima*; ſince he was a Man of mean Parentage born at *Arpinum*, an inconſiderable Town among the *Volſcians*, but by his Eloquence rais'd himſelf to the chief Dignities of State, and happened to be Conſul at that time) who aſſembled the Senate, and by a ſevere Oration accuſed and convicted *Catiline*: However he, with a few of his Party, found means to make his Eſcape towards *Tuſcany*, and put himſelf at the Head of ſome Troops which *Manlius* had got together in thoſe Parts, threatning publickly that he wou'd put out the Fire of the City by the Ruins of it. In the mean time *Cethegus*, *Lentulus*, and ſeveral other Complices, were ſeized and ſtrangled in Priſon by order of the Senate, at *Cato*'s Perſuaſion: And *Caius Antonius Nepos*, who was joint Conſul with *Tully*, march'd with what Forces he could raiſe againſt *Catiline*, who in a ſharp Battel was kill'd upon the Spot, with moſt of his Followers, and (as *Paterculus* obſerves) *Quum ſpiritum ſupplicio debuerat, gratiæ reddidit.*

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And by the peaceful Robe got more Renown
Within our Walls, than Young *Octavius* won
By [39] Victories at *Actium*, or the *Plain*
Of *Theſſaly* [40] diſcolour'd by the Slain:
Him therefore *Rome* in gratitude decreed
The Father of his Country, which he freed.
Marius [41] (another Conſul we admire)
In the ſame Village born, firſt Plow'd for Hire;
His next Advance was to the Soldier's Trade,
Where, if he did not nimbly ply the Spade,
His Surly Officer ne'er fail'd to crack
His Knotty Cudgel on his tougher Back.
Yet he alone ſecur'd the tott'ring State,
Withſtood the *Cimbrians*, and redeem'd our Fate:
So when the Eagles to their Quarry flew
(Who never ſuch a Goodly Banquet knew)
Only a ſecond Laurel did adorn
His Collegue *Catulus*, tho' Nobly Born;
He ſhar'd the Pride of the Triumphal Bay,
But *Marius* won the Glory of the Day.

39 A Promontory of *Epirus*, near the Iſland *Leucas*, where *Antony* and *Cleopatra* were ruin'd by a Famous Sea Fight.

40 The Fields near *Philippi* in *Theſſaly*, where *Brutus* and *Caſſius* were defeated.

41 *Caius Marius*, was likewiſe born at *Arpinum*, and of ſuch poor Parents, that he was firſt a Plowman, then a Common Soldier, yet at laſt by his Merit arrived to the higheſt Employments. Once while he was Conſul (for that Honour was ſeven times conferr'd on him) the *Cimbrians* attempted to make an Excurſion into *Italy*: But he kill'd 140000 of them, and made 60000 Priſoners: For which Victory a Triumph was ordain'd him by the Senate; but to decline the Envy which might be rais'd by his good Fortune, he ſolicited that *Q. Luctatius Catulus*, his Collegue, who was of a Noble Family, might be permitted to Triumph with him, tho' he had no ſhare in the Action.

From

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From [42] a mean Stock the Pious *Decii* came;
Small their Eſtates, and Vulgar was their Name;
Yet ſuch their Virtues, that their Loſs alone
For *Rome* and all our Legions did Atone;
Their Country's Doom they by their own retriev'd,
Themſelves more worth than all the Hoſt they ſav'd.
The [43] *laſt good King* whom willing *Rome* obey'd,
Was the poor Offspring of a *Captive Maid*;
Yet he thoſe Robes of Empire juſtly bore
Which *Romulus*, our ſacred Founder, wore:

Nicely

42 Among the *Romans* there was a Superſtition, that if their General would conſent to be *Devoted*, or *Sacrificed* to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, the Earth, and the Infernal Gods, all the Misfortunes which otherwiſe might have happened to his Party, would by his Death be tranſferred on their Enemies. This Opinion was confirmed by ſeveral ſucceſsful Inſtances, particularly two, in the Perſons of the *Decii*, the Father and Son here mentioned. The firſt being Conſul with *Manlius* in the Wars againſt the *Latins* and perceiving the Left Wing, which he commanded, give back, he called out to *Valerius* the High Prieſt to perform on him the Ceremony of Conſecration, (which we find deſcrib'd by *Livy* in his 8th Book) and immediately ſpurr'd his Horſe into the thickeſt of his Enemies Forces, where he was killed, and the *Roman* Army gain'd the Battel. His Son Died in the ſame manner in the Wars againſt the *Gauls*, and the *Romans* likewiſe obtain'd the Victory.

43 *Servius Tullius* was Son to *Oriculana*, whom *Juvenal* calls a Serving-Maid, but *Livy* ſuppoſes her to have been Wife to a Prince of *Corniculum*, who was kill'd at the taking of the Town, and his Wife was carried away Captive by *Tarquinius Priſcus*, and preſented as a Slave to his Wife *Tanaquil*, in whoſe Service ſhe was delivered of this *Tullius*. The Family had a great Reſpect for the Child, becauſe of a Lambent Fire they obſerved to play about his Head while he ſlept, which was interpreted as an Omen of his future Greatneſs; therefore Care was taken of his Education, and at laſt he was

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Nicely he gain'd, and well poſſeſt the Throne,
Not for his Father's Merit, but his own,
And reign'd, himſelf a Family alone.
When [44] *Tarquin*, his proud Succeſſor, was quell'd,
And with him Luſt and Tyranny expell'd;
The Conſul's [45] *Sons* (who for their Country's Good,
And to inhance the Honour of their Blood,
Shou'd have aſſerted what their [46] *Father* won;
And, to confirm that Liberty, have done
Actions which [47] *Cocles* might have wiſh'd his own;
What might to [48] *Mutius* wonderful appear;
And what bold [49] *Clelia* might with envy hear)
Open'd the Gates, endeavouring to reſtore
Their baniſh'd King, and arbitrary Power.
Whilſt a poor [50] *Slave*, with ſcarce a Name, betray'd
The horrid Ills theſe well born Rogues had laid;
Who therefore for their Treaſon juſtly bore
The Rods and Ax, ne'er us'd in *Rome* before.
If you have Strength *Achilles'* Arms to bear,
And Courage to ſuſtain a Ten Years War;
Tho' foul [51] *Therſites* got thee, thou ſhalt be
More lov'd by all, and more eſteem'd by me,
Than if by Chance you from ſome *Hero* came,
In nothing like your Father but his Name.
Boaſt then your Blood, and your long Lineage ſtretch
As high as *Rome*, and its great Founders reach;
You'll find, in theſe Hereditary Tales,
Your Anceſtors the [52] Scum of broken Jayles:
And [53] *Romulus*, your Honour's ancient Source,
But a poor Shepherd's Boy, or *ſomething worſe*.

Contracted to the King's Daughter: Whereupon *Ancus Martius* his two Sons (who were the true Heirs of the Crown) fearing his Marriage might hinder their Succeſſion, hired two Shepherds to aſſaſſinate *Tarquinius*, which they undertook,

took, but could not execute so dexterously as was expected; for the King lived some Days after the Blow was given, during which Time *Tanaquil* caus'd the Gates of the Palace to be kept shut, and amus'd the People (who were eager on a new Election) with Assurances that the Wound was not Mortal; That the King was in a fair way of Recovery, and till he could appear abroad, required them to pay Obedience to *Servius Tullius*; who by this Means first got Possession of the Government in the King's Name, and after his Death usurp'd it 44 Years in his own. At last he was forced out of the Senate by *Lucius Tarquinius*, thrown down Stairs, and murdered by his Orders. *Livy* adds this Commendation, That with him *Justa ac legitima regna occiderunt*; which agrees with *Juvenal's* calling him *The last good King*. For (44) *Tarquin*, who reigned 25 Years after him, was hated for his Pride and Cruelty, and for the barbarous Rape which his Son *Sextus* committed on *Lucretia*, Wife to *Collatinus*; who by the Help of 46. *L. Junius Brutus* reveng'd this Injury, by driving *Tarquin* and his whole Race out of *Rome*, which from that Time began to be governed by Consuls: and the better to secure their Liberty, *Brutus* administred an Oath by which the *Romans* obliged themselves never to suffer any more Kings, and made a Decree (which proved fatal to his Family) whereby it was declared a Capital Crime in any Person who should endeavour by any means to bring back the *Tarquins*. However, they gave not over their Pretensions, but sent Ambassadors under Pretence of soliciting that their Estates at least might be restored to them, but underhand to insinuate themselves among the loose young Noblemen (who grew weary of a Commonwealth, because the Rigour of their new Laws did not tolerate that licentious way of Living, which they enjoy'd under the Government of their Kings) and to concert with them the best Methods towards their Restoration. This Design was first proposed to the *Aquilii* and *Vitellii*: The last of these were Brothers to *Brutus's* Wife, and by that Alliance easily engaged (45) *Titus* and *Tiberius* (two Sons he had by her) in the Conspiracy, the Sum of which was, That the Gates of the City should be left open for the *Tarquins* to enter in the Night time; and that the Ambassadors might be assur'd

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of their Sincerity, each Member of the Cabal delivered them, the Night before they were to return, Letters under their own Hands for the *Tarquins*, with Promises to this Effect.

47 *Horatius Cocles* being posted to guard a Bridge, which he perceived the Enemy would soon be Master of, he stood resolutely and opposed Part of their Army, while the Party he commanded repass'd the Bridge, and broke it down after them; and then threw himself, armed as he was, into the *Tyber*, and escaped to the City.

48 *Mutius Scævola* went into the Enemies Camp with a Resolution to kill their King *Porsenna*, but instead of striking him, stabb'd one of his Guards; and being brought before the King, and finding his Error, in indignation he burned off his Right Hand as a Penalty for his Mistake.

49 *Clelia*, a *Roman* Virgin, who was given to *Porsenna* as an Hostage, made her Escape from the Guards, and swam over the *Tyber*.

50 *Vindicius*, a Slave who waited at Table, by Chance over-heard Part of their Discourse; and comparing these Circumstances with some others he had observ'd in their former Conferences, he went streight to the Consuls, and told what he had discovered. Orders were immediately issued out for searching the Ambassadors, the Letters above mentioned were intercepted, the Criminals seiz'd, and the Proof being evident against them, they suffered the Punishment (which was newly introduced) of being tied Naked to a Stake, where they were first Whipt by the Lictors, then Beheaded. And *Brutus*, by Virtue of his Office, was unhappily obliged to see this rigorous Sentence on his own Children.

To pursue the Story; the *Tarquins* finding their Plot had miscarried, and fearing nothing could be done by Treachery, struck up an Alliance with *Porsenna*, King of *Tuscany*, who pretending to restore them by open Force, march'd with a numerous Army, and besieged *Rome*: But was soon surpriz'd with three such Instances of the *Roman* Bravery, in the Persons of *Cocles*, *Mutius*, and *Clelia*, that he withdrew his Army, and courted their Friendship.

51 The ugly Buffoon of the *Grecian* Army.

52 *Romulus* finding the City, call'd by his Name, not sufficiently Peopled, established an *Asylum*, or Sanctuary, where all Out-Laws, Vagabonds,

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gabonds, and Criminals of what Nature soever, who could make their Escape thither, might live in all Freedom and Security.

53 The Author either means the *Bastard* of *Mars* and *Rhea Silvia* a Vestal Virgin, of whose Rape we have a Relation in the Beginning of *Ovid*'s Third Book *de Fastis*, or a *Parricide*, for Killing his Brother *Remus*.

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JUVENAL.

THE

NINTH SATYR.

By *STEPHEN HARVET*, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Juvenal *here (in Dialogue with* Nevolus*) expoſes the deteſtable Vice then practis'd in* Rome, *and the Covetouſneſs of a Rich old Citizen, which ſo prevail'd over his Pleaſure, that he would not gratify the Drudge who had ſo often Oblig'd him in the lewd Enjoyment of his Deſire.*

JUVENAL.

TELL me, why, faunt'ring thus from Place to Place,
I meet thee *(Nevolus)* with a Clouded Face?
What Human Ills can urge to this degree?
Not Vanquiſht [1] *Marſyas* had a Brow like thee;
Nor *Ravola* ſo ſneak'd and hung his Head,
Catch'd with that lewd Bawd *Rhodope* in Bed:

1 A *Phrygian*, who challenging *Apollo* at Muſick, was overcome, and flea'd alive for his Preſumption.

Our

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S. 9. p. 132.

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Our Grand Beau [2] *Pollio* ſeem'd not half ſo ſad
When not a Drachma cou'd in *Rome* be had.
When treble Uſe he proffer'd for a Friend,
And tempting Bribes did to the Scriv'ners ſend,
Yet none he found ſo much a Fool to lend.
Hard Fate! untroll'd is now the Charming Dye,
The Play-Houſe and the Parks unviſited muſt lie;
The Beauteous Nymph in vain he does adore,
And his gilt Chariot Wheels muſt Rowl no more.
But why theſe frightful Wrinkles in thy Prime?
That ſhew old Age ſo long before the time;
At loweſt Ebb of Fortune when you lay
(Contented then) how Merry was the Day!
But oh the Curſe of wiſhing to be Great:
Dazzled with Hope we cannot ſee the Cheat;
Where wild Ambition in the Heart we find,
Farewel Content and Quiet of the Mind.
For Glittering Clouds we leave the ſolid Shore,
And wonted Happineſs returns no more.
Till ſuch aſpiring Thoughts had fill'd thy Breaſt,
No Man ſo pleaſant, ſuch a chearful Gueſt;
So Brisk, ſo Gay, of that engaging Air,
No Mirth was Crown'd till *Nevolus* was there:
The Scene's now chang'd, that frolick Genius fled,
And Gloomy Thought ſeems enter'd in its ſtead:
Thy Cloaths worn out, no Hands nor Linnen clean,
And thy bare Skin through the large Rents is ſeen;
Thy Locks uncomb'd like a rough Wood appear,
And every Part ſeems ſuited to thy Care.
Where's now that labour'd Niceneſs in thy D[illegible]
And [illegible] that did the Spark expreſs
Quartane ever gave,
[illegible]s ſeem crawling to a Gr[illegible]
[illegible]hat had run out his E[illegible]

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When we are touch'd with ſome important Ill,
How vainly Silence would our Grief conceal!
Sorrow nor Joy can be diſguis'd by Art,
Our Foreheads blab the Secrets of our Heart:
By which (alas) 'tis evident and plain
Thy Hopes are daſh'd, and thy Endeavours vain;
And yet 'tis ſtrange! But lately thou wert known
For the moſt envied *Stallion* of the Town.
What conſcious [3] Shrine, what Cell by thee unſought,
Where Love's dark Pleaſures might be ſold and bought?
From human View you hid theſe Deeds of Luſt,
But Gods in Braſs and Marble you cou'd truſt:
Ceres [4] her ſelf not 'ſcap'd, for where can be
From Bawds and Proſtitutes an Altar free?
Nor didſt thou only for the Females burn,
The Husband and the Wife ſucceeded in their Turn.

Nev. This Life I own to ſome has Proſp'rous been;
But I have no ſuch Golden Minutes ſeen:
Right have you hit the Cauſe of my Diſtreſs,
None has Earn'd more, and been Rewarded leſs;
All I can gain is but a Threadbare Coat,
And that with utmoſt Pains and Drudging got:
Some Single Money too, but that (alas)
Broken and Counterfeit will hardly paſs.
Whilſt others, pamper'd in their ſhameleſs Pride,
Are ſerv'd in Plate, and in their Chariots ride:
Tell me what Mortal can his Grief contain,
That has, like me, ſuch Reaſon to complain?
On Fate alone Man's Happineſs depends,
To Parts conceal'd Fate's prying Pow'r extends:
And if our Stars of their kind Influence fail,
The Gifts of Nature, what will they avail?

3 The Temples, and Images of their Gods, were (by Night) the Common Places of Aſſignation.

4 To the Temple of *Ceres*, only the Chaſte and ſtricteſt Matrons were admitted, &c.

The

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The Gifts of Nature! Curſe upon the Thought!
By that alone I am to Ruin brought.
Old *Virro* did the Fatal Secret hear
(But Curſe on Fame that bore it to his Ear.)
What ſoft Addreſs his wooing did begin?
What Oaths, what Promiſes to draw me in?
Scarce cou'd they fail to make a Virgin Sin.
Who wou'd not then ſwear *Novolus* had ſped,
And Golden Show'rs were dropping on his Head?
But oh this Wretch, this Prodigy behold!
A Slave at once to Letchery and Gold!
For in the Act of his lewd Brutal Joy,
Sirrah! My Rogue (he cries) mine own dear Boy!
My Lad, My Life! already ask for more?
I paid laſt Bout, and you muſt quit the Score:
"Poor five [5] *Seſtertia* have been all my Gains,
"And what is that for ſuch deteſted Pains?
What is an Eaſe and Pleaſure, cou'dſt thou ſay
(Where Nature's Law forbids) to force my way
To the digeſted Meals of yeſterday?
The Slave more toil'd and harraſs'd will be found,
Who digs his Maſter's Buttocks, than his Ground:
But ſure old *Virro* thinks himſelf a Boy,
Whom *Jove* once more might languiſh to enjoy:
Sees not his wither'd Face and grizly Hair,
But would be thought Smooth, Charming, Soft, and Fair:
With Female Pride wou'd have his Love be ſought,
And every Smile with a Rich Preſent bought.
Say, Goat, for whom this Maſs of Wealth you heap?
For whom thy hoarded Bags in ſilence ſleep?
Apulian Farms, for the Rich Soil admir'd?
And thy large Fields where Falcons may be tir'd?
Thy Fruitful Vineyards on *Campanian* Hills?
(Tho' none drinks leſs, yet none more Veſſels fills)

5 A ſmall Coin among the *Romans*.

From

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From such a Store 'tis barbarous to grudge
A small Relief to your Exhausted Drudge:
Weigh well the Matter, wer't not fitter much
The Poor Inhabitants of yonder Thatch
Call'd me their Lord (who to Extreams am driven)
Than to some worthless Sycophant be given?
(Yet what smooth Sycophant by thee can gain,
When Lust it self strikes thy Flint-Heart in vain?)
A Beggar! Fie! 'tis Impudence, (he cry'd)
And such mean shifting Answers still reply'd:
But Rent unpaid, says Begg, till *Virro* Grant;
(How ill does Modesty consist with Want!)
My single Boy (like [6] *Polyphemus'* Eye)
Mourns his harsh Fate, and weeps for a Supply.
One will not do, hard Labour'd and hard Fed,
How then shall Hungry Two expect their Bread?
What shall I say, when rough *December* storms?
When Frost, and Snow, have crampt their Naked Arms?
What Comforts without Mony can I bring?
Will they be satisfy'd to think on Spring?

These Motives urg'd to his Obdurate Mind,
Is casting Water to the adverse Wind;
But one thing yet, base Wretch, I must impart,
Thy self shalt own, ungrateful as thou art:
At your Intreaties, had not I obey'd,
Still your deluded Wife had been a Maid:
Down on the Bridal-bed a Maid she lay,
A Maid she rose at the approaching Day.
Another Night, thy lumpish Love she try'd,
But still she rose a Virgin, and a Bride:
What cou'd have touch'd her more! away she flung,
And every Street of thy lost Manhood rung.

[6] A Giant of *Sicily*, and one of the *Cyclops*, who had but one Eye, and that in his Forehead, which *Ulysses* by Craft put out, and escap'd from him, &c.

Her

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Her ſpeaking Eyes were full of thy Diſgrace;
And her vext Thoughts abhorr'd the cold Embrace.
Such Wrongs what Wiſhing Woman cou'd have born?
In Rage, the Marriage Articles were torn:
Yet when ſhe vow'd to ſee thy Face no more,
And Heartleſs thou ſtood'ſt whining at the Door,
I met the Angry Fair, all over Charms,
And catch'd her flying from thy Frozen Arms:
Much Pains it coſt to Right the injur'd Dame;
A whole Night's Vigour, to repair thy Shame:
Witneſs your ſelf, who heard the lab'ring Bed,
And Shrieks at the departing Maiden-Head:
" Thus many a Spouſe, who wou'd her Choice recant,
" Is kept Obedient by a Kind Galant:
Now cou'd you ſhift all this, and paſs it o'er,
Yet (Monſter) I have left one Inſtance more.
Think, if ſo well her Buſineſs I have done,
As that Night's Service may produce a Son,
Our *Roman* Laws great Privilege afford
To him that ſtands a Father on Record:
Thy ſelf, 'tis true, a Cuckold thou muſt own,
But that Reproach is in my Breaſt alone;
To me the Pleaſure be, to thee the Fame,
My Brat ſhall thy Abilities proclaim;
And free thee ever from Inglorious Shame.
Let circling Wreaths adorn thy crowded Door,
Matrons, and Girls, ſhall hoot at thee no more,
But Stories to thy laſting Credit raiſe,
While fumbling Feebles grudge thy borrow'd Praiſe.

Juv. True, *Nevolus*, moſt aptly you complain;
But tho' your Griefs are juſt, they are in vain:
Your Service paſt he does with Scorn forget,
And ſeeks ſome other Fool, like thee, to cheat.

Nev. Beware, my Friend, and what I now reveal,
As the great Secret of thy Life conceal;

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A luſtful Pathick, when he turns a Foe;
He gives like Deſtiny a wardleſs Blow:
His Crimes are ſuch, they will not bear a Jeſt,
And Fire and Sword purſue the conſcious Breaſt.
For ſweet Revenge no Drugs will be too dear,
In Luſt, a Miſer, but a Spendthrift here.
Then ſlight him not, nor with his Scandal ſport,
But be as Mute as was [7] th' *Athenian* Court.

Juv. Dull [8] *Corydon!* Art thou ſo ſtupid grown,
To think a Rich Man's Faults can be unknown?
Has he not Slaves about him? Would not they
Rejoyce, and Laugh, ſuch Secrets to betray?
What more effectual to revenge their Wrongs,
Than the unbounded Freedom of their Tongues?
Or grant it poſſible to ſilence thoſe,
Dumb Beaſts and Statues wou'd his Crimes expoſe;
Try to Impriſon the reſiſtleſs Wind,
So ſwift is Guilt, ſo hard to be confin'd;
Tho' crafty Tears ſhou'd caſt a Vail between,
Yet in the Dark his Vices wou'd be ſeen:
And there's a Luſt in Man no Charm can tame,
Of loudly publiſhing our Neighbour's Shame;
On Eagle Wings immortal Scandals fly,
While Virtuous Actions are but Born, and Dye.
Let us live well, were it alone for This,
The baneful Tongues of Servants to deſpiſe.
Slander (the worſt of Poyſons) ever finds
An eaſie Entrance to ignoble Minds:
And they whoſe Vicious Lives, ſuch abject Foes muſt fear,
More mean and wretched far than their own Slaves appear.

Nev. Your Counſel's Good and Uſeful, 'tis confeſs'd;
But (oh) to me it is in vain addreſs'd.

7 The *Areopagus*, or Court of Juſtice at *Athens*, where they gave Sentence by Characters and Signs, *&c.*

8 The Common Name of a Shepherd, which he applies to *Nevolus*, for his Ignorance and Simplicity, in thinking the Vices of Great Men can be conceal'd.

Let

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Let the Great Man, whom gaping Crowds attend,
Fear a ſcourg'd Slave, or a diſſembling Friend;
No matter what I do, or what I ſay,
I have no Spies about me to betray:
And you adviſe me now my time is loſt,
And all my Hopes of proſp'rous Hours are Croſt;
My full-blown Youth already fades apace,
(Of our ſhort Being 'tis the ſhorteſt Space!)
While melting Pleaſures in our Arms are found,
While Lovers ſmile, and while the Bowl goes round;
While in ſurprizing Joys intranc'd we lie,
Old Age creeps on us, ere we think it nigh.

Juv. Fear not, thy Trade will never find an End,
While yon [9] Hills ſtand thou can'ſt not want a Friend;
By Land, and Sea, from every Point they come;
Then dread no Dearth of Proſtitutes at *Rome*.

New. Tell this to Happier Men, for I am ſped,
If all my Drudging can procure me Bread.
Ye Deities! The Subſtitutes of Heav'n!
To whom the Guide of Human Life is giv'n;
At whoſe lov'd Altars, with an ample Zeal,
(Tho' ſlender Sacrifice) I daily kneel,
His Ebbing Hours let your Poor Suppliant ſee,
From the mean Crutch, and a thatcht Cottage free;
No ſhameful Want nor troubleſom Diſeaſe,
But eaſie Death approaching by degrees;
Neceſſity ſupply'd wou'd Comfort bring:
Yet conſtant Store wou'd be a Glorious thing:
To treat a Friend, methinks, I wou'd afford,
While Silver Bowls ſtand ſmiling on my Board:
And when the Cares of *Rome* to Pleaſure yield;
Two [10] *Maſſian* Slaves ſhou'd bear me to the Field:

9 The ſeven Hills on which *Rome* was built.

10 *Maſſia*, a place near *Tuſcany*, famous for the great ſize and ſtrength of the Inhabitants.

Where-

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Where, on their Brawny Shoulders mounted high,
While the Brave Youth their Various Manhood try,
I wou'd the Thrones of Emperors defie.
Superfluous Wealth, and Pomp, I not desire;
But what Content, and Decency require.
Then might I live by my own Surly Rules,
Not forc'd to worship Knaves, and flatter Fools.
And thus secur'd of Ease, by shunning Strife,
With Pleasure would I Sail down the swift Stream of Life.
But oh ridiculous vain Wish, for One
Already lost, and doom'd to be undone.
Alas! what Hope remains! For to my Pray'rs
Regardless Fortune stops her wounded Ears:
As to the [11] *Syrens'* Charms, *Ulysses'* Mariners.

11 Mermaids on the Coast of *Sicily*, whose Charms *Ulysses* (being forewarn'd) avoided by stopping his Mariners Ears with Wax, and so sail'd by them securely; at which Disappointment they threw themselves into the Sea, and were turn'd into Rocks, &c. *Hom. Odyss. l.* 12.

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S. 1 C. P. 141.

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JUVENAL.

THE

TENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet's Design, in this Divine Satyr, is to repreſent the various Wiſhes and Deſires of Mankind; and to ſet out the Folly of 'em. He runs through all the ſeveral Heads of Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Fame for Martial Atchievements, Long Life, and Beauty; and gives Inſtances in each, how frequently they have prov'd the Ruin of thoſe that own'd them. He concludes therefore, that ſince we generally chuſe ſo ill for our ſelves, we ſhou'd do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the Choice for us. All we can ſafely ask of Heaven, lies within a very ſmall Compaſs. 'Tis but Health of Body and Mind——— *And if we have theſe, 'tis not much matter what we want beſides; for we have already enough to make us happy.*

LOOK

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LOOK round the Habitable World, how few
Know their own Good; or knowing it, purſue.
How void of Reaſon are our Hopes and Fears!
What in the Conduct of our Life appears
So well deſign'd, ſo luckily begun,
But, when we have our Wiſh, we wiſh undone?
Whole Houſes, of their whole Deſires poſſeſt,
Are often ruin'd, at their own Requeſt.
In Wars, and Peace, Things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own Deſire.
With Laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the Depths of Eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable Stream were Drown'd.
The [1] Brawny Fool, who did his Vigour boaſt,
In that Preſuming Confidence was loſt:
But more have been by Avarice oppreſt,
And Heaps of Money crowded in the Cheſt:
Unwieldy Sums of Wealth, which higher mount
Than Files of marſhall'd Figures can account.
To which the Stores of *Craſſus*, in the Scale,
Wou'd look like little Dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt Shadow of the *Britiſh* Whale.
For this, in *Nero*'s Arbitrary Time,
When Virtue was a Guilt, and Wealth a Crime,
A Troop of Cut-throat Guards were ſent, to ſeize
The rich Mens Goods, and gut their Palaces:
The Mob, Commiſſion'd by the Government,
Are ſeldom to an Empty Garret ſent.
The fearful Paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the Carriage of a Paltry Plate,
Shakes at the Moonſhine Shadow of aRuſh;
And ſees a Red-Coat riſe from ev'ry Buſh:

1 *Milo* of *Crotona*; who for a Tryal of his Strength, going to rend an Oak, periſhed in the Attempt: For his Arms were caught in the Trunk of it; and he was devoured by wild Beaſts.

The

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The Beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the Place
Beſet with Thieves, and never mends his Pace.
Of all the Vows, the firſt and chief Requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no Doubts the poor Man's Draught control;
He dreads no Poiſon in his homely Bowl.
Then fear the deadly Drug, when Gems Divine
Enchaſe the Cup, and ſparkle in the Wine.
Will you not now the Pair of Sages praiſe,
Who the ſame End purſu'd, by ſeveral Ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the Woful Times:
One laugh'd at Follies, one lamented Crimes:
Laughter is eaſie; but the Wonder lies,
What Store of Brine ſupply'd the Weeper's Eyes.
Democritus cou'd feed his Spleen, and ſhake
His Sides and Shoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho' in his Country Town no Lictors were,
Nor Rods, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear:
Nor all the Foppiſh Gravity of Show,
Which cunning Magiſtrates on Crowds beſtow:
What had he done, had he beheld on high
Our *Prætor* ſeated, in mock Majeſty;
His Chariot rowling o'er the duſty Place,
While, with dumb Pride, and a ſet formal Face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial Track,
With *Jove's* Embroider'd Coat upon his Back,
A Sute of Hangings had no more oppreſt
His Shoulders, than that long, laborious Veſt.
A heavy Gugaw, (call'd a Crown) that ſpread
About his Temples, drown'd his narrow Head:
And wou'd have cruſh'd it with the maſſy Freight,
But that a ſweating Slave ſuſtain'd the Weight:
A Slave in the ſame Chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortifie the mighty Madman's Pride.
Add now th' Imperial Eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden Beak (the Mark of Majeſty)

Trumpets

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Trumpets before, and on the Left and Right,
A Cavalcade of Nobles, all in White:
In their own Natures falſe and flatt'ring Tribes,
But made his Friends, by Places and by Bribes.
In his own Age, *Democritus* cou'd find
Sufficient Cauſe to laugh at Humane Kind:
Learn from ſo great a Wit; a Land of Bogs
With Ditches fene'd, a Heaven Fat with Fogs,
May form a Spirit fit to ſway the State;
And make the neighb'ring Monarchs fear their Fate.
He laughs at all the Vulgar Cares and Fears;
At their vain Triumphs, and their vainer Tears:
An equal Temper in his Mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our Vows requeſt,
Are hurtful Things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some ask for envy'd Pow'r; which publick Hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their Fate:
Down go the Titles; and the Statue Crown'd,
Is by baſe Hands in the next River drown'd.
The Guiltleſs Horſes and the Chariot Wheel
The ſame Effects of Vulgar Fury feel:
The Smith prepares his Hammer for the Stroke,
While the Lung'd Bellows hiſſing Fire provoke;
Sejanus [2] almoſt firſt of *Roman* Names,
The great *Sejanus* crackles in the Flames:
Form'd in the Forge, the Pliant Braſs is laid
On Anvils; and of Head and Limbs are made,
Pans, Cans, and Piſpots, a whole Kitchin Trade.

2 *Sejanus* was *Tiberius*'s firſt Favorite; and while he continued ſo, had the higheſt Marks of Honour beſtowed on him; Statues and Triumphal Chariots were every where erected to him: But as ſoon as he fell into Diſgrace with the Emperor, theſe were all immediately diſmounted; and the Senate and common People inſulted over him as meanly, as they had fawn'd on Him before.

Adorn

Adorn your Doors with Laurels; and a Bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a Rope is dragg'd along;
The Sport and Laughter of the giddy Throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what *Ethiop* Lips he has,
How foul a Snout, and what a hanging Face!
By Heav'n, I never cou'd endure his Sight;
But say, how came his monstrous Crimes to Light?
What is the Charge, and who the Evidence
(The Saviour of the Nation and the Prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old *Cæsar* sent
A noisie Letter to his Parliament:
Nay Sirs, if *Cæsar* writ, I ask no more,
He's guilty; and the Question's out of Door.
How goes the Mob? (for that's a mighty Thing,)
When the King's Trump, the Mob, are for the King:
They follow Fortune, and the common Cry
Is still against the Rogue condemn'd to die.
But the same very Mob, that Rascal Crowd,
Had cry'd *Sejanus*, with a Shout as loud;
Had his Designs (by Fortune's Favour bleft)
Succeeded, and the Prince's Age oppreſt.
But long, long since, the Times have chang'd their Face,
The People grown degenerate and base:
Not suffer'd now the Freedom of their Choice,
To make their Magistrates, and sell their Voice.
Our wise Fore-Fathers, great by Sea and Land,
Had once the Pow'r and absolute Command;
All Offices of Trust themselves dispos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd Depos'd.
But we who give our native Rights away,
And our enslav'd Posterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an Alms, and go
On Holidays to see a Puppet Show.
There was a damn'd Design, cries one, no doubt;
For Warrants are already issued out:

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I met *Brutidius* in a mortal Fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
fear the Rage of our offended Prince,
Who thinks the Senate ſlack in his Defence!
Come let us haſte our Loyal Zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched Corps of *Caeſar's* Foe:
But let our Slaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their Maſters, and for Gain betray.
Such were the Whiſpers of thoſe jealous Times,
About *Sejanus'* Puniſhment, and Crimes.
Now tell me truly, wou'd'ſt thou change thy State
To be, like him, Firſt Miniſter of State?
To have thy Levees crouded with Reſort
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile Court:
Diſpoſe all Honours of the Sword and Gown,
Grace with a Nod, and ruin with a Frown;
To hold thy Prince in pupil Age, and ſway,
That Monarch, whom the maſter'd World obey,?
While he, intent on ſecret Luſts alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the Throne;
Coop'd [3] in a narrow Iſle, obſerving Dreams
With flattering Wizards, and erecting Schemes!
I well believe, thou would'ſt be Great as he;
For ev'ry Man's a Fool to that degree:
All wiſh the dire Prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they wou'd have the Pow'r, who want the Will:
But would'ſt thou have thy Wiſhes underſtood,
To take the Bad together with the Good?
Wou'dſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall Renown,
To be the May'r of ſome poor paltry Town,

[3] The Iſland of *Capreæ*, which lies about a League out at Sea from the *Campanian* Shore, was the Scene of *Tiberius's* Pleaſures in the latter Part of his Reign. There he liv'd for ſome Years with Diviners, Soothſayers, and worſe Company——And from thence diſpatch'd all his Orders to the Senate.

Bigly

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Bigly to look, and barb'rously to speak;
To pound false Weights, and scanty Measures break?
Then, grant we that *Sejanus* want astray
In ev'ry Wish, and knew not how to pray:
For he who grasp'd the World's exhausted Store
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy Tow'r, of monstrous Height,
Which mould'ring, crush'd him underneath the Weight.
What did the mighty *Pompey* Fall beget?
It Ruin'd [4] him, who, Greater than the Great,
The Stubborn Pride of *Roman* Nobles broke;
And bent their haughty Necks beneath his Yoke:
What else, but his immoderate Lust of Pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a Luckless Hour?
For few Usurpers to the Shades descend
By a dry Death, or with a quiet End:
The Boy, who scarce has paid his Entrance down
To his proud Pedant, or declin'd a Noun,
(So small an Elf, that when the Days are foul,
He and his Satchel must be born to School:)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To [5] prove a *Tully*, or *Demosthenes*:
But both those Orators, so much renown'd,
In their own Depths of Eloquence were drown'd:
The Hand and Head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in Doggrel; or who punn'd in Prose.
Fortune [6] *foretun'd the Dying Notes of* Rome:
Till I, thy Consul sole, consul'd thy Doom.

His

4 *Julius Cæsar*, who got the better of *Pompey* that was stil'd *The Great*.

5 *Demosthenes* and *Tully*, both died for their Oratory. *Demosthenes* gave himself Poyson, to avoid being carried to *Antipater*, one of *Alexander's* Captains, who had then made himself Master of *Athens*. *Tully* was murdered by *M. Antony's* Order, in return for those Invectives he had made against him.

6 The *Latin* of this Couplet is a Famous Verse of *Tully's*,

H a in

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His Fate had crept below the lifted Swords,
Had all his Malice been to murder Words.
I rather wou'd be *Mævius*, threſh for Rhymes
Like his, the Scorn and Scandal of the Times,
Than 7 that *Philippique* fatally Divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the Second, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the Wonder of the *Grecian* Throng,
Who drove them with the Torrent of his Tongue,
Who ſhook the Theaters, and ſway'd the State
Of *Athens*, found a more propitious Fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding Horoſcope,
His Sire, the blear-ey'd *Vulcan* of a Shop,
From *Mars* his Forge ſent to *Minerva*'s Schools,
To learn th'unlucky Art of wheedling Fools.
With Itch of Honour, and Opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native Worth we ſtrain:
The 8 Spoils of War, brought to *Feretrian Jove*,
An empty Coat of Armour hung above
The Conqueror's Chariot, and in Triumph born,
A Streamer from a boarded Galley torn,
A Chap-faln Beaver looſely hanging by
The Cloven Helm, an Arch of Victory,
On whoſe high Convex ſits a Captive Foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful Look below;
Of ev'ry Nation, each Illuſtrious Name,
Such Toys as theſe have cheated into Fame:
Exchanging ſolid Quiet, to obtain
The windy Satisfaction of the Brain.

in which he ſets out the Happineſs of his own Conſulſhip; Famous for the Vanity, and the ill Poetry of it. For *Tully*, as he had a great deal of the one, ſo he had no great Share of the other.

7 The Orations of *Tully*, againſt *M. Antony*, were ſtil'd by him *Philippics*, in imitation of *Demoſthenes*, who had given that Name before to thoſe he made againſt *Philip* of *Macedon*.

8 This is a Mock-Account of a *Roman* Triumph.

So

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So much the Thirſt of Honour fires the Blood;
So many wou'd be Great, ſo few be Good.
For who wou'd Virtue for her ſelf regard,
Or Wed, without the Portion of Reward?
Yet this mad Chace of Fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn Deſtruction on the Multitude;
This Avarice of Praiſe in Times to come,
Thoſe long Inſcriptions, crowded on the Tomb,
Shou'd ſome wild Fig-Tree take her native Bent,
And heave below the gaudy Monument,
Wou'd crack the Marble Titles, and diſperſe
The Characters of all the lying Verſe.
For Sepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In Time's Abyſs, the common Grave of all.
Great *Hannibal* within the Balance lay;
And tell how many Pounds his Aſhes weigh;
Whom *Africk* was not able to contain,
Whoſe Length runs level with th' *Atlantick* Main,
And wearies fruitful *Nilus*, to convey
His Sun-beat Waters by ſo long a Way;
Which *Ethiopia*'s double Clime divides,
And Elephants in other Mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, th' *Pyrenæans* paſt,
And ſteepy *Alps*, the Mounds that Nature caſt:
And with corroding Juices, as he went,
A Paſſage through the living Rocks he rent.
Then, like a Torrent rowling from on high,
He pours his head-long Rage on *Italy*,
In three Victorious Battels over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſie, cries There's nothing done,
Till level with the Ground their Gates are laid;
And *Punick* Flags on *Roman* Tow'rs diſplay'd.
Ask what a Face belong'd to his high Fame:
His Picture ſcarcely wou'd deſerve a Frame:
A Sign-Poſt Dawber wou'd diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd Hero on his Elephant.

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Now what's his End? O charming Glory! say
What rare Fifth Act to Crown his huffing Play?
In one deciding Battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his Native Home:
Begs Refuge in a foreign Court, and there
Attends, his mean Petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by furly Grooms, who wait before
The sleeping Tyrant's interdicted Door.
What wond'rous sort of Death has Heav'n design'd,
Distinguish'd from the Herd of Human Kind,
For so untam'd, so turbulent a Mind?
Nor Swords at hand, nor hissing Darts afar,
Are doom'd t'avenge the tedious bloody War,
But Poison, drawn through a Ring's hollow Plate,
Must finish him: a sucking Infant's Fate.
Go, climb the Rugged *Alps*, ambitious Fool,
To please the Boys, and be a Theme at School.
One World sufficed not *Alexander's* Mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in Earth and Seas confin'd:
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless Limbs about
The narrow Globe, to find a Passage out.
Yet enter'd in the [9] Brick-built Town, he try'd
The Tomb, and found the strait Dimensions wide:
"Death only this mysterious Truth unfolds,
"The mighty Soul how small a Body holds.
Old [10] *Greece* a Tale of *Athos* wou'd make out,
Cut from the Continent, and sail'd about;

Seas

9 *Babylon*, where *Alexander* dy'd.

10 *Xerxes* is represented in History, after a very Romantick Manner, affecting Fame beyond Measure, and doing the most extravagant Things to compass it. Mount *Athos* made a prodigious Promontory in the Ægean Sea: He is said to have cut a Channel through it, and to have sail'd round it. He made a Bridge of Boats over the *Hellespont*, where it was three Miles broad: And ordered a Whipping for the Winds and Seas, because they had once crossed his Designs.

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Seas hid with Navies, Chariots passing o'er
The Channel, on a Bridge from Shore to Shore:
Rivers, whose Depth no sharp Beholder sees,
Drunk at an Army's Dinner, to the Lees;
With a long Legend of Romantick things,
Which in his Cups the Bowsy Poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty Brave,
Who whipt the Winds, and made the Sea his Slave?
(Tho' *Neptune* took unkindly to be bound;
And *Eurus* never such hard Usage found
In his *Æolian* Prison under Ground;)
What God so mean, ev'n [11] he who points the Way,
So Merciless a Tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he let us ask again?
In a poor Skiff he pass'd the Bloody Main,
Choak'd with the slaughter'd Bodies of his Train.
For Fame he pray'd, but let th' Event declare
He had no mighty Penn'worth of his Pray'r.
Jove grant me Length of Life, and Years good Store
Heap on my bended Back, I ask no more.
Both Sick and Healthful, Old and Young conspire
In this one silly Mischievous Desire.
Mistaken Blessing which Old Age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksom Hospital,
A ropy Chain of Rheums, a Visage rough,
Deform'd, Unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.

signs, as we have a very solemn Account of it in *Herodotus*. But, after all these vain Boasts, he was shamefully beaten by *Themistocles* at *Salamis*; and return'd home, leaving most of his Fleet behind him.

11 *Mercury*, who was a God of the lowest size, and employ'd always in Errands between Heaven and Hell. And Mortals us'd him accordingly: For his Statues were anciently plac'd, where Roads met; with Directions on the Fingers of 'em, Pointing out the several Ways to Travellers.

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A ſtitch-faln Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw;
Such Wrinkles, as a skilful Hand wou'd draw
For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a Grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern Face.
In Youth, Diſtinctions infinite abound;
No Shape, or Feature, juſt alike are found;
The Fair, the Black, the Feeble, and the Strong;
But the ſame Foulneſs does to Age belong,
The ſelf-ſame Palſie, both in Limbs and Tongue.
The Skull and Forehead one bald barren Plain;
And Gums unarm'd to mumble Meat in vain.
Beſides th'eternal Drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping Beard, from Noſtrils, Mouth and Eyes.
His Wife and Children loath him, and, what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive Carrion curſe!
Flatt'rers forſake him too; for who wou'd kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a Will?
His Taſte not only pall'd to Wine and Meat,
But to the Reliſh of a Nobler Treat.
The limber Nerve, in vain provok'd to riſe,
Inglorious from the Field of Battel flies:
Poor Feeble Dotard, how could he advance
With his blue Head-piece, and his broken Lance?
Add, that endeavouring ſtill without effect,
A Luſt more ſordid juſtly we ſuſpect.
Thoſe Senſes loſt, behold a new Defeat,
The Soul diſlodging from another Seat.
What Muſick, or enchanting Voice, can chear
A Stupid, Old, Impenetrable Ear?
No matter in what Place, or what Degree
Of the full Theater he ſits to ſee;
Cornets and Trumpets cannot reach his Ear:
Under an Actor's Noſe he's never near.
His Boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The Hour o'th'Day, or ſuch a Lord's at hand:

The

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The little Blood that creeps within his Veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot Fever's Pains.
In fine, he wears no Limb about him ſound:
With Sores and Sickneſſes beleaguer'd round:
Ask me their Names, I ſooner could relate
How many Drudges on Salt *Hippia* wait;
What Crouds of Patients the Town Doctor kills,
Or how, laſt Fall he reap'd the Weekly Bills.
What Provinces by *Baſſus* were ſpoil'd,
What Herds of Heirs by Guardians are beguil'd:
How many Bouts a'day that Bitch has try'd;
How many Boys that Pedagogue can ride;
What Lands and Lordſhips for their Owner know
My *Quondam* Barber, but his Worſhip now,
This Dotard of his Broken Back complains:
One his Legs fail, and one his Shoulder pains:
Another is of both his Eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for Aiming left.
A Fifth, with trembling Lips expecting ſtands,
As in his Childhood, cramm'd by others Hands:
One, who at ſight of Supper open'd wide
His Jaws before, and whetted Grinders try'd;
Now only yawns and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young Swallow, when with weary Wings
Expected Food her faſting Mother brings.
His Loſs of Members is a heavy Curſe,
But all his Faculties decay'd, a worſe!
His Servants Names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his Friend who ſupp'd with him laſt Night:
Not ev'n the Children he Begot and Bred;
Or his Will knows 'em not: For, in their ſtead,
In form of Law, a common Hackney Jade,
Sole Heir, for ſecret Services, is made:
So lewd and ſuch a hatter'd Brothel Whore,
That ſhe defies all Comers at her Door.

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Well, yet suppose his Sons are his own,
He lives to be chief Mourner for his Son:
Before his Face his Wife and Brother burnes:
He numbers all his Kindred in their Urns.
These are the Fines he pays for living long:
And dragging tedious Age in his own wrong:
Griefs always Green, a Houshold full in Tears,
Sad Pomps: A Threshold throng'd with daily Biers;
And Liveries of Black for length of Years.

Next to the Raven's Age, the *Pylian* [12] King
Was longest liv'd of any two-legg'd Thing;
Blest, to defraud the Grave so long, to mount
His [13] number'd Years, and on his Right-hand count;
Three hundred Seasons, guzzling Must of Wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himself repine
At Fate's Unequal Laws; and at the Clue
Which, [14] merciless in Length, the midmost Sister drew.
When his Brave Son upon the Fun'ral Pyre
He saw extended, and his Beard on Fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his Friends, what Crime
Had curs'd his Age to this unhappy Time?

Thus mourn'd Old *Priam* for *Achilles* slain,
And thus *Ulysses'* Father did complain.
How Fortunate an End had *Priam* made,
Among his Ancestors a mighty Shade,

12 *Nestor* King of *Pylus*; who was 300 Years old, according to *Homer's* Account, at least as he is understood by his Expositors.

13 The Ancients counted by their Fingers. Their *Left* Hand serv'd 'em 'till they came up to an Hundred. After that they us'd the *Right*, to express all greater Numbers.

14 The *Fates* were three Sisters, who had all some peculiar Business assign'd them by the Poets, in relation to the Lives of Men. The First held the Distaff; the Second spun the Thread; and the Third cut it.

While

While *Troy* yet stood: When *Hector* with the Race
Of Royal Bastards might his Fun'ral grace:
Amidst the Tears of *Trojan* Dames inurn'd,
And by his Loyal Daughters truly mourn'd!
Had Heav'n so blest him, he had dy'd before
The fatal Fleet to *Sparta Paris* bore.
But mark what Age produc'd; he liv'd to see
His Town in Flames, his falling Monarchy:
In fine, the feeble Sire, reduc'd by Fate,
To change his Scepter for a Sword too late,
His [15] last Effort before *Jove*'s Altar tries;
A Soldier half, and half a Sacrifice:
Falls like an Ox, that waits the coming Blow;
Old and unprofitable to the Plough.
At [16] least, he dy'd a Man, his Queen surviv'd,
To howl, and in a Barking Body liv'd.
I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great [17] *Mithridates*, and Rich [18] *Crœsus*' Fate;
Whom *Solon* wisely Counsell'd to attend
The Name of Happy, till he knew his End.

15 Whilst *Troy* was Sacking by the *Greeks*, Old King *Priam* is said to have Buckled on his Armour, to oppose 'em. Which he had no sooner done, but he was met by *Pyrrhus*, and slain before the Temple of *Jupiter*, in his own Palace, as we have the Story finely told, in *Virgil*'s 2d *Æneid*.

16 *Hecuba*, his Queen, escaped the Swords of the *Grecians*, and out liv'd him. It seems, she behaved her self so fiercely and unruly to her Husband's Murderers while she lived, that the Poets thought fit to turn her into a *Bitch*, when she dy'd.

17 *Mithridates*, after he had disputed the Empire of the World for 40 Years together with the *Romans*, was at last depriv'd of Life and Empire by *Pompey* the Great.

18 *Crœsus*, in the midst of his Prosperity, making his Boast to *Solon*, how happy he was, received this Answer from the Wise Man, That no One could pronounce himself Happy, 'till he saw what his End should be. The Truth of this *Crœsus* found, when he was put in Chains by *Cyrus*, and condemned to die.

That

That *Marius* was an Exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in Ruin'd *Carthage* begg'd his Bread,
All these were owing to a Life too long:
For whom had *Rome* beheld so Happy, young!
High in His Chariot, and with Lawrel Crown'd,
When he had led the *Cimbrian* Captives round
The *Roman* Streets; descending from his State,
In that bleſt Hour he should have begg'd his Fate.
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his Triumphant Soul with Shouts expir'd.
Campania, [19] Fortune's Malice to prevent,
To *Pompey* an indulgent Favour sent:
But publick Pray'rs impos'd on Heav'n, to give
Their much-lov'd Leader an unkind Reprieve.
The City's Fate and his conspir'd to save
The Head, reserv'd for an *Egyptian* Slave.
Cethegus, [20] though a Traytor to the State,
And tortur'd, 'scap'd this Ignominious Fate:
And *Sergius*, [21] who a bad Cause bravely try'd,
All of a Piece, and undiminish'd, dy'd.
To *Venus* the fond Mother makes a Pray'r,
That all her Sons and Daughters may be Fair:
True, for the Boys a mumbling Vow she sends;
But for the Girls the vaulted Temple rends:
They must be finish'd Pieces: 'Tis allow'd
Diana's Beauty made *Latona* proud:

19 *Pompey*, in the midst of his Glory, fell into a dangerous Fit of Sickness, at *Naples*. A great many Cities then made publick Supplications for him. He recovered, was beaten at *Pharsalia*, fled to *Ptolemy* King of *Ægypt*; and instead of receiving Protection at his Court, had his Head struck off by his Order, to please *Cæsar*.

20 *Cethegus* was one that conspir'd with *Catiline*, and was put to Death by the Senate.

21 *Catiline* dy'd Fighting.

And

And pleas'd, to see the wondring People pray
To the New-rising Sister of the Day.
And yet *Lucretia*'s Fate wou'd bar that Vow:
And Fair [22] *Virginia* wou'd her Fate bestow
On *Rutila*; and change her Faultless Make
For the foul Rumple of her Camel-back.
But, for his Mother's Boy, the Beau, what Fright
His Parents have by Day, what anxious Nights!
Form join'd with Virtue is a Sight too rare:
Chaste is no Epithet to suit with Fair.
Suppose the same Traditionary Strain
Of Rigid Manners, in the House remain;
Inveterate Truth, an old plain *Sabine*'s Heart;
Suppose that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his Soul a sober Grace,
And blush't a modest Blood into his Face
(For Nature is a better Guardian far,
Than sawcy Pedants, or dull Tutors are:)
Yet still the Youth must ne'er arrive at Man;
(So much Almighty Bribes, and Presents, can:)
Ev'n with a Parent, where Persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of such a Tyrant King
Who gelt a Boy deform'd, to hear him Sing.
Nor *Nero*, in his more luxurious Rage,
E'er made a Mistress of an ugly Page:
Sporus, his Spouse, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain Back, and Belly, from the Chine
Cross-barr'd: But both his Sexes well became.

[22] *Virginia* was kill'd by her own Father, to prevent her being expos'd to the Lust of *Appius Claudius*, who had ill Designs upon her. The Story at large is in *Livy*'s Third Book, and 'tis a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the Power of the *Decemviri*; of whom *Appius* was one.

So

Go, boast your *Springal*, by his Beauty curst
To Ills, nor think I have declar'd the worst;
His Form procures him Journey-work; a Strife
Betwixt Town Madams, and the Merchant's Wife:
Guess, when he undermines this publick War,
What furious Beasts offended Cuckolds are.
Adult'rers are with Dangers round beset;
Born under *Mars*, they cannot 'scape the Net;
And from revengeful Husbands oft have try'd
Worse handling, than severest Laws provide:
One stabs; one slashes; one, with cruel Art,
Makes *Colon* suffer for the peccant Part.
But your *Endymion*, your smooth, smock'-fac'd Boy,
Unrivall'd, shall a beauteous Dame enjoy:
Not so: One more Salacious, Rich, and Old,
Out-bids, and buys her Pleasure for her Gold:
Now he must moil, and drudge, for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in Equipage and Clothes:
She pawns her Jewels, and her rich Attire,
And thinks the Workman worthy of his Hire:
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean;
But in her Lusts, a conscionable Queen.
She may be handsom, yet be chaste, you say:
Good Observator, not so fast away:
Did it not cost the [23] modest Youth his Life,
Who shunn'd th' Embraces of his Father's Wife?
And was not t'other [24] Stripling forc'd to fly,
Who, coldly, did his Patron's Queen deny;
And pleaded Laws of Hospitality?

23 *Hippolitus*, the Son of *Theseus*, was lov'd by his Mother in Law *Phædra*. But he not complying with her, she procured his Death.

24 *Bellerophon*, the Son of King *Glaucus*, residing some time at the Court of *Prætus* King of the *Argives*, the Queen, *Sthenobœa*, fell in Love with him. But he refusing her, she turned the Accusation upon him; and he narrowly escap'd *Prætus*'s Vengeance.

The

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The Ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the Tide:
With Shame they reddens'd, and with Spight grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing Dame;
She loses Pity, who has lost her Shame.
Now [25] *Silius* wants thy Counsel, give Advice;
Wed *Cæsar*'s Wife, or die; the Choice is nice.
Her Comet-Eyes she darts on ev'ry Grace;
And takes a fatal Liking to his Face.
Adorn'd with Bridal Pomp she sits in State;
The Publick Notaries and *Aruspices* wait:
The Genial Bed is in the Garden dreſt:
The Portion paid, and ev'ry Rite expreſs'd,
Which in a *Roman* Marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n Wedding, this, rejecting Awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in Form of Law:
In this Moot-caſe, your Judgement: to refuſe
Is preſent Death, beſides the Night you loſe:
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A Day or two of anxious Life you gain:
Till loud Reports through all the Town have paſt,
And reach the Prince: For Cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy Pleaſure, Youth, and take thy ſwing:
For not to take, is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable Death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly through a Lady's Eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of Will?
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing Ill?
Receive my Counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy Fortune to the Pow'rs above.

25 *Meſſalina*, Wife to the Emperor *Claudius*, Infamous for her Lewdneſs. She ſet her Eyes upon *C. Silius*, a fine Youth; forc'd him to quit his own Wife, and Marry her with all the Formalities of a Wedding, whilſt *Claudius Cæſar* was Sacrificing at *Oſtia*. Upon his return, he put both *Silius* and her to Death.

Leave

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Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring Wisdom sees thee want:
In Goodness as in Greatness they excel;
Ah that we lov'd our selves but half so well!
We, blindly by our headstrong Passions led,
Are hot for Action, and desire to Wed;
Then wish for Heirs: But to the Gods alone
Our future Off-spring, and our Wives, are known;
Th'audacious Strumpet, and ungracious Son.
Yet, not to rob the Priests of pious Gain,
That Altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the Gods the rest, and stand confin'd
To Health of Body, and Content of Mind:
A Soul, that can securely Death defie,
And count it Nature's Privilege to die;
Serene and manly, hardned to sustain
The Load of Life, and exercis'd in Pain:
Guiltless of Hate, and Proof against Desire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the Toils of *Hercules*
To Dalliance, Banquets, and ignoble Ease.
The Path to Peace is Virtue: what I show,
Thy self may freely on thy self bestow:
Fortune was never worshipp'd by the Wise;
But, setaleft by Fools, usurps the Skies.

JUVE-

S.II. p. 161.

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JUVENAL.

THE ELEVENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *WILLIAM CONGREVE.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Design of this Satyr is to expose and reprehend all manner of Intemperance and Debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant Luxury used by the Romans, *in their Feasting. The Poet draws the Occasion from an Invitation, which he here makes to his Friend, to Dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his Treat, by beginning the Satyr with a particular Invective against the Vanity and Folly of some Persons, who having but mean Fortunes in the World, attempted to live up to the height of Men of great Estates and Quality. He shews us, the miserable End of such Spend-thrifts and Gluttons; with the Manner and Courses, which they took to bring themselves to it; advising Men to live within Bounds, and to proportion their Inclinations to the Extent of their Fortune. He gives*

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gives his Friend a Bill of Fare, of the Entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occasion to reflect upon the Temperance and Frugality of the Greatest Men, in former Ages: To which he opposes the Riot and Intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible Remissness, in the Care of Heaven over the Roman *State. He instances some lewd Practices at their Feasts, and by the by, touches the Nobility, with making Vice and Debauchery the chiefest of their Pleasures. He concludes with a repeated Invitation to his Friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a Neglect of all Cares and Disquiets, for the present; and the moderate Use of Pleasures, for the future.*

IF Noble [1] *Atticus* make plenteous Feasts,
And with luxurious Food indulge his Guests,
His Wealth and Quality support the Treat;
In him nor is it *Luxury*, but *State*.
But when poor [2] *Rutilus* spends all his Worth,
In hopes of setting one good Dinner forth;
'Tis down-right Madness; for what greater Vice,
Than *Begging Gluttons*, or than *Beggars Rich*?
But *Rutilus* is so notorious grown,
That he's the Common Theme of all the Town.
A Man, in his full Tide of Youthful Blood,
Able for Arms, and for his Country's Good;

[1] The Name of a very common Patron in *Rome*: But here it is meant to signify any one of great Wealth and Quality.

[2] One who by his own extravagant Gluttony, was at length reduc'd to the most lamentable Degree of Poverty. This likewise is here made use of, as a Common Name to all Beggarly Gluttons, such whose unreasonable Appetites remain after their Estates are consumed.

Urg'd

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Urg'd [3] by no Pow'r, restrain'd by no Advice,
But following his own inglorious Choice,
'Mongst common *Fencers*, Practises the Trade:
That End debasing, for which *Arms* were made;
Arms, which to Man ne'er-dying Fame afford!
But his *Disgrace* is owing to his *Sword*.
Many there are of the same [4] wretched Kind,
Whom their despairing Creditors may find
Lurking in Shambles; where with borrow'd Coin
They buy choice Meats, and in cheap Plenty dine:
Such, whose sole Bliss is Eating; who can give
But that one Brutal Reason why they live.
And yet, what's more ridiculous, of these
The poorest Wretch is still most hard to please;
And he, whose thin transparent Rags declare
How much his tatter'd Fortune wants Repair,
Wou'd ransack ev'ry *Element*, for Choice
Of ev'ry Fish and Fowl, at any Price;
If brought from far, if very dear has cost,
It has a Flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater Gust.
In Riot thus, while Money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new Pledges gives;

3 Sometimes Persons were compell'd by the Tyranny of *Nero*, to practise the Trade of Fencing, and to Fight upon the Stage, for his inhuman Diversion; otherwise, seldom any but common Slaves or condemn'd Malefactors were so employ'd: Which made it the greater Reflection on any Person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own Extravagance, for a Livelihood (like Nardus) apply'd himself to that wretched State.

——*Restrain'd by no Advice*, Hinting, that though he was not compell'd to such a Practice of Fencing; yet it was a Shame that he was suffer'd to undertake it, and not advised, or commanded by the Magistracy, to the contrary.

4 *Viz.* Reduced to Poverty by Riotous living.

Till

Till forc'd of meer Neceſſity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his Diſh to buy his Meat;
Nothing of Silver or of Gold he ſpares,
Not what his Mother's ſacred Image bears;
The broken [5] Relick he with ſpeed devours,
As he wou'd all the reſt of's Anceſtors,
If wrought in Gold, or if expos'd to Sale,
They'd pay the Price of one *Luxurious Meal.*
Thus certain Ruin treads upon his Heels,
The Stings of Hunger, ſoon, and Want he feels;
And thus is he reduc'd, at length, to ſerve
Fencers, for miſerable Scraps, or ſtarve.
Imagine now, you ſee a ſplendid Feaſt:
The Queſtion is, at whoſe Expence 'tis dreſt.
In great [6] *Ventidius*, we the *Bounty* prize;
In *Rutilus*, the *Vanity* deſpiſe.
Strange Ignorance! That the ſame Man, who knows
How far yond' Mount above this Mole-hill ſhows,
Shou'd not perceive a Difference as great,
Between ſmall Incomes and a vaſt Eſtate!
From Heav'n, to Mankind, ſure, that Rule was ſent,
Of *Know thy Self*, and by ſome God was meant
To be our never-erring *Pilot here*,
Through all the various Courſes which we ſteer.
Therſites [7], tho' the moſt preſumptuous *Greek*,
Yet durſt not for *Achilles'* Armour ſpeak;

When

5 Broken, or defaced; that it might not be diſcover'd to be his Mother's Picture, when expos'd to Sale.

6 A noble *Roman*, who liv'd hoſpitably.

7 An Impudent, Deform'd, Ill-Tongu'd Fellow (as *Homer* deſcribes him, *Iliad* 2.) who accompany'd the *Grecian* Army to the Siege of *Troy*; where he took a Privilege often to rail and ſnarle at the Commanders. Some relate, that at laſt *Achilles*, for his Sawcineſs, kill'd him with a Blow of his Fiſt. Therefore we are not to underſtand *Juvenal*, here,

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When ſcarce [8] *Ulyſſes* had a good pretence,
With' all th' advantage of his *Eloquence*.
Who-e'er attempts weak Cauſes to ſupport,
Ought to be very ſure, he's able for't;
And not miſtake ſtrong Lungs and Impudence,
For Harmony of Words, and Force of Senſe:
Fools only make Attempts beyond their Skill;
A Wiſe Man's Pow'r's the Limit of his Will.
If Fortune has a Niggard been to thee,
Devote thy ſelf to Thrift, not *Luxury:*
And wiſely make that Kind of Food thy Choice,
To which Neceſſity confines thy Price.
Well may they fear ſome miſerable End,
Whom Gluttony and Want, at once, attend;
Whoſe large voracious Throats have ſwallow'd *All*,
Both Land and Stock, Int'reſt and Principal:
Well may they fear, at length, vile [9] *Pollio*'s Fate,
Who ſold his very Ring, to purchaſe Meat;
And tho' a *Knight*, 'mongſt common Slaves now ſtands
Begging an Alms, with undiſtinguiſht Hands.
Sure ſudden Death to ſuch ſhou'd welcome be,
On whom, each added Year heaps Miſery,
Scorn, Poverty, Reproach, and Infamy.

here, as relating a matter of Fact; but *Therſites* is us'd here, to ſignify any body of the ſame kind: As before, *Atticus* and *Rutilus*. The Meaning is, that ſuch as he ought not (neither would he, had he been preſent) have preſumed to oppoſe *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* in contending for *Achilles* his Armour. See his Character admirably improv'd by Mr. *Dryden*, in his Tragedy of *Truth found too late*.

8 The moſt Eloquent of all the *Grecian* Princes. After *Achilles*'s Death, *Ajax* a fam'd *Grecian* Warrior pretended to his Armour, *Ulyſſes* oppoſed him, before a Council of War, and by his admirable Eloquence obtain'd the Prize. *Ov. Met.* 13.

9 Brought to that paſs, by his Gluttony; that he was forced to ſell his Ring, the Mark of Honour and Diſtinction worn by *Roman* Knights.

But

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But there are Steps in Villainy, which these
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow, and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small Stock of Credit gone,
Left *Rome* how'd grow too warm, from thence they run:
For of late Years 'tis no more Scandal grown,
For Debt and Roguery to quit the Town,
Than in the midst of Summer's scorching Heat,
From Crouds and Noise and Rudeness to retreat.
One only Grief such Fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the Pleasures left behind;
The Plays and loose Diversions of the Place;
But not one Blush appears for the Disgrace.
Ne'er was of Modesty so great a Dearth,
That out of Countenance Virtue's *fled from* Earth;
Baffled, expos'd to Ridicule and Scorn,
She's with [10] *Astræa* gone, ne'er to return.
This Day, my [11] *Persicus*, thou shalt perceive
Whether my self I keep those Rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected *Glutton* live;
If mod'rate Fare and Abstinence I prize
In publick, yet in private *Gormandize*.
Evander's [12] Feast reviv'd, to-day thou'lt see;
The poor *Evandir*, I, and thou, shalt be
Alcides. [13] and *Æneas* both to me.

10. The Goddess of Justice, whom the Poets feign to have fled to Heaven after the Golden Age.

Ultima Cœlestum Terras Astræa reliquit. Ovid.

11. *Juvenal*'s Friend; to whom he makes an Invitation, and addresses this Satyr.

12. A Prince of *Arcadia*, who unluckily killing his Father, forsook his own Country, and came into *Italy*; foreseeing in this place, where afterwards Rome was built. *Virgil* also, tells us that he entertain'd both *Hercules* and *Æneas*; when he was in a low Condition.

13. *Hercules*, so called from his Grandfather *Alceus*.

Mean-

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Mean-time, I send you now your Bill of Fare;
Be not surpris'd, that 'tis all homely Cheer:
For nothing from the Shambles I provide,
But from my own small Farm, the tender'st *Kid*,
And Fatteſt of my Flock, a *Suckling* yet,
That ne'er had Nourishment, but from the Teat;
No bitter Willow-tops have been its Food,
Scarce Graſs; its Veins have more of Milk than Blood.
Next that, shall Mountain *Sturgeons* be laid,
Pull'd by some plain, but cleanly Country-Maid,
The largeſt Eggs, yet warm within the Neſt,
Together with the Hens which laid 'em, dreſt;
Cluſters of Grapes, preſerv'd for half a Year,
Which plump and freſh as on the Vines appear;
Apples, of a ripe Flavour, freſh and fair,
Mixt with the *Syrian* and the *Signian* Pear,
Mellow'd by Winter from their cruder Juice,
Light of Digeſtion now, and fit for Uſe.

Such Food as this, wou'd have been heretofore
Accounted Riot, in a *Senator*:
When the good [14] *Curius* thought it no Diſgrace,
With his own Hands, a few ſmall Herbs to dreſs;
And from his little Garden call'd a Feaſt,
Which fetter'd Slaves wou'd now diſdain to taſte.
For ſcarce a Slave, but has to Dinner, now,
The well-dreſs'd [15] Paps of a fat pregnant Sow.

But heretofore 'twas thought a ſumptuous Treat,
On Birth-Days, Feſtivals, or Days of State,
A ſalt dry Fliteh of Bacon to prepare;
If they had freſh Meat, 'twas delicious Fare!

14. *Curius Dentatus*, a great Man who had been three times Conſul of *Rome*, and had triumph'd over many Kings; yet as great an Example of Temperance as Courage.

15. A Diſh in great Eſteem among the *Romans*.

——*Nil Vulva pulcrius ampla.* Horat.

Which

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Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly priz'd
If [16] ought was left of what they Sacrific'd.
To Entertainments of this kind, wou'd come
The Worthieſt and the Greateſt Men in *Rome*;
Nay, ſeldom any at ſuch Treats were ſeen,
But thoſe who had at leaſt thrice [17] *Conſuls* been;
Or the [18] *Dictator*'s Office had diſcharg'd,
And now from Honourable Toil enlarg'd,
Retir'd to Husband and Manure their Land,
Humbling themſelves to thoſe they might Command.
Then might y'have ſeen the good old Gen'ral haſte,
Before th' appointed [19] Hour, to ſuch a Feaſt;
His Spade aloft, as 'twere in Triumph held,
Proud of the Conqueſt of ſome ſtubborn Field.
'Twas then, when pious *Conſuls* bore the Sway,
When Vice diſcourag'd, pale and trembling lay.

16 If they kill'd a Sacrifice, and any Fleſh remain'd to ſpare, it was priz'd as an accidental Rarity.

17 By the Tyranny of *Tarquinius Superbus*, (the laſt *Roman* King) the very Name of King became hateful to the People. After his Expulſion, they aſſembled, and reſolv'd to commit the Government, for the future, into the Hands of two Perſons, who were to be choſen every Year anew, and whom they call'd *Conſuls*.

18 *Dictator* was a General choſen upon ſome emergent Occaſion; his Office was limited for ſix Months; which time expired (if occaſion were) they choſe another, or continued the ſame, by a new Election. The *Dictator* differed in nothing from a King, but in his Name, and the Duration of his Authority: His Power being full as great, but his Name not ſo hateful to the *Romans*.

19 It was accounted Greedineſs, and ſhameful, to eat before the uſual Hour, which was their Ninth Hour; and our three a Clock, Afternoon. But upon Feſtival Days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary Hour; and always excuſable in old People.

Our

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Our [20] *Cenſors* then were ſubject to the Law,
Ev'n Pow'r it ſelf, of Juſtice ſtood in awe.
It was not, then, a *Roman's* anxious Thought,
Where largeſt Tortoiſe-Shells were to be bought.
Where Pearls might of the greateſt Price be had,
And ſhining Jewels to adorn his [21] Bed,
That he at vaſt Expence might loll his Head.
Plain as his Couch, and only rich his Mind;
Contentedly he ſlept, as cheaply, as he din'd.
The Soldier then, in [22] *Gracian* Arts unſkill'd,
Returning rich with Plunder, from the Field;
If Cups of Silver, or of Gold he brought,
With Jewels ſet, and exquiſitely wrought,
To glorious Trappings ſtreight the Plate he turn'd,
And with the glitt'ring Spoil his Horſe adorn'd;
Or elſe a Helmet for himſelf he made,
Where various warlike Figures were inlaid:
The *Roman Wolf* ſuckling the [23] Twins was there,
And *Mars* himſelf, arm'd with his Shield and Spear,

20 *Cenſors* were two great Officers, part of whoſe Buſineſs was to inſpect the Lives and Manners of Men; they had Power even to degrade Knights and exclude Senators, when guilty of great Miſdemeanors: And in former Days they were ſo ſtrict, that they ſtood in awe one of another.

21 The manner of the *Romans* Eating, was to lye upon Beds or Couches about the Table, which formerly were made of plain Wood, but afterwards at great Expence, adorn'd with Tortoiſe-Shells, Pearls, and Ivory.

22 The *Romans* copied their Luxury from the *Greeks*; the Imitation of whom, was among them as fashionable, as of the *French* among us. Which occaſions this Saying, with ſo much Indignation in our Poet, *Sat.* 3.

-----Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Graecam Urbem-------

23 *Romulus* and *Remus*, Twins, and Founders of the *Roman* Empire; whom the Poets feign were nurſt by a Wolf: The Woman's Name being *Lupa*.

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Hov'ring above his Creſt, did dreadful ſhow,
As threatning Death to each reſiſting Foe.
No uſe of Silver, but in Arms, was known;
Splendid they were in War, and there alone.
No Side-boards, then, with gilded Plate were dreſs'd;
No ſweating Slaves, with maſſive Diſhes preſs'd;
Expenſive Riot was not underſtood,
But Earthen Platters held their homely Food.
Who wou'd not envy them that Age of Bliſs,
That ſees with ſhame the *Luxury* of This?
Heaven unwearied then, did Bleſſings pour,
And pitying Jove *foretold each dang'rous Hour;*
Mankind were then familiar with the God,
He ſnuff'd their Incenſe with a gracious Nod:
And wou'd have ſtill been bounteous, as of Old,
Had we not left him for that Idol, Gold.
His Golden [24] *Statues hence the God have driv'n:*
For well he knows, where our Devotion's giv'n,
'Tis Gold we Worſhip, though we pray to Heav'n.
Woods of our own afforded Tables then,
Tho' none can pleaſe us now but from *Japan.*
Invite my *Lord* to Dine, and let him have
The niceſt Diſh his Appetite can crave;
But let it on an Oaken Board be ſet,
His Lordſhip will grow ſick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiſs, he knows not what to think,
Either your *Veniſon*'s rank, or [25] *Ointments* ſtink.
Order ſome other Table to be brought,
Something at great Expence in *India* bought,

24 Formerly the Statues of the Gods were made of Clay: But now of Gold. Which Extravagance was diſpleaſing even to the Gods themſelves.

25 The *Romans* uſed to anoint themſelves with ſweet Ointments, at their Feaſts, immediately after Bathing.

Beneath

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Beneath whoſe *Orb* large yawning *Panthers* lie,
Carv'd on rich Pedeſtals of [26] *Ivory:*
He finds no more of that offenſive Smell,
The Meat recovers, and my Lord grows well.
An Iv'ry Table is a certain Whet;
You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new Vigour to his Teeth were ſent,
By *Sympathy* from thoſe o'th *Elephant.*
But ſuch fine Feeders are no Gueſts for me:
Riot agrees not with Frugality;
Then, that unfaſhionable Man am I,
With me they'd ſtarve, for want of Ivory:
For not one Inch does my whole Houſe afford,
Not in my very *Tables,* or *Cheſs-board;*
Of Bone the Handles of my Knives are made,
Yet no ill Taſte from thence affects the Blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unſav'ry *Haut-gouſt* from the Haft.
A hearty Welcome, to plain wholſom Meat,
You'll find, but ſerv'd up in no formal State;
No *Sew'rs,* nor dextrous *Carvers* have I got,
Such as by skilful [27] *Trypherus* are taught:
In whoſe fam'd Schools the various Forms appear
Of Fiſhes, Beaſts, and all the Fowls o'th' Air;
And where, with blunted Knives, his *Scholars* learn
How to diſſect, and the nice Joints diſcern;
While all the Neighb'rhood are with Noiſe oppreſt,
From the harſh Carving of his *wooden Feaſt.*
On me attends a raw unskilful Lad,
On Fragments fed, in homely Garments clad,
At once *my Carver,* and my [28] *Ganymede;*

26 Ivory was in great eſteem among them, and prefer'd to Silver.

27 There were in *Rome,* Profeſſors of the Art of Carving; who taught publickly in Schools. Of this kind, *Trypherus* was the moſt Famous.

28 Cup-bearer.

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With diligence he'll ſerve us while we dine,
And in plain Beechen Veſſels fill our Wine.
No Beauteous Boys I keep, from [29] *Phrygia* brought,
No *Catamites*, by ſhameful *Pandars* taught:
Only to me two home-bred Youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their Mother-Tongue;
Alike in Feature both, and Garb appear,
With honeſt Faces, tho' with uncurl'd Hair.
This Day thou ſhalt my Rural Pages ſee,
For I have dreſs'd 'em both to wait on thee.
Of Country Swains they both were born, and one
My *Ploughman*'s is, t'other my *Shepherd*'s Son;
A chearful Sweetneſs in his Looks he has,
And Innocence unartful in his Face:
Tho' ſometimes Sadneſs will o'er-caſt the Joy,
And gentle Sighs break from the tender Boy;
His Abſence from his Mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his Eyes look Wiſhes to return;
Longing to ſee his tender Kids again,
And feed his Lambs upon the flowry Plain.
A modeſt Bluſh he wears, not form'd by Art,
Free from Deceit his Face, and full as free his Heart.
Such Looks, ſuch Baſhfulneſs, might well adorn
The Cheeks of Youths that are more Nobly born;
But Noblemen thoſe humble Graces ſcorn.
This Youth to-day ſhall my ſmall Treat attend,
And only he with Wine ſhall ſerve my Friend,
With Wine from his own Country brought, and made
From the ſame Vines, beneath whoſe fruitful Shade
He and his wanton Kids have often play'd.
But you, perhaps, expect a modiſh Feaſt,
With am'rous Songs and [30] wanton Dances grac'd;

[29] *Phrygia*: Whence pretty Boys were brought to *Rome*, and ſold publickly in the Markets, to vile uſes.

[30] An uſual part of the Entertainment, when Great Men Feaſted, was to have wanton Women Dance after a laſcivious manner.

Where

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Where ſprightly Females, to the Middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the Ground, and friſk in Air;
Whoſe pliant Limbs in various Poſtures move,
And twine and bound, as in the Rage of Love.
Such Sights the languid Nerves to Action ſtir,
And jaded Luſt ſprings forward with this Spur.
Virtue [31] would ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told,
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold;
A needful Help, to make 'em both approve
The dry Embraces of long-wedded Love.
In Nuptial Cinders this revives the Fire,
And turns their mutual Loathing to Deſire.
But ſhe who, by her Sex's Charter, muſt
Have double Pleaſure paid, feels double Luſt;
Apace ſhe warms with an immod'rate Heat,
Strongly her Boſom heaves, and Pulſes beat;

[31] *Virtue wou'd ſhrink to hear this Lewdneſs told*
Which Husbands, now, do with their Wives behold.

These Lines in *Juvenal*,

Spectant hoc nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narraſſe aliquem præſentibus ipſis,

in ſome late Editions, are placed nearer the latter end of this Satyr: And in the order of this Tranſlation, wou'd ſo have follow'd, after Line 5, 6. in Page 196, *viz.*

Such Shows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports enclin'd.

But I have continued them in this Place after *Lubin*. Beſides, the Example of the learned *Holyday* for the ſame Poſition, agreeing better here, in my Mind, with the Senſe both before and after. For the *Megalenſian* Games conſiſting chiefly of Races, and ſuch like Exerciſes; I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cauſe of Shame lay in Female Spectators: But it was a manifeſt Immodeſty for 'em to lye by their Husbands, and ſee the lewd Actions of their own Sex in the manner deſcrib'd.

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With glowing Cheeks, and trembling Lips she lies,
With Arms expanded, and with naked Thighs,
Sucking in Passion both at Ears and Eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my Estate,
These are the vicious Follies of the Great.
Let him who does on Iv'ry Tables dine,
Whose Marble Floors with drunken Spawlings shine;
Let him lascivious Songs and Dances have:
Which, or to see, or hear, the lewdest Slave,
The vilest Prostitute in all the Stews,
With Bashful Indignation wou'd refuse.
But Fortune, there, extenuates the Crime;
What's Vice in me, is only Mirth in him;
The Fruits which Murder, Cards, or Dice afford,
A *Vestal* ravish'd, or a *Matron* whor'd,
Are laudable Diversions in a *Lord*.

But my poor Entertainment is design'd
T'afford you Pleasures of another kind:
Yet with your Taste your Hearing shall be fed,
And *Homer*'s Sacred Lines, and *Virgil*'s read;
Either of whom does all Mankind excel,
Tho' which exceeds the other, none can tell.
It matters not with what ill Tone they're Sung;
Verse so sublimely good no Voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty Cares away,
Thy Jealousies and Fears, and, while you may,
To Peace and soft Repose give all the Day.
From Thoughts of Debt, or any worldly Ill,
Be free; be all uneasy Passions still.
What tho' thy Wife do with the Morning Light,
(When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudg'd all Night)
Steal from thy Bed and House, abroad to roam,
And having quench'd her Flame, comes breathless home,
Fleck'd in her Face, and with disorder'd Hair,
Her Garments ruffled, and her Bosom bare;

With

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With Ears ſtill tingling, and her Eyes on fire,
Half drown'd in Sin, ſtill burning in Deſire:
Whilſt you are forc'd to wink, and ſeem content,
Swelling with Paſſion, which you dare not vent;
Nay, if you wou'd be free from Night-alarms,
You muſt ſeem fond, and doating on her Charms,
Take her (the laſt of Twenty) to your Arms.
Let this, and ev'ry other anxious Thought,
At th' Entrance of my Threſhold be forgot;
All thy domeſtick Griefs at home be left,
The Wife's Adult'ry, with the Servants Theft;
And (the moſt racking Thought, which can intrude)
Forget falſe Friends and their Ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful Mirth at home begin,
While [32] *Megalenſian* Shows are in the [33] *Circus* ſeen:
There (to the Bane of Horſes) in high State
The [34] *Prætor* ſits, on a triumphal Seat:
Vainly with Enſigns, and with Robes adorn'd,
As if with Conqueſt from the Wars return'd.
This Day all *Rome*, (if I may be allow'd,
Without Offence to ſuch a num'rous Crowd,
To ſay all *Rome*) will in the *Circus* ſweat;
Echo's already do their Shouts repeat:
Methinks I hear the Cry——*Away, away,*
The [35] *Green have won the Honour of the Day.*

Oh

32 Games in Honour of *Cybele*, the Mother of the Gods. She was call'd μεγάλη μήτηρ, *Magna Mater*, and from thence theſe Games *Megaleſia*, or *Ludi Megalenſes*; they began upon the 4th of *April*, and continued ſix Days.

33 The Place where thoſe Games were celebrated.

34 An Officer not unlike our Mayor or Sheriff. He was to overſee thoſe Sports, and ſate in great State, while they were acting; to the Deſtruction of many Horſes, which were ſpoiled in running the Races.

35 In running the Races in the *Circus*, with Horſes in Chariots, there were four diſtinct Factions, known by their Liveries: Which were Green, a

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Oh, ſhould theſe Sports be but one Year forborn,
Rome wou'd in Tears her lov'd Diverſion mourn;
For that would now a Cauſe of [36] Sorrow yield,
Great as the loſs of [37] *Cannæ*'s fatal *Field*.
Such Shows as theſe were not for us deſign'd,
But vig'rous Youth to active Sports inclin'd.
On Beds of *Roſes* laid, let us repoſe,
While round our Heads refreſhing *Ointment* flows;
Our aged Limbs we'll bask in *Phœbus*' Rays.
And live this Day devoted to our Eaſe.
Early to day we'll to the *Bath* repair.
Nor need we now the common [38] Cenſure fear:
On *Feſtivals*, it is allow'd no Crime
To Bathe, and Eat, before the uſual Time:
But that continu'd, wou'd a Loathing give,
Nor could you thus a Week together live:
For, frequent Uſe would the Delight exclude;
Pleaſure's a Toil, when conſtantly purſu'd.

kind of Ruſſet Red, White, and Blue. One of theſe Factions was always favour'd by the Court, and at this time probably the Green. Which makes our Poet fancy he hears the Shouts, for Joy of their Party. Afterward *Domitian* added two more, the Golden and Purple Factions.

36 Reflecting on the immoderate Fondneſs the *Romans* had for ſuch Shows.

37 A ſmall Town, near which *Hannibal* obtained a great Victory over the *Romans*: In that Battle were ſlain 40000 Men, and ſo many Gentlemen that he ſent three Buſhels full of Rings to *Carthage*, as a Token of his Victory.

38 See the Notes at *Fig.* 19.

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S. 12.

JUVENAL.

THE

TWELFTH SATYR.

By Mr. *THOMAS POWER*, Fellow of *Trinity*-College in *Cambridge*.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet invites Corvinus *to assist at the Performance of a Sacrifice he had Vow'd to the Gods, and was now thankfully Offering up for the Safety of his Friend* Catullus *the Merchant, who with the Loss of his Goods, had escap'd the double Danger of Fire and Water. He professes the Reality of his Friendship, and the sincerity of his Intentions, that what he did in this nature, was without any Design upon* Catullus, *or Prospect of Advantage from him, who had three Children to leave his Estate to. And here taking the hint, he exercises his Satyrical Vein upon the* Hæredipetæ, *or Legacy-Hunters, who made their Court to, and*

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largely presented, and in their Sickness Sacrificed for the Health of Rich Childless Men, in hopes to be consider'd in their Will: Among the rest, he singles out one Pacuvius, *a Fellow very dextrous at, and notorious for, this Practice: And concludes all with a Wish for* Pacuvius; *which some covetous Persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a Curse.*

THIS Day's, this joyful Day's Solemnity
Do's with my Birth-days more than equal vie:
Of Graffie Turves the rural Altar's rear'd,
Expect the Firstlings of the Flock and Herd;
To Royal *Juno*, and the Warlike *Maid*,
Shall in a Lamb to each my Vows be paid;
A Steer, of the first Head in the whole Drove,
Reserve we sacred to [2] *Tarpeian Jove*:
Forward he bounds his Rope's extended length,
With pushing Front; proud since he try'd his Strength,
And budding Horns, against an adverse Oak;
Fit for the Altar, and the fatal Stroke.

1 The Queen of the Gods; so call'd by the Poets, as being Wife to *Jupiter*, who was the Supream Deity of the *Greeks* and *Romans*. By the *Warlike Maid*, is meant *Pallas* or *Minerva*, the Goddess of Learning and War. They had their peculiar Sacrifices appointed them in the Rituals or Books of Ceremonies of the Ancients: White Bulls were offer'd to *Jupiter*; white Cows to *Juno* and *Minerva*. The Poet, tho' not able to undergo the Charge of so great a Sacrifice, yet willing to shew his Devotion, and pay his Vow for his Friend's safe Arrival, proportionable to his Estate, offers to *Juno* an Ewe Lamb, another to *Minerva*, and to *Jupiter* a young Bullock.

2 On Mount *Capitol*, otherwise called the *Tarpeian* Hill, from the *Vestal* Virgin *Tarpeia*, that betray'd it to the *Sabines*, *Jupiter* had a Temple, whence he was Named *Tarpeian* and *Capitoline*.

Were

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Were but my Fortunes equal to my Mind,
My bounteous Love more nobly had design'd;
A Bull high-fed should fall the Sacrifice;
One of [3] *Hispulla*'s huge prodigious Size:
Not one of those our Neighbouring Pastures feed,
But of [4] *Clitumnus*' whitest Sacred Breed;
The lively Tincture of whose gushing Blood,
Shou'd clearly prove the Richness of his Food:
A Neck so strong, so large, as wou'd demand
The speeding Blow of some [5] uncommon Hand.
This for my Friend, or more, I wou'd perform;
Who, Danger-free, still trembles at the Storm,
Presenting Forms so hideous to his Sight,
As Safety scarce allays the wild Affright.
First from a Cloud, that Heav'n all over cast,
With Glance so swift the subtle Lightning past,
As split the Sail-Yards; trembling, and half-dead,
Each thought the Blow was levell'd at his Head:
The flaming Shrouds so dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a Wreck cou'd no Proportion bear.
So Fancy paints, so does the Poet write,
When he wou'd work a Tempest to the height.
This Danger past, a second does succeed;
Again with Pity, and Attention, heed:

3 A fat sensual Lady, noted as infamous for keeping a Player, *Sat.* 6.

4 A River that divides *Tuscany* and *Umbria*, whose Water, as *Pliny* relates, makes the Cows that drink of it calve their Young white: Whence the *Romans*, as *Virgil* and *Claudian* observe, were plentifully furnished with Sacrifices for *Jupiter Capitoline*.

5 The *Grandis Minister* of *Juvenal* some interpret in a Sense referring to the Quality of the Person, as if the Chief Pontiff, and not one of the *Popa's*, or ordinary Officers, was to give the Blow: But as it is unseemly to make the Chief Pontiff descend to so mean Office; so it is more probable the Poet meant not the Dignity, but the Size and Strength of the Person.

No

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No leſs this ſecond, tho' of different Kind;
Such as, in [6] *Iſis'* Temple, you may find
On votive Tablets, to the Life pourtray'd;
Where Painters are employ'd, and earn their Bread.
What Painters in their liveli'ſt Draughts expreſs,
May be a Copy of my Friend's Diſtreſs.
For now a Sea into the Hold was got;
Wave upon Wave another Sea had wrought,
And nigh o'erſet the Stern on either Side:
The Hoary Pilot his beſt Skill apply'd;
But uſeleſs all when he deſpairing found,
Catullus then did with the Winds compound.
Juſt as the [7] Beaver, that wiſe thinking Brute,
Who, when hard hunted on a cloſe Purſuit,
Bites off his Stones, the Cauſe of all the Strife,
And pays 'em down a Ranſom for his Life.
Over with all he cries, with all that's mine;
Without Reſerve I freely all reſign:
Rich Garments, Purple dy'd in Grain, go o'er;
No ſoft [8] *Mecænas* ever choicer wore: And

[6] The *Ægyptian* Goddeſs, look'd upon by Merchants and Seamen as their Patroneſs; to whom they made their Vows in their Extremity. The Cuſtom was for thoſe that eſcap'd, to hang upon the Walls of her Temple the Picture of a Wreck or Storm, which was call'd a Votive Table; and her Votaries, it ſeems, were ſo numerous, that ſhe was forc'd to employ a whole Company of Painters in her Service.

[7] A proper Simile, and good Moral Alluſion; but the Ground is wholly fabulous; and has experimentally been proved ſo by *Seſtius* a Phyſician, as it ſtands related by *Pliny*. Dr. *Brown*, in his Book of Vulgar Errors, ſays, That the Teſticles, properly ſo called, are ſeated inwardly upon the Loins; and therefore it were not only a Fruitleſs Attempt, but an Impoſſible Act, to caſtrate it ſelf: And might be an hazardous Practice of Art, if at all attempted by others.

[8] *Auguſtus* his great Favourite; and Patron to *Virgil* and

And others of that Fleece, that never dy'd,
Or ſtain'd by Art, is rich in Nature's Pride;
Such as its Tincture from the Soil does bear,
By noble Springs improv'd and [9] *Bætick* Air.
Nor ſtopt he ſo, but over went his Plate
Made by [10] *Parthenius*, follow'd by a great
And maſſie Goblet, a two Gallon Draught,
Might ſet a thirſty *Centaur* when he quaft,
Or drench the Wife of [11] *Fuſcus*: Add to theſe
Baskets of [12] *Britain*, Rarities of *Greece*,
A Set of Plate moſt artfully imboſt,
No leſs a Bribe than what [13] *Olynthus* coſt.

Shew

and *Horace*. *Juvenal* here taxes him of being over-ſoft and delicate; which *Horace* has done too, tho' covertly, and under another Name.

9 In *Bætick Spain* (now *Andaluzia*, and the beſt part of *Granada*) the Sheeps Fleeces are naturally of a Colour betwixt Red and Black, reſembling the Purple Dye, which the Ancients imputed to the Goodneſs of the Air and the Soil: And they put a great Value on it, as we do now on the *Spaniſh* Wool for its Fineneſs.

10 A great Maſter in the Art of Graving.

11 *Fuſcus* was a Judge, mention'd in the laſt Satyr, noted by *Martial* for a Drunkard; as his Wife is here put by *Juvenal* in the good Company of *Pholus* the *Centaur*.

12 *Baſcauda*, the *Britiſh* Word for a Basket, was by the *Romans* made *Latin*. They ſo much fancied the Baskets of our Iſland, that they would claim the Invention to themſelves. *Mart. Lib.* 14.

Barbara de Pictis venit Baſcauda Britannis,
Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma ſuam.

From Britiſh Picts *the barb'rous Basket came;*
But now Rome *gladly won'd th' Invention claim.*

13 A ſtrong fortified City of *Thrace*, not to be taken by a Storm or Siege. *Philip* of *Macedon* made a conſiderable Preſent of Plate to *Laſthenes*, who was intruſted with the Government of it by the *Athenians*; and he, being cor-

rupted

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Shew me the Man, that other he, wou'd dare
His very Life and Soul to Gold prefer:
Now Money ſerves not Life's moſt Noble Ends,
But ſlaviſh Life imperious Wealth attends.
Thus moſt of the Ship's Freight went over-board,
Yet all this Waſte cou'd ſmall Relief afford;
So fierce the Storm, Neceſſity at laſt
Does loudly call to eaſe her of her Maſt:
Hard is the Caſe, and dang'rous the Diſtreſs,
When what we wou'd preſerve, we muſt make leſs.
Go now, go truſt the Wind's uncertain Breath,
Remov'd four Fingers from approaching Death;
Or ſeven at moſt, when thickeſt is the Board:
Go with Proviſion, Bisket, Brandy ſtor'd;
But if you reaſonably hope to ſpeed,
You muſt produce your Ax in time of need.
Now when the Sea grew calm, the Winds were laid,
And the pleas'd [14] *Parca* ſpun a whiter Thread;
When Fate propitious ſent a gentle Gale;
The ſhatter'd Veſſel, with one wretched Sail,
Beſide what Gowns and Coats her Crew cou'd lend
To help her on her Courſe, did homeward bend:
The South-Wind leſſ'ning ſtill, the Sun appears,
And into lively Hope converts their Fears:
And now, in Proſpect ſweet, his chearful Light
The [15] *Alban* Cliffs confeſſes to their Sight;

Where

rupted with ſo great a Bribe, treacherouſly ſurrender'd it to *Philip*.

14 The *Deſtinies*; they were three Siſters, *Clotho*, *Lachefis*, and *Atropos*, perpetually employ'd in Spinning: If the Thread they ſpun was White, it was a Sign of Life and Proſperity; if Black, of Death and Adverſity.

15 Near them was built *Alba Longa* by *Aſcanius*, who left his Step-mother *Lavinia* in the City of *Lavinium*, built by his Father *Æneas*, and called by her Name. *Aſcanius* call'd his own City *Lon-*

ga.

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Where *Alba*'s Pile *Iulus* founding rear'd,
When to *Lavinium* he that Seat preferr'd;
And call'd it *Alba*, from the white Sow nam'd,
That for her thirty ſucking Pigs was fam'd.
At laſt within the mighty Mole ſhe gets,
Our [16] *Tuſcan Pharos*, that the mid Sea meets
With its Embrace, and leaves the Land behind:
A Work ſo wond'rous Nature ne'er deſign'd.
Through it the joyful Steers-Man clears his way,
And comes to Anchor in its inmoſt Bay;
Where ſmalleſt Veſſels ride, and are ſecur'd,
And the [17] Shorn Sailors boaſt what they endur'd.
Go then, my Boys, the ſacred Rites prepare:
With awful Silence and Attention hear:
With Bran the Knives, with Flow'rs the Altars dreſs;
And in your Diligence your Zeal expreſs.

ga, from the long Form of it, and *Alba*, from the White Sow with Thirty Pigs ſucking her, that was ſeen by the *Trojans* a little after their Landing; and where the City was built, according to the Command of the Oracle. *Virg.*

16 *Pharos* was a Port in *Ægypt*, famous for its Watch-Tower, wherein were plac'd Lights for the Benefit and Direction of Sailors by Night: *Juvenal* calls the Port of *Oſtia*, where *Tyber* diſburthens it ſelf into the Sea, the *Tuſcan Pharos*: It was deſign'd by *Auguſtus* after the Model of that in *Ægypt*: *Claudius Cæſar*, as *Suetonius* ſays, carried on, and finiſhed the Mole, with vaſt Labour and Charges; having for eleven Years together kept 30000 Men at work upon it. It was afterwards repaired by *Trajan*.

17 It was a Cuſtom among the Ancients, when in Diſtreſs at Sea, to invoke the Aid of ſome God or other, with a ſolemn Vow of cutting off their Hair, and offering it to him, as an Acknowledgment to whoſe Aſſiſtance they ow'd their Safety. To this *St. Paul* probably alludes, *Acts* xxvii. 34. *There ſhall not an Hair of your Head periſh*; As if he had ſaid, They ſhould not need to vow their Hair; for without ſuch a Vow, and the Performance of it, they ſhou'd all eſcape.

I'll

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I'll follow ſtraight, and, having paid my Vows,
Thence home again, where Chaplets wreath the Brows
Of all my little Waxen Deities:
And Incenſe ſhall Domeſtick *Jove* appeaſe:
My ſhining Houſhold-Gods ſhall revel there,
And all the Colours of the Violet wear.
All's right; my Portal ſhines with verdant Bays,
And conſecrated Tapers early blaze.
Suſpect me not, *Cerwinus*, of Deſign;
Far be ſuch Guilt from any Thought of mine:
My Altars ſmoak not for ſo baſe an End;
Catullus, tho' a Father, is my Friend,
And his three Children bar a foreign Claim.
Who on a Friend ſo hopeleſs, ſuch a Name
As Father, wou'd a fickly Hen beſtow?
Or on ſuch ſlender Grounds a Quail forgo?
If [18] *Paccius* or *Gallita* breathe a Vein,
The Temples ſtraight are crowded with a Train
Of fawning Raſcals, uttering each his Prey'r;
Nothing's too precious for a Life ſo dear:
A Hecatomb is ſcarce enough to bleed:
And, but an Elephant's no common Breed,
Nor ſeen, nor known in *Italy*, before
They were tranſported from the *Africk* Shore:
Since which, in the *Rutilian* Foreſt rear'd,
They range at large, great *Cæſar*'s Royal Herd:
As once they learnt King *Pyrrhus* to obey,
And with Submiſſion to our Conſuls Sway;
Or *Tyrian Hannibal*'s part of the War
In Turrets on their Backs they us'd to bear:

18 Two rich Men, both of them Childleſs; which made the *Haredipeta* or Legacy-Hunters preſent them, and ply them with Gift upon Gift, in hopes to be conſider'd in their Will. *Tacitus* makes mention of them both: The firſt he calls *African*; the other *Cruſpilina*.

Con'd.

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Cou'd [19] *Novius* or *Pacuvius* but procure
These Ivry [20] Portents, Death should seal 'em sure
A Victim for *Gallita*; nothing less
The Greatness of their Friendship can express.
Pacuvius, were he not by Law withstood,
Won'd manifest his own in human Blood;
The best, the loveliest Slave of either Sex,
To serve his Compliment, shou'd yield their Necks:
Nay to that height the wicked Rogue proceeds,
His [21] *Iphigenia*, his Daughter, bleeds
If need require; tho' he was sure to find
No dext'rous Slight to change her for a Hind.
My Fellow-Citizen I must commend,
For what's a Fleet to a bequeathing Friend?
For, if he chance to 'scape this dismal Bout,
The former Legatees are blotted out;
Upon *Pacuvius* all must be conferr'd;
So great a Merit claims no less Reward:
Pacuvius struts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected Crowd of Rival Foes:
You see the Fruit of his projecting Brain,
In offering up his Daughter to his Gain.

19 Two crafty designing Knaves, Visiters of the sick *Gallita* or *Paccius*.

20 Elephants, so call'd from their stupendous Bigness and Ivory Teeth.

21 The Story in short is this: The *Grecian* Fleet lying Wind-bound at *Aulis*, the Oracle was consulted, and Answer return'd, No Wind could be had for their Purpose, unless *Agamemnon*, Commander in Chief in the Expedition, would offer up his Daughter *Iphigenia* to appease *Diana*'s Anger, who was offended with the *Greeks* for killing an Hind consecrated to her. *Agamemnon*, for the Publick Good, brings his Daughter to the Altar; but the Goddess relenting, convey'd her away to the *Taurick Chersonese*, and substituted an Hind in her Place. The Application of this to *Pacuvius* is obvious enough.

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As great as [22] *Nero*'s Plunder be his Store;
High, Mountain-high, be pil'd the shining Ore:
Then may he Life to [23] *Nestor*'s Age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find, a Friend!

22 The prodigious Sums he extorted from the Provinces by unreasonable Taxes, Confiscations, &c. are almost incredible. He gave no Office without this Charge: *Thou knowest what I want, let us make it our Business, that no Body may have any thing.*

23 Grown now to a Proverb; who liv'd as *Homer* says, to compleat the third Age of Man: The Word *Age* is an equivocal Term, and diversly taken by many; but if we take it in its full Extent, as it comprehends an hundred Years, it will serve very well *Juvenal*'s Purpose.

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JUVENAL

THE

THIRTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *THOMAS CREECH*, Fellow of *All-Souls*-College in *Oxford*.

The ARGUMENT.

Corvinus *had trusted one of his old Friends and Acquaintance with a Bag of Mony; this Friend denies the Trust, and forswears it too:* Corvinus *is very much disturb'd at this Cheat, storms and rages, accuses Providence, and is ready to conclude that God takes no Care of Things below, because some sudden and remarkable Vengeance did not fall upon this perjur'd false Wretch.* Juvenal *hearing of* Corvinus's *Loss, and unmanly Behaviour, writes this Satyr to him, both to comfort him after his Loss, and instruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occasion to speak of the Vileness and Villainy of his Times. He begins with the Condition of the wicked Man; and tells him,* i. *That the Sinner must needs hate himself; and,* ii. *That he will*

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will be hated by all Mankind. iii. *He puts* Corvinus *in mind that he hath a good Estate, and that this Loss will not break him.* iv. *and* v. *That a great many have suffer'd the like Misfortune; That Cheats were common, his Loss but little, and therefore not to be resented with so violent a Passion. Hence,* vi. *He expatiates on the Vileness of the Times; and* vii. *compares his Age with the Golden one, which he tediously describes.* viii. *He continues his Reflections on the general Wickedness of the Times.* ix. *Makes some Observations on the Confidence of some Sinners: And,* x. *endeavours to give some account of this: He observes that some are Atheists;* xi. *Others believe a God, but fancy the Money they get by their Perjury, will do them more good than the Punishment he inflicts will do them harm: At least,* xii. *that God is Merciful, they may be Pardon'd, or 'scape in the Crowd of Sinners; since some are forgiven, and all do not meet with Punishments equal to their Deserts.* xiii. *He corrects his Friend for his Atheistical Passion, and rude Accusations of Providence; And,* xiv. *advises him to be more cool; and consider, That,* xv. *such Cheats are common, and he hath suffer'd no more than other Men; And,* xvi. *that every day he may meet with greater Crimes, which require his Concernment. That,* xvii. *his Passion is idle and fruitless; because Revenge, which is the only End of Passion, will do him no good, it will not retrieve his Loss; and besides is an Argument of a base Mind and mean Temper. Then coming closer to his Point, he tells him,* xviii. *The Wicked are severely punish'd by their own Consciences;* xix. *Vengeance waits upon them: And,* xx. *describes the miserable Life and terrible Death of the wick-*

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ed Man. And, xxi. *closes all with observing that few Men stop at their first Sin, but go on till their Crimes provoke Providence: And therefore,* xxii. Corvinus *need not fear but this perjur'd Friend of his would do so too, and then he should see some remarkable Judgment fall upon him.*

I.

HE that commits a *Sin*, shall [1] quickly find
The pressing *Guilt* lie heavy on his Mind:
Tho' Bribes or Favour shall assert his Cause,
Pronounce him *Guiltless*, and elude the Laws:
None quits *himself*; his own impartial Thought
Will damn, and *Conscience* will record the Fault.

II.

This first the Wicked feels: Then publick Hate
Pursues the *Cheat*, and proves the Villain's Fate.

III.

But more, *Corvinus*; thy Estate can bear
A *greater* Loss, and not implore thy Care;
Thy Stock's sufficient, and thy Wealth too great
To feel the Damage of a *Petty* Cheat.

IV.

Nor are such Losses to the World unknown,
A rare Example, and thy *Chance* alone;
Most feel them, and in Fortune's *Lottery* lies
A heap of *Blanks*, like this, for one small Prize.

V.

Abate thy Passion, nor too much complain;
Grief shou'd be short'd, and it becomes a Man
To let it rise no higher than his Pain:
But you, too weak the slightest Loss to bear,
Too delicate the common Fate to share,
Are on the Fret of Passion, Boil and Rage,
Because, in so debauch'd and vile an Age,

[1] Some read, *Extemplo quodcunque malum*, &c.

Thy

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I rank him with the Prodigies of Fame,
With *Plough'd-up* Fishes, and with *Icy* Flame:
With Things which ſtart from *Nature's* common Rules,
With *Bearded* Infants, and with *Teeming* Mules:
As much amaz'd at the prodigious Sign,
As if I ſaw [4] *Bees* cluſter'd on a Shrine;
A Show'r of Stones, or Rivers chang'd to Blood
Rowl wond'rous Waves, or urge a Milky Flood.

IX.

A *little* Sum you Mourn, while *Moſt* have met
With twice the Loſs, and by as *Vile* a Cheat:
By treacherous Friends, and ſecret Truſt betray'd,
Some are undone: nor are the *Gods* our Aid.
Thoſe *Conſcious Powers* we can with Eaſe contemn,
If hid from *Men*, we truſt our Crimes with them.
Obſerve the Wretch who hath his Faith forſook,
How *clear* his Voice, and how *aſſur'd* his Look!
Like Innocence, and as ſerenely bold
As Truth, how loudly He forſwears thy Gold!
By *Neptune's* Trident, by the Bolts of *Jove*,
And all the Magazine of Wrath above.
Nay, more, in Curſes he goes *boldly* on,
He damns himſelf, and thus *devotes* his Son:
If I'm forſworn, you injur'd Gods renew
Thyeſtes' [5] Feaſt, and prove the Fable true.

X.

Some think that *Chance* rules all, that *Nature* ſteers
The moving Seaſons, and turns round the Years.
Theſe run to ev'ry Shrine, theſe boldly ſwear,
And keep no *Faith*, becauſe they know no *Fear*.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his Doubts decline,
He dreads juſt Vengeance, and he ſtarts at Sin;

4 If a Swarm of Bees pitch'd upon a Temple, it was look'd upon as an Omen of ſome very great Miſchief.

5 *Thyeſtes* was treated with a Hath made of his own Son.

He

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He owns a *God:* And yet the Wretch forſwears;
And thus he Reaſons, to relieve his Fears:
Let [6] *Iſis* rage, ſo I ſecurely hold
The Coin forſworn, and keep the raviſh'd Gold;
Let Blindneſs, Lameneſs come; are Legs and Eyes
Of *equal* Value to ſo great a Prize?
Wou'd ſtarving [7] *Ladas*, had he leave to chuſe,
And were not frantick, the *Rich Gout* refuſe?
For can the Glory of the ſwifteſt Pace
Procure him Food? Or can he feaſt on Praiſe?

XII.

The Gods take *Aim* before they ſtrike their Blow,
Tho' *ſure* their Vengeance, yet the Stroke is *ſlow*;
And ſhou'd at *ev'ry* Sin their Thunder fly,
I'm yet ſecure, nor is my Danger nigh:
But they are *Gracious*, but their Hands are free,
And who can tell but they may reach to Me?
Some they forgive, and ev'ry Age relates
That *equal* Crimes have met *unequal* Fates;
That Sins *alike*, *unlike* Rewards have found,
And whilſt *This* Villain's Crucify'd, *The other*'s Crown'd.
The Man that ſhiver'd on the *Brink* of Sin,
Thus ſteel'd and *hard'ned*, ventures boldly in;
Dare him to Swear, he with a chearful Face
Flies to the *Shrine*, and bids Thee mend thy Pace;
He urges, goes before Thee, ſhews the Way,
Nay, pulls Thee on, and chides Thy dull Delay;
For *Confidence* in Sin, when mixt with *Zeal*,
Seems *Innocence*, and looks to moſt as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggiſh Slave in——Play,
He ſpreads the Net, and takes the eaſie Prey.

6 *Iſis.* An *Egyptian* Goddeſs, ſuppos'd to be much concern'd in inflicting Diſeaſes and Maladies on Mankind.

7 *Ladas.* An excellent Footman, who won the Prize in the *Olympian* Games.

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You rage and storm, and *blasphemously* loud,
As [8] *Stentor* bellowing to the *Grecian* Crowd,
Or *Homer's* [9] *Mars*, with too much Warmth exclaim;
Jove, dost Thou hear, and is thy Thunder tame?
Wert Thou *all* Brass, thy Brazen Arm should rage,
And fix the Wretch a Sign to future Age:
Else why shou'd Mortals to thy Feasts repair,
Spend *useless* Incense, and more *useless* Prayer?
Bathyllus' [10] Statue at this rate may prove
Thy equal Rival, or a greater *Jove*

XIV.

Be cool, my *Friend*, and hear my Muse dispense
Some sovereign Comforts, drawn from common Sense;
Not fetch'd from *Stoicks* rigid Schools, nor wrought
By *Epicurus'* more indulgent Thought;
Who led by Nature, did with Ease pursue
The Rules of Life; guess'd best, tho' miss'd the true.
A desperate Wound must skilful Hands employ,
But thine is curable by [11] *Philip's* Boy.

XV.

Look o'er the present and the former Time;
If no *Example* of so Vile a Crime
Appears, then Mourn; admit no kind Relief,
But beat thy Breast, and I *applaud* thy Grief;
Let Sorrow then appear in all her State,
Keep mournful Silence, and shut fast thy Gate.
Let solemn Grief on *Money* lost attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying Friend.

8 *Stentor.* A famous Crier in the *Grecian* Army, whose single Voice was as loud as that of fifty Men together.

9 *Homer* says that *Mars* being wounded by *Diomedes*, made [illegible] all Out-cry, as Ten Thou[illegible]
Batt[illegible]
[illegible]
B[illegible]

None feigns, none acted Mourning's forc'd to ſhow,
Or ſqueeze his Eyes to make that Torrent flow;
For *Money* loſt demands a heartier Due;
Then Tears are real, and the Grief is true.
But if at each Aſſize, and Term, we try
A thouſand Raſcals of as deep a Dye;
If Men *forſwear* the Deeds and Bonds they draw,
Tho' Sign'd with all Formality of Law,
And tho' the Writing and the *Seal* proclaim
The *bareface'd* Perjury, and fix the Shame;
Go, Fortune's *Darling*, nor expect to bear
The common Lot, but to avoid thy Share!
Heav'n's *Favourite* Thou, for better Fates deſign'd,
Than we the *Dregs* and *Rubbiſh* of Mankind!

XVI.

This petty Sinner ſcarce deſerves thy Rage,
Compar'd with the great *Villains* of the Age.
Here hir'd Aſſaſſins kill; there, *Sulphur* thrown,
By treacherous Hands, deſtroys the frighted Town.
Bold *Sacrilege*, invading Things Divine,
Breaks through a *Temple*, or deſtroys a Shrine,
The Reverend Goblets, and the ancient Plate,
Thoſe grateful Preſents of a Conqu'ring State,
Or pious King; or if the Shrine be poor,
The Image ſpoils: Nor is the *God* ſecure.
One ſeizes *Neptune*'s Beard, one *Caſtor*'s Crown,
Or *Jove* himſelf, and melts the *Thund'rer* down.
Here Pois'ners murder, there the impious Son,
With whom a guiltleſs [12] Ape is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old Age, and with a *haſty* Blow
Cuts down his *Sire*, and quickens Fates too ſlow.
Yet what are theſe to thoſe vaſt heaps of Crimes,
Which make the greateſt *Buſineſs* of our Times,

12 The Villain that kill'd his Father, was to be put into a Bag, with a Dog, a Cock, a Serpent, and an Ape, and thrown into the Sea.

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Which *Terms* prolong, and which from Morn to Night
Amaze the *Juries*, and the *Judges* fright?
Attend the *Court*, and thou ſhalt briefly find
In that one Place the Manners of Mankind;
Hear the Indictments, then return again,
Call thy ſelf Wretch, and if thou dar'ſt, complain.
Whom midſt the *Alps* do hanging Throats ſurprize?
Who ſtares in *Germany* at watchet Eyes?
Or who in *Meroë*, when the Breaſt reclin'd,
Hangs o'er the Shoulder to the Child behind,
And bigger than the Boy? For Wonder's loſt
When Things grow common, and are found in moſt.
When *Cranes* invade, his little Sword and Shield
The *Pigmy* takes, and ſtreight attends the Field:
The Fight's ſoon o'er; the *Cranes* deſcend, and bear
The ſprawling Warriors through the liquid Air:
Now here ſhou'd ſuch a Fight appear to view,
All Men wou'd ſplit, the Sight wou'd pleaſe whilſt new:
There none's concern'd, where every day they fight,
And not one Warrior is *a Foot* in height.

XVII.

But ſhall the *Villain* 'ſcape? Shall Perjury
Grow Rich and Safe, and ſhall the Cheat be free?
Hadſt thou full Power (*Rage* asks no more) to kill,
Or meaſure out his Torments by thy Will;
Yet what couldſt thou, *Tormentor*, hope to gain?
Thy Loſs continues, unrepaid by Pain;
Inglorious Comfort thou ſhalt poorly meet,
From his mean Blood. *But, oh! Revenge is ſweet.*
Thus think the *Crowd*, who, eager to engage,
Take quickly fire, and kindle into Rage;
Who ne'er *conſider*, but without a Pauſe,
Make up in Paſſion what they want in Cauſe.
Not ſo mild [13] *Thales* nor *Chryſippus* thought,
Nor that *Good Man*, who drank the *Poiſonous Draught*

13 Philoſophers of great Credit and Worth.

With

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With Mind ſerene; and cou'd not wiſh to ſee
His *Vile* Accuſer drink as deep as He:
Exalted *Socrates!* Divinely brave!
Injur'd he fell, and dying he Forgave,
Too Noble for *Revenge*; which ſtill we find
The weakeſt Frailty of a feeble Mind;
Degenerous Paſſion, and for *Man* too baſe,
It ſeats its Empire in the *Female* Race,
There rages; and, to make its Blow ſecure,
Puts Flatt'ry on, until the Aim be ſure.

XVIII.

But why muſt thoſe be thought to *'ſcape*, that feel
Thoſe Rods of Scorpions, and thoſe Whips of Steel
Which *Conſcience* ſhakes, when ſhe with Rage controuls,
And ſpreads amazing Terrors through their Souls?
Not ſharp Revenge, not *Hell* it ſelf can find
A fiercer Torment than a *Guilty* Mind,
Which Day and Night doth dreadfully accuſe,
Condemns the Wretch, and ſtill the *Charge* renews.

XIX.

A truſted *Spartan* was inclin'd to Cheat,
(The Coin look'd lovely, and the Bag was great,
Secret the Truſt) and with an *Oath* defend
The Prize, and baffle his deluded Friend:
But weak in Sin, and of the *Gods* afraid,
And not well vers'd in the forſwearing Trade,
He goes to *Delphos*; humbly begs Advice,
And thus the Prieſteſs by Command replies:
Expect ſure Vengeance by the *Gods* decreed,
To puniſh Thoughts, not yet improv'd to Deeds.
At this he ſtarted, and forbore to ſwear,
Not out of *Conſcience* of the Sin, but Fear.
Yet Plagues enſu'd, and the contagious Sin
Deſtroy'd himſelf, and ruin'd all his Kin.
Thus ſuffer'd He for the imperfect Will
To ſin, and bare Deſign of doing Ill:

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For he that but conceives a Crime in Thought,
Contracts the Danger of an *Actual* Fault:
Then what muſt he expect that ſtill proceeds
To *finiſh* Sin, and work up Thoughts to Deeds?

XX.

Perpetual *Anguiſh* fills his anxious Breaſt,
Not ſtopt by Buſineſs, nor compos'd by Reſt:
No Muſick cheers him, and no Feaſt can pleaſe,
He ſits like diſcontented [14] *Damocles*,
When by the ſportive Tyrant wiſely ſhown
The dangerous Pleaſures of a *flatter'd* Throne.
Sleep flies the Wretch; or when his *Care*'s oppreſt,
And his toſs'd Limbs are weary'd into Reſt,
Then Dreams invade, the injur'd *Gods* appear,
All arm'd with Thunder, and awake his Fear.
What frights him moſt, in a Gigantick ſize,
Thy *ſacred Image* flaſhes in his Eyes:
Theſe ſhake his Soul, and, as they boldly preſs,
Bring out his Crimes; and force him to confeſs.
This Wretch will ſtart at *ev'ry* Flaſh that flies,
Grow pale at the firſt Murmur of the Skies,
Ere Clouds are form'd, and Thunder roars, afraid;
And [15] *Epicurus* can afford no Aid,
His Notions fail: And the deſtructive Flame
Commiſſion'd falls, not thrown by *Chance*, but *Aim*:
One *Clap* is paſt, and now the Skies are clear,
A ſhort Reprieve, but to increaſe his Fear:
Whilſt Arms *Divine*, revenging Crimes below,
Are gathering up to give the greater Blow.

14 *Damocles* having very much extoll'd the Happineſs of Kings, in the preſence of *Dionyſius* King of *Syracuſe*; *Dionyſius* invited him to Dinner, plac'd him in a rich Throne, and gave him a very ſplendid Entertainment; but juſt over his Head hung a Sword by a Hair, with the Point downward.

15 A Philoſopher who thought all things were by Chance,

But

But if a Fever fires his *Sulphurous* Blood,
In ev'ry Fit he feels the Hand of God,
And *Heav'n-born* Flame: Then drown'd in deep Deſpair,
He dares not offer one *repenting* Prayer;
Nor vow one Victim to preſerve his Breath;
Amaz'd he lies, and ſadly looks for Death:
For how can Hope with deſperate Guilt agree?
And the worſt Beaſt is worthier Life than he.

XXI.

He that *once* Sins, like him that ſlides on Ice,
Goes ſwiftly down the ſlippery Ways of Vice;
Tho' *Conſcience* checks him, yet, thoſe Rubs gone o'er,
He ſlides on ſmoothly, and looks back no more.
What Sinners finiſh where they firſt begin?
And with one Crime content their *Luſt* to Sin?
Nature, that rude, and in her *firſt* Eſſay,
Stood boggling at the Roughneſs of the Way;
Us'd to the Road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the *Path* when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleas'd with this *ſucceſsful* Bait,
Thy *Perjur'd* Friend will quickly tempt his Fate;
He will go on, until his Crimes provoke
The Arm *Divine* to ſtrike the fatal Stroke;
Then thou ſhalt ſee him plung'd, when leaſt he fears,
At *once* accounting for his deep Arrears;
Sent to thoſe narrow *Iſles*, which throng'd we ſee
With mighty *Exiles*, once ſecure as He;
Drawn to the Gallows, or condemn'd to Chains:
Then thou ſhalt *triumph* in the Villain's Pains,
Enjoy his Groans; and with a grateful Mind
Confeſs, that *Heav'n* is neither Deaf nor Blind.

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JUVENAL.

THE FOURTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *JOHN DRYDEN*, Jun.

The ARGUMENT.

Since domeſtick Examples eaſily corrupt our Youth, the Poet prudently exhorts all Parents, that they themſelves ſhould abſtain from evil Practices: Amongſt which, he chiefly points at Dice and Gaming, Taverns, Drunkenneſs, and Cruelty, which they exerciſ'd upon their Slaves: Leſt after their pernicious Example, their Sons ſhould copy them in their Vices, and become Gameſters, Drunkards, and Tyrants, Læſtrigons, *and Cannibals to their Servants. For, if the Father, ſays* Juvenal, *love the Box and Dice, the Boy will be given to an itching Elbow: Neither is it to be expected, that the Daughter of* Larga *the Adultereſs, ſhou'd be more continent than her Mother: Since we are all by Nature more apt to receive ill Impreſſions than good; and are beſides more pliant in our Infancy*

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ncy and Youth, than when we grow up to ri-er Years. Thus we are more apt to imitate a Catiline, *than a* Brutus, *or the Uncle of* Brutus, Cato Uticenſis. *For theſe Reaſons he is inſtant with all Parents, that they permit not their Children to hear laſcivious Words, and that they baniſh Pimps, Whores, and Paraſites from their Houſes. If they are careful, ſays the Poet, when they make any Invitation to their Friends, that all things ſhall be clean, and ſet in order; much more is it their Duty to their Children, that nothing appear corrupt or undecent in their Family. Storks and Vultures, becauſe they are fed by the Old Ones with Snakes and Carrion, naturally, and without Inſtruction, feed on the ſame uncleanly Diet. But the generous Eaglet, who is taught by her Parent to fly at Hares, and ſowſe on Kids, diſdains afterwards to purſue a more ignoble Game. Thus the Son of* Centronius *was prone to the Vice of raiſing ſtately Structures, beyond his Fortune; becauſe his Father had ruin'd himſelf by Building. He whoſe Father is a* Jew, *is naturally prone to Superſtition, and the Obſervation of his Country-Laws. From hence the Poet deſcends to a Satyr againſt Avarice, which he eſteems to be of worſe Example than any of the former. The remaining Part of the Poem is wholly employ'd on this Subject, to ſhew the Miſery of this Vice. He concludes with limiting our Deſire of Riches to a certain Meaſure; which he confines within the Compaſs of what Hunger, and Thirſt, and Cold, require for our Preſervation and Subſiſtence: With which Neceſſaries if we are not contented, then the Treaſures of* Crœſus, *of the* Perſian *King, or of the Eunuch* Narciſſus,

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who commanded both the Will and the Fortunes of Claudius *the Emperor, wou'd not be ſufficient to ſatisfy the Greedineſs of our Deſires.*

To his Friend FUSCINUS.

FUſcinus, thoſe Ill Deeds that ſully Fame,
And lay ſuch Blots upon an honeſt Name,
In Blood once tainted, like a Current run
From the lewd Father, to the lewder Son.
If Gaming does an aged Sire entice,
Then my young Maſter ſwiftly learns the Vice,
And ſhakes, in Hanging-Sleeves, the little Box and Dice.
Thus the voluptuous Youth, bred up to dreſs,
For his fat Grandſire, ſome delicious Meſs;
In Feeding high, his Tutor will ſurpaſs,
As Heir Apparent of the *Gourmand* Race.
And, ſhou'd a thouſand grave Philoſophers
Be always hollowing Virtue in his Ears,
They wou'd at laſt their Loſs of Time lament,
And give him o'er for Glutton in Deſcent.
Can cruel [1] *Rutilus*, who loves the Noiſe
Of Whips far better than a *Syren*'s Voice,
Can [2] *Polyphemus*, or [3] *Antiphates*,
Who gorge themſelves with Man, can ſuch as theſe
Set up to teach Humanity, and give
By their Example, Rules for Us to live?
Can they preach up Equality of Birth,
And tell Us how we all began from Earth?

1 *Rutilus*, ſome Perſon in the Poet's time, noted for his Cruelty.

2 *Polyphemus*, a famous Giant with one Eye, and a *Cannibal*.

3 *Antiphates*, a King of the *Laſtrygons*, who were all Man-Eaters. I doubt not but the *Laſtrygons*, who were a People of *Italy*, learnt this Diet of King *Saturn*, when he hid himſelf among 'em, and gave this Example, by making a Meals-meat of his own Children.

Th' in-

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Th' inhuman [4] Lord, who with a cruel Guſt
Can a Red Fork in his Slave's Forehead thruſt:
Becauſe th' unlucky Criminal was caught
With little Theft of two coarſe [5] Towels fraught?
Can He a Son to ſoft Remorſe incite,
Whom [6] Goals, and Blood, and Butchery delight?
Who wou'd expect the Daughter ſhou'd be other
Than common Punk, if [7] *Larga* be the Mother?
Whoſe Lovers Names in order to run o'er,
The Girl took Breath full thirty times, and more:
She, when but yet a tender Minx, began
To hold the Door, but now ſets up for Man;
And to her Gallants, in her own Hand-writing,
Send Billets-doux of the Old Bawd's inditing.
So Nature prompts; ſo ſoon we go aſtray,
When Old Experience puts us in the Way:
Our Green Youth copies what Grey Sinners act;
When venerable Age commends the Fact.

Some Sons, indeed, ſome very few, we ſee
Who keep themſelves from this Infection free,
Whom Gracious Heav'n for Nobler Ends deſign'd,
Their Looks erected, and their Clay refin'd.
The reſt are all by bad Example led,
And in their Father's ſlimy Track they tread.
Is't not enough we ſhould our ſelves undo,
But that our Children we muſt ruin too?
Children, like tender Oſiers, take the Bow,
And as they firſt are faſhion'd, always grow.
By Nature, headlong to all Ills we run,
And Virtue, like ſome dreadful Monſter, ſhun.

4 By this Lord, is ſtill meant the ſame cruel *Rutilus*.

5 *Suppos'd Bath-Robbers:* The *Romans* were great Bathers.

6 Country-Goals, where they kept their working Slaves in great Numbers.

7 *Larga*, a fictitious Name for ſome very common Buttock.

Survey

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Survey the World, and where one [8] *Cato* ſhines,
Count a degenerate Herd of [9] *Catilines*.
Suffer no Lewdneſs, or undecent Speech,
Th' Apartment of the tender Youth to reach;
Far be from thence the Glutton [10] *Paraſite*,
Singing his Drunken Catches all the Night:
But farther ſtill be Woman; Woman firſt
Was Evil's Cauſe, her ſelf of Ills the worſt.
Boys ev'n from Parents may this Rev'rence claim;
For when thou doſt at ſome vile Action aim,
Say, ſhou'd the harmleſs Child with-hold thy Hand,
Wou'd it not put thy Fury to a ſtand?
Then may we not conclude the Sire unjuſt,
Who (when his Son o'ercome with Drink and Luſt,
Is by the [11] Cenſor of good Manners caught,
And ſuffers publick Penance for his Fault)
Rails, and Reviles, and turns him out of Door,
For what himſelf ſo oft has done before?
A Son ſo copy'd from his Vice, ſo much
The very ſame in ev'ry little Touch;
That ſhou'd he not reſemble too his Life,
The Father juſtly might ſuſpect his Wife.
This very Rev'rend Letcher, quite worn out
With Rheumatiſms, and Crippled with his Gout,
Forgets what he in youthful Times has done,
And ſwinges his own Vices in his Son.

8 *Cato* of *Utica*, a *Roman* Patriot, who flew himſelf, rather than he wou'd ſubmit to *Julius Ceſar*.

9 *Catiline*, a Plotter againſt the Commonwealth of *Rome*.

10 *Paraſite*, a Greek Word, among the *Romans* uſed for a Flatterer and Feaſt-Hunter. This ſort of Creature they ſlighted in thoſe Days, and us'd very ſcurvily, terming ſuch a one an *Umbra*, that is a Shadow, an Apparition, *&c.*

11 This Cenſor of Good Manners, was an Officer of conſiderable Power in *Rome*: in ſome reſpects not unlike our Midnight Magiſtrate, but not altogether ſo Saucy.

To

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To entertain a Gueſt, with what a Care
Wou'd he his Houſhold Ornaments prepare;
Haraſs his Servants, and as O'erſeer ſtand,
To keep 'em Working with a threat'ning Wand:
Clean all my Plate, he cries, let not one Stain
Sully the Figur'd Silver, or the Plain;
Rub all the Floors, make all the Pillars bright,
No hanging Cobwebs leave to ſhock the Sight.
O wretched Man! is all this Hurry made
On this account, becauſe thou art afraid
A dirty Hall or Entry ſhou'd offend
The curious Eyes of thy invited Friend?
Reform thy Family; one Son at home
Concerns thee more than many Gueſts to come.
If to ſome [12] uſeful Art he be not bred,
He grows meer Lumber, and is worſe than dead.
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone
In Age we are by ſecond Nature prone.
The callow Storks with Lizard and with Snake
Are fed, and ſoon as e'er to Wing they take,
At ſight thoſe Animals for Food purſue,
The firſt delicious Bit they ever knew.
Ev'n ſo 'tis Nature in the Vulture's Breed,
On Dogs and Human Carkaſſes to feed.
Jove's [13] Bird will ſowſe upon the tim'rous Hare,
And tender Kids with his ſharp Talons tear;
Becauſe ſuch Food was laid before him firſt,
When from his Shell the lab'ring Eaglet burſt.

12 The old *Romans* were careful to breed up their Sons ſo, that afterwards they might be uſeful to their Country in Peace, or War, or Ploughing the Ground: *Utilis agris*, (as *Juvenal* has it.) An Exerciſe that wou'd break the Hearts of our Modern Beaux.

13 *Jove*'s *Bird*: The Eagle, ſo call'd for the great Service he did *Jupiter*, in bringing *Ganymede*, a lovely Boy, on his Back to him.

Centronius

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Centronius [14] does high coſtly *Villa*'s raiſe
With *Grecian* Marble, which the Sight amaze:
Some ſtand upon *Cajeta*'s winding Shore,
At *Tybur*'s Tow'r, and at *Præneſte* more.
The Dome of *Hercules* and Fortune ſhow
To his tall Fabricks, like ſmall Cots below:
So much his Palaces o'er-look 'em all,
As Gelt [15] *Poſides* does our Capitol.
His Son builds on, and never is content,
'Till the laſt Farthing is in Structure ſpent.
The *Jews*, like their bigotted Sires before,
By gazing on the Clouds, their [16] God adore:
So Superſtitious, that they'll ſooner Dine
Upon the Fleſh of Men than that of Swine.
Our *Roman* Cuſtoms they contemn and jeer,
But learn and keep their Country-Rites with Fear.
That Worſhip only they in Rev'rence have,
Which in Dark Volumes their Great *Moſes* gave.
Ask 'em the Road, and they ſhall point you wrong,
Becauſe you do not to their Tribe belong.
They'll not betray a Spring to quench your Thirſt,
Unleſs you ſhew 'em Circumciſion firſt.
So they are taught, and do it to obey
Their Fathers, who obſerve the Sabbath-Day.
Young Men to imitate all Ills are prone,
But are compell'd to Avarice alone:
For then in Virtue's Shape they follow Vice;
Becauſe a true Diſtinction is ſo nice,

14 *Centronius*, a famous extravagant Architect, who with his Son (who took after him) built away all his Eſtate, and had ſo many Palaces at laſt, that he was too poor to live in any of them.

15 *As Gelt* Poſides, *viz.* The Palace of the Eunuch *Poſides*, As in *Virg. Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon.*

16 *Juvenal*, tho' he was wiſe enough to laugh at his own Country Gods, yet had not, or wou'd not have, a right Notion of the True Deity, which makes him ridicule the *Jews* Manner of Worſhip.

That

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That the baſe Wretch who hoards up all he can,
Is prais'd, and call'd a careful, thrifty Man:
The fabled [17] Dragon never guarded more
The Golden Fleece, than he his ill-got Store:
What a profound Reſpect where-e'er he goes
The Multitude to ſuch a Monſter ſhows!
Each Father crier, "My Son, Example take,
"And, led by this Wiſe Youth, thy Fortunes make;
"Who Day and Night ne'er ceas'd to toil and ſweat,
"Drudg'd like a Smith, and on the Anvil beat,
"'Till he had hammer'd out a vaſt Eſtate.
"Side with that Sect, who learnedly deny,
"That e'er Content was join'd with Poverty;
"Who meaſure Happineſs by Wealth encreas'd,
"And think the Mony'd Man alone is Bleſt.
Parents the little Arts of Saving teach,
Ere Sons the Top of Avarice can reach;
When with falſe Weights their Servants Guts they cheat,
And pinch their own to cover the Deceit:
Keep a ſtale Cruſt, 'till it looks Blue, and think
Their Fleſh ne'er fit for Eating 'till it ſtink;
The leaſt Remains of which they mince, and dreſs
It o'er again, to make another Meſs:
Adding a Leek, whoſe ev'ry String is told,
For fear ſome pilf'ring Hand ſhou'd make too bold:
And with a Mark diſtinct, ſeal up a Diſh
Of Thrice-boil'd Beans, and putrid Summer-Fiſh:
A Beggar on the [18] Bridge wou'd loath ſuch Food,
And ſend it to be waſh'd in *Tiber*'s Flood.

17 This Dragon was Guardian of the Golden Fleece, which hung in the Temple of *Mars* at *Colchos*; and hereby hangs a Tale, or a long Story of *Jaſon* and *Medea*, with which I will not trouble you.

18 Beggars took their Stations then, as they do now, in the greateſt Thorow-fares, which were their Bridges, of which there were many over the River *Tiber* in *Rome*.

But

But, to what End theſe ways of ſordid Gain?
It ſhews a manifeſt unſettled Brain,
Living, to ſuffer a low ſtarving Fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy State.
For, as thy ſtrutting Bags with Mony riſe,
The Love of Gain is of an equal Size:
Kind Fortune does the poor Man better bleſs,
Who though he has it not, deſires it leſs.
One *Villa* therefore is too little thought;
A larger Farm at a vaſt Price is bought:
Uneaſy ſtill within theſe narrow Bounds,
Thy next Deſign is on thy Neighbour's Grounds:
His Crop invites, to full Perfection grown,
Thy own ſeems thin, becauſe it is thy own:
The Purchaſe therefore is demanded ſtreight,
And if he will not ſell, or makes thee wait,
A Teem of Oxen in the Night are ſent
(Starv'd for the purpoſe, and with Labour ſpent)
To take Free Quarter, which in one half Hour
The Pains and Product of a Year devour:
Then, ſome are baſely Brib'd to vow it looks
Moſt plainly done by Thieves with Reaping-hooks.
Such mean Revenge, committed underhand,
Has ruin'd many an Acre of good Land.
What if Men talk, and Whiſpers go about,
Pointing the Malice and its Author out?
He values not what they can ſay, or do;
For who will dare a Mony'd Man to ſue?
Thus he wou'd rather curs'd and envy'd be,
Than lov'd and prais'd in honeſt Poverty.
But to poſſeſs a long and happy Life,
Freed from Diſeaſes, and ſecure from Strife;
Give me, ye Gods, the Product of one [19] Field,
As large as that which the firſt *Romans* Till'd;

[19] *Field, viz.* The Field of *Mars*, or *Campus Martius*, which was the greated Part of the *Roman* Empire, when in its Infancy

That ſo I neither may be Rich nor Poor,
And having juſt enough, not covet more.
'Twas then, Old Soldiers cover'd o'er with Scars,
(The Marks of [20] *Pyrrhus*, or the [21] *Punick* Wars,)
Thought all paſt Services rewarded well,
If to their ſhare at laſt two Acres fell:
(Their Country's frugal Bounty;) ſo of old
Was Blood, and Life, at a low Market ſold.
Yet, then, this little Spot of Earth well Till'd,
A num'rous Family with Plenty fill'd;
The good old Man and thrifty Houſewife ſpent
Their Days in Peace, and fatten'd with Content.
Enjoy'd the Dregs of Life, and liv'd to ſee
A long-deſcending healthful Progeny.
The Men were faſhion'd in a larger Mould;
The Women fit for Labour, Big and Bold.
Gigantick Hinds, as ſoon as Work was done,
To their huge Pots of boiling Pulſe wou'd run:
Fell to, with eager Joy, on homely Food;
And their large Veins beat ſtrong with wholſome Blood.
Of old, two Acres were a bounteous Lot,
Now, ſcarce they ſerve to make a Garden-Plott.
From hence the greateſt part of Ills deſcend,
When Luſt of getting more will have no End:
That, ſtill, our weaker Paſſions does command,
And puts the Sword and Poiſon in our Hand.
Who covets Riches, cannot brook Delay,
But ſpurs and bears down all that ſtops his Way:

fancy under *Romulus* and *Tatius* the *Sabine*, his Copartner, admitted for the Sake of the Fair Ladies he brought along with him.

20 *Pyrrhus* King of the *Epirots*, a formidable Enemy to the *Romans*, though at laſt overcome by 'em. He dyed a very little Death (as 'tis the Fate of ſome Heroes) being Martyr'd by the Fall of a Tile from a Houſe.

21 Wars againſt the *Carthaginians*.

Not

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Nor Law, nor Checks of Conſcience will he hear,
When in hot Scent of Gain, and full Career.
But hark, how ancient [22] *Marſus* did adviſe;
My Sons, let theſe ſmall Cots and Hills ſuffice:
Let us the Harveſt of our Labour eat;
'Tis Labour makes the coarſeſt Diet ſweet:
Thus much to the kind Rural Gods we owe,
Who pity'd ſuff'ring Mortals long ago;
When on harſh [23] Acorns hungrily they fed,
And gave 'em nicer Palates, better Bread.
The Country Peaſant meditates no Harm,
When clad with Skins of Beaſts to keep him warm,
In Winter-Weather, unconcern'd he goes
Almoſt Knee-deep through Mire, in clumſey Shoes:
Vice dwells in Palaces, is richly dreſt,
There glows in Scarlet, and the *Tyrian* Veſt.
The wiſer Ancients theſe Inſtructions gave:
But now a Covetous old Crafty Knave,
At dead of Night ſhall rowze his Son, and cry,
Turn out, you Rogue, how like a Beaſt you lie:
Go, buckle to the Law; is this an Hour
To ſtretch your Limbs? You'll ne'er be Chancellor:
Or elſe your ſelf to *Lælius* recommend,
To ſuch broad Shoulders [24] *Lælius* is a Friend:
Fight under him, there's Plunder to be had;
A Captain is a very gainful Trade:
And when in Service your beſt Days are ſpent,
In time you may Command a Regiment.
But if the Trumpet's Clangour you abhor,
And dare not be an Alderman of War;

22 *Marſus*, a thrifty Husbandman, from whom the *Marſi* were ſo call'd, a laborious People, ſome 15 Miles diſtant from *Rome*.

23 Mankind fed on Acorns, 'till *Ceres* the Goddeſs of Corn inſtructed them to ſow Grain.

24 Some General Officer in the *Roman* Army.

Take

Take to a Shop, behind a Counter lie,
Cheat half in half; none thrive by Honesty:
Never reflect upon the fordid Ware
Which you expose; be Gain your only Care.
He that grows Rich by scowring of a Sink,
Gets wherewithal to justify the Stink.
This Sentence, worthy *Jove* himself, Record
As true, and take it on a Poet's Word:
" T' have Money, is a necessary Task,
" From whence 'tis got the World will never ask.
Taught by their Nurses, little Children get
This Saying, sooner than their Alphabet.
What Care a Father takes to teach his Son,
With ill-tim'd Industry, to be undone!
Leave him to Nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender Cock'ril takes just after Kind:
The forward Youth will without Driving go,
And learn t'out-shoot you in your proper Bow,
As much as *Ajax* his own Sire excell'd,
And was the Brawnier Blockhead in the Field.
Let Nature in the Boy but stronger grow,
And all the Father soon it self will show:
When first the Down appears upon his Chin,
For a small Sum he swears through thick and thin;
At *Ceres'* Altar vents his Perjury,
And blasts her Holy Image with a Lye:
If a Rich Wife he Marries, in her Bed
She's found, by Dagger, or by Poison, Dead:
While Merchants make long Voyages by Sea,
To get Estates, he cuts a shorter Way.
In mighty Mischiefs little Labour lies:
I never Counsell'd this, the Father cries.
But still, base Man, he Copy'd this from thee;
Thine was the prime, original Villainy.
For he who covets Gain in such Excess,
Does by dumb Signs himself as much express,

As

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As if in Words at length he ſhow'd his Mind:
Thy bad Example made him Sin by Kind.
But who can Youth, let looſe to Vice, reſtrain?
When once the hard-mouth'd Horſe has got the Rein,
He's paſt thy Pow'r to ſtop; Young *Phaeton*,
By the wild Courſes of his Fancy drawn,
From Eaſt to North, irregularly hurl'd,
Firſt ſet on fire himſelf, and then the World.
Aſtrologers aſſure long Life, you ſay?
Your Son can tell you better much than they,
Your Son and Heir, whoſe Hopes your Life delay.
Poiſon will work againſt the Stars: beware;
For ev'ry Meal an Antidote prepare:
And let *Archigenes* ſome Cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy Father, or a King.
What Sight more pleaſant, in his Publick Shows,
Did ever Prætor on the Stage expoſe,
Than are ſuch *Men* as ev'ry Day we ſee,
Whoſe chief Miſhap, and only Miſery
Is to be overſtock'd with ready Coin,
Which now they bring to watchful [25] *Caſtor*'s Shrine;
Since *Mars*, whom we the great Revenger call,
Loſt his own Helmet, and was ſtript of all.
'Tis time dull Theatres we ſhou'd forſake,
When buſy Men much more Diverſion make.
The Tumblers Gambols ſome Delight afford,
No leſs the nimble Cap'rer on the Cord;
But theſe are ſtill inſipid Stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a Ship, and toſs'd upon the Sea.

25 Not that the Shrine was ſecur'd by the Care of the God *Caſtor*; for *Juvenal* knew their Gods cou'd have no ſuch thing as Care; but it was lin'd with a ſtrong Guard of Soldiers, who had an Eye to their God as well as their Monies, leſt he ſhould be ſtoln, or unrigged, as *Mars* was. Our Poet calls him watchful *Caſtor* jeeringly.

Baſe

Base Wretch, expos'd by his own covetous Mind
To the deaf Mercy of the Waves and Wind.
The Dancer on the Rope, with doubtful Tread,
Gets wherewithal to cloath and buy him Bread,
Nor covets more than Hunger to prevent;
But nothing less than Millions thee content:
What Shipwrecks and dead Bodies choak the Sea;
The num'rous Fools that were betray'd by thee!
For at the charming Call of pow'rful Gain,
Whole Fleets equipt appear upon the Main,
And spight of [26] *Libyan* and [26] *Carpathian* Gale,
Beyond the limits of known Earth they sail.
A Labour worth the while, at last to brag
(When safe return'd, and with a strutting Bag)
What Finny Sea-Gods thou hast had in view,
More than our lying Poets ever knew.
What several Madnesses in Men appear!
Orestes [27] runs from fancy'd Furies here;
Ajax [28] belabours there an harmless Ox,
And thinks that *Agamemnon* feels the Knocks.
Nor is indeed that Man less Mad than these,
Who Freights a Ship to venture on the Seas;
With one frail interposing Plank to save
From certain Death, roll'd on by ev'ry Wave:

26 *Libyan and Carpathian Gale.* The first a South-West, the latter, as we term it at Sea, a strong *Levant*.

27 *Orestes*, said to be haunted by Furies, for killing his Mother *Clytemnestra*, the Wife of *Agamemnon*.

28 *Ajax* the Son of *Telamon*, who ran Mad, because *Agamemnon* gave the Armour of *Achilles* from him to *Ulysses*. But the mistaking *Agamemnon*, or his Brother *Menelaus*, for Oxen, or Oxen for them, was not so gross; for they were both famously horn'd: And if Report says true, *Ajax* need not have spar'd *Ulysses*, since *Penelope* knew which of her Suitors cou'd shoot best in her Husband's Bow.

Yet

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Yet Silver makes him all this Toil embrace,
Silver with *Titles* ſtampt, and a dull *Monarch*'s Face.
When gath'ring Clouds o'er-ſhadow all the Skies,
And ſhoot quick Lightnings, Weigh, my Boys, he cries:
A Summer's Thunder, ſoon it will be paſt!
Yet, hardy Fool, this Night may prove thy laſt;
When thou (thy Ship o'er-whelm'd with Waves) ſhalt be
Forc'd to plunge naked in the raging Sea;
Thy Teeth hard preſs'd a Purſe full of dear Gold,
The laſt Remains of all thy Treaſure, hold.

Thus he——
Whoſe ſacred Hunger, all the Stores that lie
In Yellow [29] *Tagus* cou'd not ſatisfy;
Does now in tatter'd Cloaths at ſome Lane's End
A painted Storm for Charity extend.

With Care and Trouble great Eſtates we gain;
When got, we keep 'em with more Care and Pain.
Rich [30] *Licinus* his Servants ready ſtand,
Each with a Water-Bucket in his Hand,
Keeping a Guard, for fear of Fire, all Night;
Yet *Licinus* is always in a Fright.
His curious Statues, Amber-Works, and Plate,
Still freſh encreaſing Pangs of Mind create.
The [31] naked *Cynick*'s Jar ne'er flames; if broken
'Tis quickly ſodder'd, or a new beſpoken.

When *Alexander* firſt beheld the Face
Of the great *Cynick*, in that narrow Space;

29 *Tagus*, a River in *Spain*, ſaid to be full of Gold Sand. This *Tagus* has loſt its good Qualities time out of Mind, or the *Spaniard* has Coin'd it dry; for now they fetch their Gold from the *Indies*, and then other Nations fetch it from them.

30 Some noted rich Man in *Rome*.

31 *Naked Cynick*: *Diogenes*, a ſnarling Dog-Philoſopher (for there have been Dog-Philoſophers, as well as Poets in Doggrel.)

His

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His own Condition thus he did lament:
How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little Hole, than I
Who after Empire, that vain Quarry, fly;
Grappling with Dangers whereſoe'er I roam,
While thou haſt all the Conquer'd World at home.
Fortune a Goddeſs is to Fools alone,
The Wiſe are always Maſters of their own.
If any ask me what wou'd ſatisfy
To make Life eaſy, thus I wou'd reply:
As much as keeps out Hunger, Thirſt, and Cold,
Or what contented [32] *Socrates* of old:
As much as made wiſe *Epicurus* bleſt,
Who in ſmall Gardens ſpacious Realms poſſeſt;
This is what Nature's Wants may well ſuffice:
He that wou'd more, is covetous, not wiſe.
But ſince among Mankind ſo few there are
Who will conform to Philoſophick Fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy Eaſe,
And mingle ſomething of our Times to pleaſe:
Therefore enjoy a plentiful Eſtate,
As much as will a Knight of *Rome* create
By [33] *Roſcian* Law: And if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make Two:
Nay, Three, to ſatisfy the laſt Deſire:
But if to more than this thou doſt aſpire;

32 *Socrates* and *Epicurus*, two wiſe Philoſophers, contented with the bare Neceſſaries of Life: The firſt of theſe was eſteem'd the beſt Moral Philoſopher, the latter the beſt Natural.

33 *Roſcian Law*, ſo call'd from *Roſcius Otho* Tribune of the People, who made a Law, That none ſhou'd ſit in the 14 firſt Seats of the Theatre, unleſs they were worth 400 *Seſtertiums*, *per Annum*, that is above 3000 *l.* of our Monies, and thoſe were eſteem'd Noblemen, *ipſo facto*.

Believe

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Believe me, all the Riches of the East,
The Wealth of *Crœsus* cannot make thee bleſt;
The Treaſure [34] *Claudius* to *Narciſſus* gave,
Wou'd make thee, *Claudius* like, an errant Slave;
Who to obey his mighty Minion's Will,
Did his lov'd Empreſs *Meſſalina* kill.

34 *Claudius* the fifth *Cæſar*, who had no better Luck in a Wife than his Predeceſſors, *Julius* and *Auguſtus*, and moſt of the Great Men in Hiſtory.

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JUVENAL.

THE FIFTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. *TATE*.

The ARGUMENT.

In this Satyr, against the Superstition and Cruelty of the Egyptians, *'tis probable our Author had his Old Friend* Crispinus *(who was of that Country) in his Eye; and to whom he had paid his Respects more than once before. The Scene is now remov'd from* Rome, *which shews our Author a profest Enemy of Vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the Change of Place, his Subject and Performance in this Satyr, be (as some think) more* Barren *than in his others (the People being obscure and mean Rabble, whose Barbarous Fact he relates) we find in it however, Sprinklings of the same Moral Sentiments and Reflections that Adorn the rest.*

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HOW *Egypt*, mad with Superſtition grown,
Makes *Gods* of Monſters, but too well is known:
One Sect Devotion to *Nile*'s [1] *Serpent* pays;
Others to [2] *Ibis*, that on Serpents preys.
Where, [3] *Thebes*, thy Hundred Gates lye unrepair'd,
And where maim'd [4] *Memnon*'s Magick Harp is heard,
Where theſe are Mouldring, let the Sots combine
With pious Care a *Monkey* to enſhrine!
Fiſh-Gods you'll meet with Fins and Scales o'ergrown;
Diana's Dogs ador'd in ev'ry Town,
Her Dogs have Temples, but the Goddeſs none!
'Tis Mortal Sin an *Onion* to devour,
Each Clove of Garlick is a ſacred Pow'r.
Religious Nations ſure, and bleſt Abodes,
Where ev'ry Orchard is o'er-run with Gods!
To Kill, is Murder, Sacrilege to Eat
A Kid or Lamb——Man's Fleſh is lawful Meat!
Of ſuch a Practice when [5] *Ulyſſes* told,
What think you? Cou'd *Alcinous*' Gueſts with-hold

1 The Crocodile.

2 A ſort of Bird in thoſe Parts, that is a great Deſtroyer of Serpents.

3 *Thebes* in *Boetia* had ſeven Gates, this in *Egypt* an hundred, and therefore call'd *Hecatompylos*.

4 This *Coloſſus*, or Marble Statue of *Memnon*, held a Harp in its Hand, which utter'd Muſical Sounds, when ſtruck by the Beams of the riſing Sun; which *Strabo* tells us, that he both ſaw and heard, but confeſſes he is not able to aſſign a Cauſe. He adds, that one half of this Statue was fall'n in an Earthquake; From which Mutilation and Continuance of the ſtrange Sounds (ſuppos'd to proceed from Magick) our Author ſays, *Dimidio magica ſefonant ſibi Memnone Chorda.*

5 *Homer* introduces *Ulyſſes* Shipwreck'd at the Iſland *Corcyra*, and treated by *Alcinous*, who there Reign'd King of the *Phaeacs*; at whoſe Table he recited the following Paſſages.

From

From Scorn or Rage? *Shall we* (cries one) *permit*
This Lewd Romancer, and his Bantring Wit?
Nor on Charibdis' *Rock beat out his Brains,*
Or send him to the Cyclops *whom he feigns?*
Of Scylla's *Dogs, and ſtranger Flams than theſe,*
Cyane's [6] *Rocks that juſtle in the Seas,*
Of Winds in Bags (for Mirth ſake) let him tell,
And of his Mates turn'd Swine by Circe's *Spell,*
But Men to eat Men, *Human Faith ſurpaſſes:*
This Traveller takes us Iſlanders for Aſſes.
Thus the incred'lous *Phæac* (having yet
Drank but one Round) reply'd in ſober Fret.
Nor without Reaſon truly, ſince the Board
(For Proof o'th' Fact) had but *Ulyſſes'* Word.
What I relate's more ſtrange, and ev'n exceeds
All Regiſters of Purple Tyrants Deeds:
Portentous Miſchiefs they but ſingly Act,
A Multitude conſpir'd to this more horrid Fact.
Prepare, I ſay, to hear of ſuch a Crime
As Tragick Poets, ſince the Birth of Time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging Audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our Days.

Ombus and *Tentyr*, Neigb'ring Towns, of late
Broke into Outrage of deep-feſter'd Hate.
A Grutch in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from Sire to Son.
Religious Spight, and pious Spleen bred firſt
This Quarrel, which ſo long the *Bigots* nurſt.
Each calls the other's God a ſenſeleſs Stock,
His own, Divine; tho' from the ſelf-ſame Block
One Carver fram'd them, diff'ring but in Shape,
A Serpent this reſembling, that an Ape.

[6] The *Symplegades*, two Rocks in the Mouth of the *Boſphorus*, which being at like diſtance from each other, ſeem to ſtrike upon one another, as the Sailors paſs by them.

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The *Tentyrites* to execute their Crime
Think none ſo proper, as a ſacred Time,
Which call'd the *Ombites* forth to publick Rites:
Sev'n Days they ſpent in Feaſts, ſev'n ſleepleſs Nights.
(For Scoundrels as theſe wretched *Ombites* be,
Canopus [1] they exceed in Luxury)
Them rev'lling thus the *Tentyrites* invade,
By giddy Heads and ſtagg'ring Legs betray'd:
Strange odds! where Crop-ſick Drunkards muſt engage
A hungry Foe, and arm'd with ſober Rage.
At firſt both Parties in Reproaches jar,
And make their Tongues the Trumpets of the War.
Words break no Bones, and in a railing Fray,
Women and Prieſts can be as ſtout as they.
Words ſerve but to enflame our warlike Lifts:
Who wanting Weapons clutch their horny Fiſts:
Yet thus make ſhift t'exchange ſuch furious Blows,
Scarce one eſcapes with more than half a Noſe.
Some ſtand their ground with half their Viſage gone,
But with the Remnant of a Face fight on.
Such transform'd *Spectacles* of *Horrour* grow,
That not a *Mother* her own *Son* wou'd know.
One Eye, remaining, for the other ſpies,
Which now on Earth a trampled Gelly lies.
Yet hitherto both Parties think the Fray
But Mockery of War, meer Children's Play:
Tho' traverſing, with Streams of Blood they meet,
They tread no Carcaſe yet beneath their Feet:
And Scandal think't to have none ſlain out-right
Between two Hoſts that for Religion fight.
This whets their Rage to ſearch for Stones as large
As they cou'd lift, or with both hands diſcharge:
Not (altogether) of a ſize, if match'd
With thoſe which *Ajax* once, or *Turnus* ſnatch'd

[1] A City in *Egypt*, infamous for Riots and Debauchery.

For

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For their Defence, or by *Tydides* thrown,
That brusht *Æneas'* Crest, and struck him down,
Of weight wou'd make two Men strain hard to raise,
Such Men as liv'd in honest [8] *Homer's* Days:
Whom Giants yet to us we must allow,
Dwindled into a Race of *Pigmies* now;
The Mirth and Scorn of Gods that see us fight,
Such little Wasps, and yet so full of Spight:
For Bulk meer Insects, yet in Mischief strong,
And, spent so ill, our short Life's much too long!
Fresh Forces now of *Tentyrites*, from Town,
With Swords and Darts, to aid their Friends, come down.
Who with fleet Arrows levell'd from afar,
Ere they themselves approach'd, secure the War.
Hard set before, what cou'd the *Ombites* do?
They fly; their pressing Foes as fast pursue.
An *Ombite Wretch* (by headlong haste betray'd,
And falling down i'th Rout) is Pris'ner made:
Whose Flesh torn off by Lumps, the rav'nous Foe
In Morsels cut, to make it farther go;
His Bones clean pick'd, his very Bones they gnaw;
No Stomach's baulkt, because the Corps is raw.
'T had been lost time to dress him—keen Desire
Supplies the want of Kettle, Spit, and Fire.
(*Prometheus'* Ghost is sure o'er-joy'd to see
His Heav'n-stol'n Fire from such Disaster free:
Nor seems the sparkling Element less pleas'd than he.)
The Guests are found too num'rous for the Treat,
But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious Meat.
They swear, and such good Palates you shou'd trust;
Who doubts the Relish of the first free Gust?

8 Alluding to that of *Homer* in the *Iliad*. Ὁ δ' δύο γ' ἄνδρε φέροιεν, οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι.

Since one who had i'th' Rear excluded been,
And cou'd not for a Taſte o'th' Fleſh come in,
Licks the ſoil'd Earth, which he thinks full as good,
While reeking with a mangled *Ombi*'s Blood.
The 9 *Vaſcons* once with Man's Fleſh (as 'tis ſaid)
Kept Life and Soul together —— Grant they did,
Their Caſe was diff'rent; with long Siege diſtreſs'd,
And all Extremities of War oppreſs'd.
(For Miſerable to the laſt Degree,
Th' Excuſe of ſuch a Practice ought to be.)
With Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, or Weeds ſuſtain'd,
While Creatures, Vermin, Herbs, or Weeds remain'd:
'Till to ſuch meagre Spectacles reduc'd,
As ev'n Compaſſion in the Foe produc'd:
Acquitted by the *Manes* of the Dead,
And Ghoſts of Carcaſſes on which they fed.
By 10 *Zeno*'s Doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,
For Life's ſupport no harmleſs thing to do.
But *Zeno* never to the *Vaſcons* read;
('Tis ſince their Days that Civil Arts have ſpread:
'Twas lately *Britiſh* Lawyers, from the *Gaul*,
Learnt to *Harangue*, and Eloquently Bawl.
Thule hopes next t'improve her Northern Style,
And Plant (where yet no Spring did ever ſmile)
With Flow'rs of Rhetorick her frozen Iſle.)
That brave the *Vaſcons* were, we muſt confeſs,
Who Fortitude preſerv'd in ſuch Diſtreſs,
Yet not the Brighteſt their Example ſhines,
Eclips'd by the more Noble 11 *Saguntines*;

9 In the Town *Caligulis*, beſieg'd by *Metellus*.

10 The Principal of the Stoicks.

11 The Confederates of *Rome*, who being beſieg'd by *Hannibal* for eight Months, and having ſuffer'd all Extremities, at laſt erected one great Pile, in which they burnt themſelves with their Dead, as alſo all their Goods, to leave the Enemy no Plunder.

Who

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Who both the Foe, and Famine to beguile,
For Dead and Living rais'd one common Pile.
Mœotis first did Impious Rites devise,
Of treating Gods with Human Sacrifice:
But salvage *Egypt*'s Cruelty exceeds
The [12] *Scythian* Shrine, where, tho' the Captive bleeds,
Secure of Burial when his Life is fled,
The murd'ring Knife's thrown by, when once the Victim's dead.
Did Famine to this monstrous Fact compel,
Or did the Miscreants try this Conj'ring Spell,
In time of Drought to make the *Nile* to swell?
Amongst the rugged *Cimbrians*, or the Race
Of *Gauls* or fiercer *Tartars*, can you trace
An Outrage of Revenge like this, pursu'd
By an effeminate Scoundrel Multitude?
Whose utmost Daring is to cross the *Nile*
In painted Boats, to fright the Crocodile.
Can Men, or more resenting Gods, invent,
Or Hell inflict proportion'd Punishment
On Varlets, who cou'd treat Revenge and Spight
With such a Feast, as Famine's self wou'd fright?
Compassion proper to Mankind appears,
Which Nature witness'd when she lent us Tears:
Of tender Sentiments we only give
Those Proofs: To weep is our Prerogative;
To shew, by pitying Looks, and melting Eyes,
How with a suff'ring Friend we sympathize!
Nay, Tears will ev'n from a wrong'd Orphan slide,
When his false Guardian at the Bar is try'd:
So tender, so unwilling to accuse,
So oft the Roses on his Cheek bedews,

12 The Temple of *Diana Taurica*, where they Sacrific'd Strangers.

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So ſoft his Treſſes, fill'd with trickling Pearl,
You'd doubt his Sex, and take him for a Girl.
B'Impulſe of Nature (though to us unknown
The Party be) we make the Loſs our own;
And Tears ſteal from our Eyes, when in the Street
With ſome betrothed Virgin's Herſe we meet;
Or Infant's Fun'ral, from the cheated Womb
Convey'd to Earth, and cradled in a Tomb.
Who can all Senſe of others Ills eſcape,
Is but a Brute at beſt in human Shape.
This nat'ral Piety did firſt refine
Our Wit, and rais'd our Thoughts to things Divine:
This proves our Spirit of the Gods Deſcent,
While that of Beaſts is prone and downward bent.
To them but Earth-born Life they did diſpenſe;
To us, for mutual Aid, Cœleſtial Senſe.
From ſtraggling Mountaineers, for publick Good
To rank in Tribes, and quit the ſalvage Wood,
Houſes to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful Neighbourhood and Safety's ſake.
In War, a Common Standard to erect,
A wounded Friend in Battel to protect;
The Summons take of the ſame Trumpet's Call
To ſally from one Port, or Man one publick Wall.
But Serpents now more Amity maintain!
From Sported Skins the Leopard does refrain:
No weaker Lion's by a ſtronger ſlain:
Nor, from his Larger Tuſks, the Foreſt Boar
Commiſſion takes his Brother-Swine to gore:
Tyger with Tyger, Bear with Bear you'll find
In Leagues Offenſive and Defenſive join'd.
But lawleſs Man the Anvil dares profane,
And forg'd that Steel by which a Man is ſlain!
Which Earth, at firſt, for Plow-ſhares did afford,
Nor yet the Smith had learnt to form a Sword.

An

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An impious Crew we have beheld, whose Rage
Their En'mies very Life cou'd not assuage,
Unless they Banquet on the Wretch they slew,
Devour the Corps, and lick the Blood they drew!
What think you wou'd *Pythagoras* have said
Of such a Feast, or to what Desart fled,
Who Flesh of Animals refus'd to eat,
Nor held all sorts of Pulse for lawful Meat?

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JUVENAL

THE

SIXTEENTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in this Satyr proves, that the Condition of a Soldier is much better than that of a Country Man: First, because a Country Man, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a Soldier; who is only to be judged by a Court-Martial: And by the Law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the Trenches, he is also assur'd to have a speedy Hearing, and quick Dispatch: Whereas, the Townsman or Peasant, is delay'd in his Suit by frivolous Pretences, and not sure of Justice when he is heard in the Court. The Soldier is also privileg'd to make a Will, and to give away his Estate, which he got in War, to whom he pleases, without consideration of Parentage, or Relations; which is deny'd to all other Romans. This Satyr was written by Juvenal, *when he was a Commander in Ægypt: 'Tis certainly his, tho' I think*

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I think it not finish'd. And if it be well observ'd, you will find he intended an Invective against a Standing Army.

WHAT vast Prerogatives, my *Gallus*, are
Accruing to the mighty Man of War!
For, if into a lucky Camp I light,
Tho' raw in Arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good Stars, and all goes right,
One happy Hour is to a Soldier better,
Than Mother [1] *Juno*'s Recommending Letter,
Or *Venus*, when to *Mars* she wou'd prefer
My Suit, and own the Kindness done to Her.
See what our common Privileges are:
As, first, no sawcy Citizen shall dare
To strike a Soldier, nor when struck, resent
The Wrong, for fear of farther Punishment:
Not tho' his Teeth are beaten out, his Eyes
Hang by a string, in Bumps his Forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his Disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd Face.
A Booted Judge shall sit to try his Cause,
Not by the Statute, but by Martial Laws;
Which old [2] *Camillus* order'd, to confine
The Brawls of Soldiers to the Trench and Line:
A wise Provision; and from thence 'tis clear,
That Officers a Soldier's Cause shou'd hear:
And taking Cognizance of Wrongs receiv'd,
An honest Man may hope to be reliev'd.

1 *Juno* was Mother to *Mars* the God of War: *Venus* was his Mistress.

2 *Camillus* (who being first Banish'd, by his ungrateful Country-Men the *Romans*, afterwards return'd, and freed them from the *Gauls*,) made a Law, which prohibited the Soldiers from Quarrelling without the Camp, lest upon that Pretence they might happen to be absent, when they ought to be on Duty.

So

So far 'tis well: But with a gen'ral Cry,
The Regiment will riſe in Mutiny,
The Freedom of their Fellow-Rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to Disband.
Withdraw thy Action, and depart in Peace;
The Remedy is worſe than the Diſeaſe:
This Cauſe is worthy [3] him, who in the Hall
Wou'd for his Fee, and for his Client, bawl:
But wouldſt thou, Friend, who haſt two Legs alone,
(Which, Heav'n be prais'd, thou yet may'ſt call thy own,)
Wou'dſt thou to run the Gantlet theſe expoſe
To a whole Company of [4] Hob-nail'd Shoes?
Sure the Good-breeding of wiſe Citizens
Shou'd teach 'em more Good-nature to their Shins.
Beſides, whom canſt thou think ſo much thy Friend,
Who dares appear thy Buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy Tears, and pocket up th' Abuſe,
Nor put thy Friend to make a bad Excuſe:
The Judge cries out, Your Evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the Soldier's Mutton-Fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the Liſt,
To witneſs Truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The Dead, think I, are riſen from the Grave;
And with their long Spade Beards, and matted Hair,
Our honeſt Anceſtors are come to take the Air.
Againſt a Clown, with more Security,
A Witneſs may be brought to ſwear a Lye,
Than, tho' his Evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a Truth againſt a Man of War.

3 *This Cauſe is worthy him*, &c. The Poet names a *Medneſe* Lawyer whom he calls *Vagellius*: who was ſo impudent that he would plead any Cauſe, right or wrong, without Shame or Fear.

4 *Hob-nail'd Shoes.* The *Roman* Soldiers wore Plates of Iron under their Shoes, or ſtuck them with Nails; as Country Men do now.

More

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More Benefits remain, and claim'd as Rights,
Which are a Standing Army's Perquisites.
If any Rogue vexatious Suits advance
Against me for my known Inheritance,
Enter by Violence my Fruitful Grounds,
Or take the sacred Land-Mark from my Bounds,
Those Bounds, which with Possession and with Pray'r,
And [5] offer'd Cakes, have been my annual Care:
Or if my Debtors do not keep their Day,
Deny their Hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with Patience all the Terms attend,
Among the common Causes that depend,
'Till mine is cal'd; and that long look'd-for Day
Is still encumber'd with some new Delay:
Perhaps [6] the Cloth of State is only spread,
Some of the *Quorum* may be sick a-bed;
That Judge is hot, and doffs his Gown, while this
O'er Night was bowsie, and goes out to piss:
So many Rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious Suit goes on:
But Buff and Belt-Men never know these Cares,
No Time, nor Trick of Law, their Action Bars:
Their Cause they to an easier Issue put;
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another Branch of their Revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless Right to kill,
Their [7] Father yet alive, impow'r'd to make a Will.
For,

5 Land-Marks were used by the *Romans* almost in the same manner as now: And as we go once a Year in Procession, about the Bounds of Parishes, and renew them, so they offer'd Cakes upon the Stone, or Land-Mark.

6 The Courts of Judicature were hung, and spread, as with us; but spread only before the Hundred Judges were to sit, and judge Publick Causes, which were called by *Lex*.

7 The *Roman* Soldiers had the Privilege of making a Will, in their Father's Lifetime,

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For, what their Prowess gain'd, the Law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their Heirs:
No Share of that goes back to the Begetter.
But if the Son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout *Coranus*, his old shaking Sire
Does a Remembrance in his Will desire:
Inquisitive of Fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the Number of the Slain:
But still he lives, and rising by the War,
Enjoys his Gains, and has enough to spare:
For 'tis a Noble General's prudent Part
To cherish Valour, and reward Desert:
Let him be daub'd with Lace, live high, and Whore;
Sometimes be Lowsie, but be never Poor.

time, of what they had purchas'd in the Wars, as being no part of their Patrimony: By this Will they had Power of excluding their own Parents, and giving the Estate, so gotten, to whom they pleas'd: Therefore, says the Poet, *Coranus*, (a Soldier Contemporary with *Juvenal*, who had rais'd his Fortune by the Wars) was courted by his own Father to make him his Heir.

THE

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PERSIUS.

P. 231

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THE

SATYRS

OF

Aulus Perſius Flaccus.

Made *Engliſh*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Sæpius in Libro memoratur Perſius uno,
Quam levis in tota Marſus Amazonide.

Mart.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXXXV.

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TO

Mr. DRYDEN,

ON HIS

Tranſlation of *PERSIUS.*

AS when of Old Heroick Story tells
Of Knights impriſon'd long by Magick Spells,
Till future Time the deſtin'd Heroe *ſend,*
By whom the dire Enchantment is to end:
Such ſeem'd this Work, and ſo reſerv'd for Thee,
Thou great Reveaſer of dark Poeſie.
Thoſe ſullen Clouds, which have for Ages paſt
O'er Perſius' *too-long-ſuffering Muſe been caſt,*
Diſperſe, and fly before thy ſacred Pen,
And in their room, bright Tracks of Light are ſeen.
Sure Phœbus' *ſelf thy ſwelling Breaſt inſpires,*
The God of Muſick, and Poetick Fires:
Elſe, whence proceeds this great Surpriſe of Light?
How dawns this Day, forth from the Womb of Night?
Our Wonder, now, does our paſt Folly ſhow,
Vainly Conteinning what we did not know:
So, Unbelievers impiouſly deſpiſe
The Sacred Oracles, in Myſteries.

Perſius

To Mr. *DRYDEN.*

Perſius, *before, in ſmall Eſteem was had,*
Unleſs, what to Antiquity is paid:
But like Apocrypha, with Scruple read,
(So far our Ignorance our Faith miſled)
'Till you, Apollo's *darling Prieſt, thought fit*
To place it in the Poet's Sacred Writ.

As Coin, which bears ſome awful Monarch's Face,
For more than its intrinſick Worth will paſs:
So your bright Image, which we have beheld,
Adds Worth to Worth, and dignifies the Geld.
To you, we, all this following Treaſure owe,
This Hippocrene, *which from a Rock did flow.*

Old Stoick *Virtue, clad in rugged Lines,*
Poliſh'd by you, in Modern Brillant ſhines:
And as before, for Perſius, *our Eſteem*
To his Antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever Praiſe from us is due,
Belongs not to Old Perſius, *but the New.*
For ſtill Obſcure, to us no Light he gives;
Dead in himſelf, in You alone he lives.

So, ſtubborn Flints their inward Heat conceal,
'Till Art and Force th' unwilling Sparks reveal;
But thro' your Skill, from thoſe ſmall Seeds of Fire,
Bright Flames ariſe, which never can Expire.

Will. Congreve.

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PERSIUS.

THE FIRST SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Argument of the *Prologue* to the First *Satyr*.

The Design of the Author was to conceal his Name and Quality. He lived in the dangerous Times of the Tyrant Nero; *and aims particularly at Him, in most of his Satyrs. For which Reason, though he was a* Roman *Knight, and of a plentiful Fortune, he won'd appear in this Prologue but a Beggarly Poet, who writes for Bread. After this, he breaks into the Business of the First Satyr; which is chiefly to decry the Poetry then in Fashion; and the Impudence of those, who were endeavouring to pass their Stuff upon the World.*

PRO-

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PROLOGUE

To the First SATYR.

I Never did on cleft [1] *Parnassus* dream,
Nor taste the sacred *Heliconian* Stream;
Nor can remember when my Brain inspir'd,
Was, by the Muses, into Madness fir'd.
My share in pale [2] *Pyrene* I resign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues [3], with winding Ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler Poets, for a nobler Song:
Heedless of Verse, and hopeless of the Crown,
Scarce half a Wit, and more than half a Clown,
Before the [4] Shrine I lay my rugged Numbers down.
Who taught the Parrot Human Notes to try,
Or with a Voice endu'd the chatt'ring Pye?
'Twas witty Want, fierce Hunger to appease:
Want taught their Masters, and their Masters these.
Let Gain, that gilded Bait, be hung on high,
The hungry Witlings have it in their Eye:
Pyes, Crows and Daws, Poetick Presents bring:
You say they squeak, but they will swear they sing.

1 *Parnassus* and *Helicon* were Hills consecrated to the Muses; and the suppos'd Place of their Abode. *Parnassus* was forked on the top; and from *Helicon* ran a Stream, the Spring of which was call'd the Muses Well.

2 *Pyrene*, a Fountain in *Corinth*; Consecrated also to the Muses.

3 The Statues of the Poets were Crown'd with Ivy about their Brows.

4 *Before the Shrine*; that is before the Shrine of *Apollo*, in his Temple at *Rome*, call'd the *Palatine*;

Ar gu

Argument of the First Satyr.

I need not repeat, that the chief Aim of the Author is against bad Poets, in this Satyr. But I must add, that he includes also bad Orators, who began at that Time, (as Petronius *in the beginning of his Book tells us,) to enervate Manly Eloquence, by Tropes and Figures, ill plac'd and worse apply'd. Amongst the Poets,* Persius *covertly strikes at* Nero; *some of whose Verses he recites with Scorn and Indignation. He also takes notice of the Noblemen and their abominable Poetry, who in the Luxury of their Fortune, set up for Wits and Judges. The Satyr is in Dialogue, betwixt the Author and his Friend or Monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous Attempt of exposing Great Men. But* Persius, *who is of a free Spirit, and has not forgotten that* Rome *was once a Commonwealth, breaks through all those Difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false Judgment of the Age in which he lives. The Reader may observe that our Poet was a Stoick Philosopher; and that all his Moral Sentences, both here, and in all the rest of his Satyrs, are drawn from the Dogma's of that Sect.*

The First SATYR. *In Dialogue betwixt the Poet and his Friend or Monitor.*

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our Cares; and yet how vain
The Bent of our Desires!

Friend. Thy Spleen contain:
For none will read thy Satyrs.

Persius.

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Perſius. This to me?

Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three. 'Tis hard, I grant.

Perſius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry Scribblers have the Publick Ear:
That this vaſt univerſal Fool, the Town,
Shou'd cry up [1] *Labeo*'s Stuff, and cry me down.
They damn themſelves; nor will my Muſe deſcend
To clap with ſuch, who Fools and Knaves commend:
Their Smiles and Cenſures are to me the ſame:
I care not what they praiſe, or what they blame.
Inſtall Aſſemblies let the Crowd prevail:
I weigh no Merit by the common Scale.
The Conſcience is the Teſt of ev'ry Mind;
Seek not thy ſelf, without thy ſelf, to find.
But where's that *Roman*?—Somewhat I wou'd ſay,
But fear;—Let Fear, for once, to Truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick Courage: When I look
On Human Acts, and read in Nature's Book,
From the firſt Paſtimes of our Infant Age,
To elder Cares, and Man's ſeverer Page;
When there as Tutors, and as Uncles hard,
We laſh the Pupil, and defraud the Ward:
Then, then I ſay,—or wou'd ſay, if I durſt—
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Perſius. I cannot rule my Spleen;
My Scorn rebels, and tickles me within.
Firſt, to begin at home: our Authors write
In lonely Rooms, ſecur'd from publick ſight;

1 Nothing is remaining of *Attius Labeo*, (ſo he is called by the Learned *Caſaubon.*) Nor is he mention'd by any other Poet beſides *Perſius*: *Caſaubon*, from an old Commentator on *Perſius*, ſays, that he made a very foolish Tranſlation of *Homer*'s *Iliad*.

Whether

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Whether in Prose, or Verse, 'tis all the same:
The Prose is Fustian, and the Numbers lame.
All Noise, and empty Pomp, a Storm of Words,
Labouring with Sound, that little Sense affords.
They [2] Comb, and then they order ev'ry Hair:
A Gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear:
A Birth-day Jewel bobbing at their Ear.
Next, gargle well their Throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's Name, to be seen and heard.
From their high Scaffold; with a Trumpet Cheek:
And ogling all their Audience ere they speak.
The nauseous Nobles, ev'n the Chief of *Rome*,
With gaping Mouths to these Rehearsals come,
And pant with Pleasure, when some lofty Line
The Marrow pierces, and invades the Chine.
At open fulsom Bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy Jests applaud with broken Voice.
Base Prostitute, thus dost thou gain thy Bread?
Thus dost thou feed their Ears, and thus are fed?
At his own filthy Stuff he grins and brays:
And gives the Sign where he expects their Praise.
Why have I Learn'd, say'st thou, if thus confin'd,
I choke the Noble Vigour of my Mind?
Know, my wild [3] Fig-Tree, which in Rocks is bred,
Will split the Quarry, and shoot out the Head.
Fine Fruits of Learning! Old ambitious Fool,
Dar'st thou apply that Adage of the School?

[2] He describes a Poet preparing himself to Rehearse his Works in Publick; which was commonly perform'd in *August*. A Room was hir'd or lent by some Friend; a Scaffold was rais'd, and a Pulpit plac'd for him, who was to hold forth; who to grow'd a new Gown, or scour'd his old one; and adorn'd his Ears with Jewels, *&c.*

[3] Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of *Italy*; and make their way through Rocks: Sometimes splitting the Tomb-stones.

As

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd:
And *Science is not Science till Reveal'd?*
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to see
The Crowd, with pointing Fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whose wondrous Poem is become
A Lecture for the Noble Youth of *Rome!*
Who, by their Fathers, is at Feasts Renown'd;
And often quoted when the Bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse;
And add to Wine the Luxury of Verse.
One, clad in Purple, not to lose his Time,
Eats and recites some lamentable Rhyme:
Some senseless *Phillis*, in a broken Note,
Snuffling at Nose, and croaking in his Throat:
Then, graciously, the mellow Audience Nod:
Is not th' Immortal Author made a God?
Are not his *Manes* blest, such Praise to have?
Lies not the Turf more lightly on his Grave?
And Roses (while his loud Applause they sing,)
Stand ready from his Sepulcher to spring?
All these, you cry, but light Objections are;
Meer Malice, and you drive the Jest too far.
For does there breathe a Man, who can reject
A gen'ral Fame, and his own Lines neglect?
In [4] Cedar Tablets worthy to appear,
That need not Fish, or Frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse Part to bear,
Be answer'd thus: If I, by chance succeed
In what I write (and that's a Chance indeed;)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel Praise, or Fame's deserv'd Reward:

[4] The *Romans* wrote on Cedar and Cypress Tables, in regard of the Duration of the Wood: Ill Verses might justly be afraid of Frankincense; for the Papers in which they were written, were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

But

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But this I cannot grant, that thy Applauſe
Is my Work's ultimate, or only Cauſe.
Prudence can ne'er propoſe ſo mean a Prize;
For mark what Vanity within it lies.
Like *Labeo*'s Iliads; in whoſe Verſe is found
Nothing but trifling Care, and empty Sound:
Such little Elegies as Nobles write,
Who wou'd be Poets, in *Apollo*'s ſpight.
Them and their woful Works the Muſe defies:
Products [5] of Citron Beds, and Golden Canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou haſt the Heart
To make a Supper, with a fine Deſſert;
And to thy thread-bare Friend, a caſt old Sute impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus beſpeak'ſt him, Tell me, Friend,
(For I love Truth, nor can plain Speech offend,)
What ſays the World of me and of my Muſe?
The Poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring News:
But ſhall I ſpeak? Thy Verſe is wretched Rhyme;
And all thy Labours are but loſs of Time.
Thy ſtrutting Belly ſwells, thy Paunch is high;
Thou Writ'ſt not, but thou Piſſeſt Poetry.
All Authors, to their own Defects, are blind;
Hadſt thou but, [6] *Janus* like, a Face behind,
To ſee the People, what ſplay-Mouths they make;
To mark their Fingers, pointed at thy Back:
Their Tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt a-thirſt, of an *Apulian* Bitch:

5 Writings of Noblemen, whoſe Bedſteads were of the Wood of *Citron*.

6 *Janus* was the firſt King of *Italy*; who refug'd *Saturn*, when he was expell'd by his Son *Jupiter* from *Crete*; (or as we now call it, *Candia*.) From his Name, the firſt Month of the Year is call'd *January*. He was Pictur'd with two Faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the time paſt, and the future. Some of the Mythologiſts think he was *Noah*; for the Reaſon given above.

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But Noble Scribblers are with Flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their Faults, who eat their Bread.
To pass the Poets of Patrician Blood,
What is't the common Reader takes for good?
The Verse in fashion is, when Numbers flow,
Soft without Sense, and without Spirit slow:
So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
The Rivet, where the polish'd Piece was join'd.
So even all, with such a steady View,
As if he shut one Eye to level true.
Whether the Vulgar Vice his Satyr stings,
The People's Riots, or the Rage of Kings,
The gentle Poet is alike in all;
His Reader hopes no Rise, and fears no Fall.

Friend. Hourly we see, some raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and Fights and Heroes sing;
Who for false Quantities was whipt at School
But t'other day, and breaking Grammar-Rule,
Whose trivial Art was never try'd, above
The bare description of a Native Grove:
Who knows not how to praise the Country Store,
The Feasts, the Baskets, nor the fatted Boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry Fields that paint themselves before.
Where † *Romulus* was Bred, and *Quintius* Born,
Whose shining Plough-share was in Furrows worn,
Met by his trembling Wife, returning home,
And Rustically joy'd, as Chief of *Rome*:

† Where Romulus, &c. He speaks of the Country in the foregoing Verses; the Praises of which, are the most easy Theme for Poets; but which a bad Poet cannot naturally describe: Then he makes a digression to *Romulus* the first King of *Rome*, who had a Rustical Education; and enlarges upon *Quintius Cincinnatus*, a Roman Senator, who was call'd from the Plough to be Dictator of *Rome*.

She

She wip'd the Sweat from the Dictator's Brow;
And o'er his Back his Robe did rudely throw;
The Lictors bore, in State, their Lord's triumphant Plough.

Some love to hear the Fustian Poet roar;
And some on Antiquated Authors pore:
Rummage for Sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-ey'd Fathers teach
Their Sons, this harsh and mouldy sort of Speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton Smoothness, Female Poetry;
One wou'd enquire from whence this motley Style
Did first our *Roman* Purity defile:
For our old Dotards cannot keep their Seat;
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish Ostentation led,
When call'd before the Bar, to save their Head,
Bring trifling Tropes, instead of solid Sense:
And mind their Figures more than their Defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-scull'd Judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely said, and decently!
Theft (says th' Accuser) to thy Charge I lay,
O *Pedius*: What does gentle *Pedius* say?
Studious to please the Genius of the Times,
With [a] Periods, Points, and Tropes he slurs his Crimes:
"He Robb'd not, but he Borrow'd from the Poor;
"And took but with Intention to restore.
He lards with Flourishes his long Harangue;
'Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?
Effeminate *Roman*, shall such Stuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy Tail?

[a] *With Periods*, &c. *Persius* here names Antitheses, or seeming Contradictions; which in this place are meant for Rhetorical Flourishes, as I think, with *Casaubon*.

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Say, thou'd a Shipwreck'd Sailor ſing his Woe,
Wou'dſt thou be mov'd to Pity, or beſtow
An Alms? What's more prepoſt'rous than to ſee
A merry Beggar? Mirth in Miſery?

Perſius. He ſeems a Trap, for Charity, to lay:
And cons by Night, his Leſſon for the Day.

Friend. But to raw Numbers, and unfiniſh'd Verſe,
Sweet Sound is added now, to make it Terſe:
"'Tis tagg'd with Rhyme, like [9] *Berecynthian Atys*,
"The mid-part chimes with Art, which never flat is.
"The Dolphin brave, that cut the liquid Wave,
"Or he who in his Line, can chine the long-ribb'd *Appen-*
Perſius. All this is Dogrel ſtuff. [*nine.*

Friend. What if I bring
A Nobler Verſe? [10] *Arms and the Man I ſing.*

Perſius. Why Name you *Virgil* with ſuch Fops as theſe?
He's truly great; and muſt for ever pleaſe;
Nor fierce, but awful, is his Manly Page;
Bold is his Strength, but ſober is his Rage.

Friend. What Poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing Regards, and bending Head?

Perſius. "[11] Their crooked Horns the *Mimallonian* Crew
"With Blaſts inſpir'd; and *Baſſaris* who flew
"The ſcornful Calf, with Sword advanc'd on high,
"Made from his Neck his haughty Head to fly.
"And *Mænas*, when with Ivy-bridles bound,
"She led the *ſpotted Lynx*, then *Evion* rung around;
"*Evion* from Woods and Floods repairing Echo's Sound.

9 *Berecynthian Atys*, or *Attin*, &c. Fooliſh Verſes of *Nero*, which the Poet repeats; and which cannot be tranſlated properly into *Engliſh*.

10 *Arms and the Man*, &c. The firſt Line of *Virgil*'s *Æneid*.

11 *Their crooked Horns*, &c. Other Verſes of *Nero*, that were meer Bombaſt. I only note, That the Repetition of theſe and the former Verſes of *Nero*, might juſtly give the Poet a caution to conceal his Name.

Cou'd

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Cou'd ſuch rude Lines a *Roman* Mouth become,
Were any Manly Greatneſs left in *Rome*?
Mænas [12] and *Atys* in the Mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring Head:
No Blood from bitten Nails thoſe Poems drew;
But churn'd, like Spittle, from the Lips they flew.

Friend. 'Tis Fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be Fools, muſt you be mad?
Your Satyrs, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The Great will never bear ſo blunt a Verſe.
Their Doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch Pay as railing Rhymes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.

Perſius. Rather than ſo, unceanſur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmleſs Rhyme ſhall 'ſcape the dire Diſgrace
Of Common-ſhoars, and ev'ry Piſſing-place,
Two [13] painted Serpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis Holy Ground; you muſt not Urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the Fry away,
Who draw their little Bawbles, when they play.
[14] Yet old *Lucilius* never fear'd the Times,
But laſh'd the City, and diſſected Crimes:
Mutius and *Lupus* both by Name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his Grinders caught.

12 *Manas* and *Atys*, Poems on the *Manades*, who were Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*; and of *Atys*, who made himſelf an Eunuch to attend on the Sacrifices of *Cybele*, call'd *Berecynthia* by the Poets; ſhe was Mother of the Gods.

13 *Two painted Serpents*, &c. Two Snakes twin'd with each other, were painted on the Walls, by the Ancients, to ſhew the Place was Holy.

14 *Yet old* Lucilius, *&c. Lucilius* wrote long before *Horace*; who imitates his manner of Satyr, but far excels him in the Deſign.

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Unlike in Method, with conceal'd Deſign,
Did crafty *Horace* his low Numbers join:
And, with a ſly inſinuating Grace,
Laugh'd at his Friend, and look'd him in the Face:
Wou'd raiſe a Bluſh, where ſecret Vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the Wound.
With ſeeming Innocence the Crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate Paſſes, when he ſmil'd.
Cou'd he do this, and is my Muſe controll'd
By ſervile Awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a Hole within the Ground;
And to the truſty Earth commit the Sound:
The Reeds ſhall tell you what the Poet fears,
King [15] Midas *has a Snout, and Aſſes Ears,*
This mean Conceit, this darling Myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, Friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy Wit,
That flatt'ring *Labeo* in his Iliads writ.
[16] Thou, if there be a Thou in this baſe Town,
Who dares, with angry *Eupolis*, to frown;
He, who, with bold *Cratinus*, is inſpir'd
With Zeal, and equal Indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous Villainy, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown Sail,

15 *King* Midas, *&c.* The Story is vulgar, that *Midas* King of *Phrygia* was made Judge betwixt *Apollo* and *Pan*, who was the beſt Muſician: He gave the Prize to *Pan*; and *Apollo* in revenge gave him Aſſes Ears. He wore his Hair long to hide them; but his Barber diſcovering them, and not daring to divulge the Secret, dug a hole in the Ground, and whiſper'd into it: The place was Marſhy; and when the Reeds grew up, they repeated the Words which were ſpoken by the Barber. By *Midas* the Poet meant *Nero*.

16 *Eupolis* and *Cratinus*, as alſo *Ariſtophanes* mention'd afterwards, were all *Athenian* Poets; who wrote that ſort of Comedy, which was call'd the old Comedy, where the People were Nam'd, who were Satiriz'd by thoſe Authors.

Like

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Like *Ariſtophanes*; let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt Work, tho' writ in homely Style:
And if two Lines or three in all the Vein
Appear leſs droſſie, read thoſe Lines again.
May they perform their Author's juſt Intent,
Glow in thy Ears, and in thy Breaſt ferment.
But from the Reading of my Book and me,
Be far, ye Foes of Virtuous Poverty:
Who [17] Fortune's Fault upon the Poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd Coat, and ragged Shoe:
Lay Nature's Failings to their Charge, and jeer
The dim weak Eye-ſight, when the Mind is clear.
When thou thy ſelf, thus inſolent in State,
Art, but, perhaps, ſome Country Magiſtrate;
Whoſe Pow'r extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the Bench, and ſcanty Weights to break.
Him, alſo, for my Cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all Science, as all Virtue, vain;
Who counts Geometry, and Numbers, Toys;
And, [18] with his Foot, the ſacred Duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe Pleaſure is to ſee a Strumpet tear
A Cynick's Beard, and lug him by the Hair.
Such, all the Morning, to the Pleadings run;
But when the Buſ'neſs of the Day is done,
On Dice, and Drink, and Drabs, they ſpend their Afternoon.

17 *Who Fortune's Faults*, &c. The People of *Rome* in the time of *Perſius*, were apt to ſcorn the *Grecian* Philoſophers, particularly the Cynicks and Stoicks, who were the pooreſt of them.

18 *And with his Foot*, &c. Arithmetick and Geometry were Taught on Floors, which were ſtrew'd with Duſt or Sand; in which the Numbers and Diagrams were made and drawn, which they might ſtrike out again.

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PERSIUS.

THE SECOND SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

This Satyr contains a most Grave and Philosophical Argument, concerning Prayers and Wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's *Tenth Satyr; and both of them had their Original from one of* Plato's *Dialogues, call'd the Second* Alcibiades. *Our Author has induc'd it with great Mastery of Art, by taking his Rise from the Birth-day of his Friend; on which Occasions, Prayers were made, and Sacrifices offered by the Native.* Persius *commending the Purity of his Friend's Vows, descends to the Impious and Immoral Requests of others. The Satyr is divided into three Parts: The first is the* Exordium *to* Mactinus, *which the Poet confines within the compass of four Verses. The Second relates to the matter of the Prayers and Vows, and an enumeration*

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ration of those things, wherein Men commonly sinn'd against right Reason, and offended in their Requests. The third Part consists in shewing the Repugnancies of those Prayers and Wishes, to those of other Men, and Inconsistencies with themselves. He shews the Original of these Vows, and sharply inveighs against them: And lastly, not only corrects the false Opinion of Mankind concerning them, but gives the true Doctrine of all Addresses made to Heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent Precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a Heathen.

The SECOND SATYR.

Dedicated to his Friend Plotius Macrinus, *on his Birth-Day.*

LET this auspicious Morning be expresst
With a white [1] Stone, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy Fame, and as thy Honour clear;
And let new Joys attend on thy new-added Year.
Indulge thy Genius, and o'erflow thy Soul,
'Till thy Wit sparkle, like the chearful Bowl.
Pray; for thy Pray'rs the Test of Heav'n will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the Gods aside, to hear.

1 *White Stone.* The *Romans* were us'd to mark their Fortunate Days, or any thing that luckily befel 'em, with a white Stone which they had from the Island *Creta*; and their unfortunate with a Coal.

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While others, ev'n the mighty Men of *Rome*,
Big swell'd with Mischief, to the Temples come;
And in low Murmurs, and with coftly Smoke,
Heav'n's Help, to prosper their black Vows, invoke.
So boldly to the Gods Mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good Fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me just:
Thus much the Rogue to publick Ears will trust:
In private then:——When wilt thou, mighty *Jove*,
My wealthy Uncle from this World remove?
Or——O thou Thund'rer's Son, great [2] *Hercules*,
That once thy bounteous Deity wou'd please
To guide my Rake, upon the chinking Sound
Of some vast Treasure, hidden under Ground!
O were my Pupil fairly knock'd o' th' Head;
I shou'd possess th' Estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with Rickets, and with th' Evil,
That one small Dose will send him to the Devil.
This is my Neighbour *Nerius* his third Spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his House.
But my Eternal Wife!——Grant Heav'n I may
Survive to see the Fellow of this Day!
Thus, that thou may'st the better bring about
Thy Wishes, thou art wickedly devout:
In *Tiber* ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash th' Obscenities of [3] Night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a small Requeft)
With what ill Thoughts of *Jove* art thou possest?
Wou'dst thou prefer him to some Man? Suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and *Staius* chose?

2 *Hercules* was thought to have the Key and Power of bestowing all hidden Treasure.

3 The Ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by Night it self, as well as bad Dreams in the Night, and therefore purified themselves by washing their Heads and Heads every Morning; which Custom the *Turks* observe to this Day.

Which

Which of the two won'd thy wife Head declare
The truſtier Tutor to an Orphan Heir?
Or, put it thus:——Unfold to *Staius*, ſtraight,
What to *Jove's* Ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O Good *Jupiter!* will cry;
Can'ſt thou indulge him in this Villainy!
And think'ſt thou, *Jove* himſelf, with Patience then
Can hear a Pray'r condemn'd by wicked Men?
That, void of Care, he lolls ſupine in State,
And leaves his Buſ'neſs to be done by Fate?
Becauſe his Thunder ſplits ſome burley Tree,
And is not darted at thy Houſe and thee?
Or that his Vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the Perpetration of thy Crime:
And makes thee a ſad Object of our Eyes,
Fit for [4] *Ergenna's* Pray'r and Sacrifice?
What well fed Offring to appeaſe the God,
What pow'rful Preſent to procure a Nod,
Haſt thou in ſtore? What Bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
To pull him, thus unpuniſh'd, by the Beard?
Our Superſtitions with our Life begin:
Th' obſcene old Grandam, or the next of Kin,
The new-born Infant from the Cradle takes,
And firſt of Spittle a [5] Luſtration makes:
Then in the Spawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the Temples, Forehead and the Lips,
Pretending Force of Magick to prevent,
By Virtue of her naſty Excrement.

4 When any one was Thunderſtruck, the Soothſayer (who is here call'd *Ergenna*) immediately repair'd to the Place, to expiate the Diſpleaſure of the Gods, by ſacrificing two Sheep.

5 The Poet laughs at the ſuperſtitious Ceremonies which the Old Women made uſe of in their Luſtration or Purification Days, when they nam'd their Children; which was done on the Eighth Day to Females, and on the Ninth to Males.

Then

Then dandles him with many a mutter'd Pray'r,
That Heav'n wou'd make him ſome rich Miſer's Heir,
Lucky to Ladies, and, in time, a King:
Which to enſure, ſhe adds a Length of Navel-ſtring.
But no fond Nurſe is fit to make a Pray'r:
And *Jove*, if *Jove* be wiſe, will never hear;
Not though ſhe prays in white, with lifted Hands:
A Body made of Braſs the Crone demands
For her lov'd Nurſling, ſtrung with Nerves of Wire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no Toil to tire:
Unconſcionable Vows, which when we uſe,
We teach the Gods, in Reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy Wiſh:
Yet the Fat Intrails in the ſpacious Diſh,
Wou'd ſtop the Grant: the very over-care,
And nauſeous Pomp, wou'd hinder half the Pray'r.
Thou hop'ſt with Sacrifice of Oxen ſlain
To compaſs Wealth, and bribe the God of Gain,
To give thee Flocks and Herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a Bullock's Greaſe!
And think'ſt that when the fatten'd Flames aſpire,
Thou ſee'ſt th' accompliſhment of thy Deſire!
Now, now, my bearded Harveſt gilds the Plain,
The ſcanty Folds can ſcarce my Sheep contain,
And Showers of Gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the Wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank Purſe declares his Money gone.
Shou'd I preſent thee with rare-figur'd Plate,
Or Gold as rich in Workmanſhip as Weight;
O how thy riſing Heart wou'd throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling Pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thy ſelf the Pow'rs Divine;
Thy Gods are burniſh'd, Gold and Silver is their Shrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior Race,
Whoſe humble Statues are content with Braſs,

Shou'd

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Shou'd ſome of theſe, in [6] Viſions purg'd from Phlegm,
Foretel Events, or in a Morning Dream;
Ev'n thoſe thou wou'dſt in Veneration hold;
And, if not Faces, give 'em Beards of Gold.
The Prieſts in Temples, now no longer care
For [7] *Saturn*'s Braſs, or [8] *Numa*'s Earthen Ware;
Or Veſtal Urns, in each Religious Rite:
This wicked Gold has put 'em all to Flight.
O Souls, in whom no heav'nly Fire is found,
Fat Minds, and ever grov'ling on the Ground!

6 *In Viſions purg'd from Phlegm*, &c. It was the Opinion, both *of Grecians* and *Romans*, that the Gods, in Viſions or Dreams, often reveal'd to their Favourites a Cure for their Diſeaſes, and ſometimes thoſe of others. Thus *Alexander* dream'd of an Herb which cur'd *Ptolemy*. Theſe Gods were principally *Apollo* and *Eſculapius*; but, in after-times, the ſame Virtue and Good-will was attributed to *Iſis* and *Oſiris*. Which brings to my Remembrance an odd Paſſage in Sir *Thomas Brown*'s *Religio Medici*, or in his *Vulgar Errors*; the Senſe whereof is, *That we are beholden, for many of our Diſcoveries in Phyſick, to the courteous Revelation of Spirits.* By the Expreſſion of *Viſions purg'd from Phlegm*, our Author means ſuch Dreams or Viſions, as proceed not from natural Cauſes, or Humours of the Body; but ſuch as are ſent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain Remedies.

7 *For* Saturn's *Braſs*, &c. Brazen Veſſels, in which the publick Treaſures of the *Romans* were kept: It may be the Poet meant only old *Vaſes*, which were called *Κρόνια* from the *Greek* Name of *Saturn*.

8 *Numa*'s *Earthen Ware*. Under *Numa* the ſecond King of *Rome*, and for a long time after him, the Holy Veſſels for Sacrifice were of Earthen Ware, according to the Superſtitious Rites which were introduc'd by the ſame *Numa*: Tho' afterwards, when *Memmius* had taken *Corinth*, and *Paulus Emilius* had conquered *Macedonia*, Luxury began amongſt the *Romans*; and then their Utenſils of Devotion were of Gold and Silver, &c.

We

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We bring our Manners to the bleſt Abodes,
And think what pleaſes us, muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of Oil and *Caſſia* one th' Ingredients takes,
And, of the Mixture, a rich Ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes [9] *Calabrian* Wool receive the *Tyrian* Stain;
Or from the Shells their Orient Treaſure takes,
Or, for their Golden Ore, in Rivers rakes;
Then melts the Maſs: All theſe are Vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome Profit from their Pains may riſe:
But tell me, Prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this Gold?
The Wretch that offers from his wealthy Store
Theſe Preſents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
As [10] Maids to *Venus* offer Baby-Toys,
To bleſs the Marriage-Bed with Girls and Boys.
But let us for the Gods a Gift prepare,
Which the Great Man's great Charges cannot bear:
A Soul, where Laws both Human and Divine,
In Practice more than Speculation ſhine:
A genuine Virtue, of a vigorous kind,
Pure in the laſt Receſſes of the Mind:
When with ſuch Off'rings to the Gods I come;
A [11] Cake, thus giv'n, is worth a Hecatomb.

9 *And makes* Calabrian *Wool*, &c. The Wool of *Calabria* was of the fineſt ſort in *Italy*, as *Juvenal* alſo tells us. The *Tyrian Stain* is the Purple Colour dy'd at *Tyrus*; and I ſuppoſe, but dare not poſitively affirm, that the richeſt of that Dye was neareſt our Crimſon, and not Scarlet, or that other Colour more approaching to the Blue. I have not room to juſtifie my Conjecture.

10 *As Maids to Venus*, &c. Theſe *Baby-Toys* were little Babies, or Poppets, as we call them; in *Latin Pupæ*; which the Girls, when they come to the Age of Puberty, or Child-bearing, offer'd to *Venus*; as the Boys at Fourteen or Fifteen Years of Age offer'd their *Bullæ*, or Boſſes.

11 *A Cake thus given*, &c. A Cake of Barley, or coarſe Wheat-meal, with the Bran in it;

it: The Meaning is, that God is pleas'd with the pure and ſportleſs Heart of the Offerer; and not with the Riches of the Offering. *Laberius* in the Fragments of his *Mimes*, has a Verſe like this: *Puras, Deus, non plenas aſpicit manus.*—

What I had forgotten before in its due place, I muſt here tell the Reader, That the firſt half of this Satyr was tranſlated by one of my Sons, now in *Italy*; but I thought ſo well of it, that I let it paſs without any Alteration.

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THE

THIRD SATYR

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

Our Author has made two Satyrs concerning Study, the First and the Third; The First related to Men, This to Young Students, whom he desir'd to be Educated in the Stoick Philosophy: He himself sustains the Person of the Master, or Preceptor, in this admirable Satyr. Where he upbraids the Youth of Sloth, and Negligence in Learning. Yet he begins with one Scholar reproaching his Fellow Students with late rising to their Books. After which he takes upon him the other part of the Teacher. And addressing himself particularly to Young Noblemen, tells them, That by reason of their High Birth, and all Great Possessions of their Fathers, they [illegible] less of adorning their Minds

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Minds with Precepts of Moral Philoſophy: And withal, inculcates to them the Miſeries which will attend them in the whole courſe of their Life, if they do not apply themſelves betimes to the Knowledge of Virtue, and the End of their Creation, which he pathetically inſinuates to them. The Title of this Satyr, in ſome ancient Manuſcripts, was The Reproach of Idleneſs; *tho' in others of the Scholiaſts, 'tis inſcrib'd,* Againſt the Luxury and Vices of the Rich. *In both of which the Intention of the Poet is purſu'd; but principally in the former.*

I remember I Tranſlated this Satyr, when I was a *King's Scholar* at *Weſtminſter*-School, for a *Thurſday*-Night's *Exerciſe*; and believe that it, and many other of my *Exerciſes* of this Nature, in *Engliſh Verſe*, are ſtill in the Hands of my *Learned Maſter*, the Reverend Doctor *Busby*.

IS this thy daily Courſe? The glaring Sun
Breaks in at ev'ry Chink: The Cattle run
To Shades, and Noon-tide Rays of Summer ſhun,
Yet plung'd in Sloth we lie; and ſnore ſupine,
As fill'd with Fumes of undigeſted Wine.
This grave Advice ſome ſober Student bears;
And loudly rings it in his Fellow's Ears.
The yawning Youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy Limbs and dozy Head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy Eyes, and ſcrubs his Pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My Cloaths, make haſte: Why when! If none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous Note,
Than an *Arcadian* Aſs can ſtretch his Throat.

With

With much ado, his Book before him laid,
And [1] Parchment with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the Papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling Fingers, tries the Pen:
Some peevish Quarrel streight he strives to pick;
His Quill writes double, or his Ink's too thick;
Infuse more Water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the Characters be seen.
O Wretch, and still more wretched ev'ry Day!
Are Mortals born to sleep their Lives away?
Go back to what thy Infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a Man:
Eat Pap and Spoon-meat; for thy Gugaws cry;
Be sullen, and refuse the Lullaby.
No more accuse thy Pen; but charge the Crime
On Native Sloth, and Negligence of Time.
Think'st thou thy Master, or thy Friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thy self, and that's a worse Deceit.
Beware the publick Laughter of the Town;
Thou spring'st a Leak already in thy Crown.
A Flaw is in thy ill-bak'd Vessel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring Sound.
Yet, thy moist Clay is pliant to Command;
Unwrought, and easy to the Potter's Hand:
Now take the Mold: now bend thy Mind to feel
The first sharp Motions of the Forming Wheel.
But thou hast Land; a Country-Seat, secure
By a just Title; costly Furniture;

[1] *Parchment*, &c. The Students us'd to write their Notes on Parchments; the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. *Quintilian* reproves this Custom, and advises rather Table-Books, lin'd with Wax, and a Style, like that we use in our Vellum Table-Books, as more easy.

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A [2] Fuming-Pan thy *Lares* to appeaſe:
What need of Learning when a Man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy Soul,
Then pleaſe thy Pride, and ſearch the Herald's Roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous Pedigree
Drawn [3] from the Root of ſome old *Tuſcan* Tree;
And thou, a Thouſand off, a Fool of long Degree.
Who, clad in [4] Purple, can'ſt thy Cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him Couſin, in the Street.

Such Pageantry be to the People ſhown:
There boaſt thy Horſe's Trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy Bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow Centre, to the utmoſt Skin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a Beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?

But, 'tis in vain: The Wretch is drench'd too deep;
His Soul is ſtupid, and his Heart aſleep:
Fatten'd in Vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not; ſenſeleſs of his Loſs.
Down goes the Wretch at once, unskill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the Water's brim.

Great Father of the Gods, when, for our Crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy Judgment on the Times;

2 *A Fuming-Pan, &c.* Before Eating, it was cuſtomary to cut off ſome part of the Meat; which was firſt put into a Pan, or little Diſh; then into the Fire, as an Offering to the Houſhold-Gods: This they call'd a *Libation.*

3 *Drawn from the Root, &c.* The *Tuſcans* were accounted of moſt ancient Nobility. *Horace* obſerves this, in moſt of his Compliments to *Mecænas*, who was deriv'd from the Old Kings of *Tuſcany*, now the Dominion of the Great Duke.

4 *Who clad in Purple, &c.* The *Roman* Knights, attir'd in the Robe call'd *Trabea*, were ſummon'd by the Cenſor to appear before him; and to ſalute him in paſſing by, as their Names were call'd over. They led their Horſes in their Hand. See more of this in *Pompey's* Life, written by *Plutarch.*

Some

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Some Tyrant-King, the Terror of his Age,
The Type, and true Vicegerent of thy Rage;
Thus puniſh him: Set Virtue in his Sight,
With all her Charms adorn'd, with all her Graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His Gains out-weigh'd by loſt Felicity!
Sicilian [5] Tortures, and the Brazen Bull,
Are Emblems, rather than expreſs the Full
Of what he feels: Yet what he fears, is more:
The [6] Wretch, who ſitting at his plenteous Board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed Sword
Hang o'er his Head, and hanging by a Twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely Dine.
Ev'n in his Sleep he ſtarts, and fears the Knife,
And, trembling, in his Arms, takes his Accomplice Wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his Darling-Friend
Conceals the Woes his guilty Dreams portend.
When I was young, I, like a lazy Fool,
Wou'd blear my Eyes with Oil to ſtay from School:

5 *Sicilian Tortures*, &c. Some of the *Sicilian* Kings were ſo great Tyrants, that the Name is become Proverbial. The Brazen Bull is a known Story of *Phalaris* one of thoſe Tyrants; who when *Perillus*, a famous Artiſt, had preſented him with a Bull of that Metal hollow'd within, which when the condemn'd Perſon was incloſ'd in it, wou'd render the Sound of a Bull's roaring, caus'd the Workman to make the firſt Experiment. *Docuitque ſuum mugire Juvencum.*

6 *The Wretch who ſitting*, &c. He alludes to the Story of *Damocles*, a Flatterer of one of thoſe *Sicilian* Tyrants, namely *Dionyſius*. *Damocles* had infinitely extoll'd the Happineſs of Kings. *Dionyſius*, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a Feaſt, and clothed him in Purple; but caus'd a Sword, with the Point downward, to be hung over his Head by a ſilken Twine; which when he perceiv'd, he cou'd eat nothing of the Delicates that were ſet before him.

Averſe

Averse from Pains, and loth to learn the Part
Of *Cato*, dying with a dauntless Heart:
Tho' much, my Master, that stern Virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the Vanquisher the Vanquish'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd Father came with Pride to see
His Boy defend the *Roman* Liberty.

But then my Study was to Cog the Dice,
And dext'rously to throw the lucky Sice:
To shun Ames-Ace, that swept my Stakes away;
And watch the Box, for fear they shou'd convey
False Bones, and put upon me in the Play.
Careful, besides, the whirling Top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy Years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's Good or Ill, and both their Ends discern:
Thou, [7] in the Stoick-Porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the *Dogma's* of great *Zeno* read:
Where on the Walls, by [8] *Polygnotus'* Hand,
The Conquer'd *Medians* in Trunk-Breeches stand.
Where the shorn Youth to midnight Lectures rise,
Rous'd from their Slumbers to be early wise:
Where the coarse Cake, and homely Husks of Beans,
From pamp'ring Riot the young Stomach weans:
And [9] where the *Samian* Y directs thy Steps to run
To *Virtue's* narrow Steep, and Broad-way *Vice* to shun.

And

7 *Thou in the Stoick Porch*, &c. The Stoicks taught their Philosophy under a *Portico*, to secure their Scholars from the Weather. *Zeno* was the Chief of that Sect.

8 *Polygnotus*, a famous Painter, who drew the Pictures of the *Medes* and *Persians*, conquer'd by *Miltiades*, *Themistocles*, and other *Athenian* Captains, on the Walls of the *Portico*, in their Natural Habits.

9 *And where the Samian* Y, &c. *Pythagoras of Samos*, made the Allusion of the Y, or *Greek* Upsilon, to Vice and Virtue. One side of the Letter being broad, characters Vice, to which

And yet thou snor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken Breath,
Sour with Debauch; and ſleep'ſt the Sleep of Death:
Thy Chaps are fallen, and thy Frame disjoin'd;
Thy Body as diſſolv'd as is thy Mind.
Haſt thou not, yet, propos'd ſome certain End,
To which thy Life, thy ev'ry Act may tend?
Haſt thou no Mark, at which to bend thy Bow?
Or like a Boy purſu'ſt the Carrion-Crow
With Pellets, and with Stones, from Tree to Tree:
A fruitleſs Toil, and liv'ſt *Extempore?*
Watch the Diſeaſe in time: For, when within
The Dropſy rages and extends the Skin,
In vain for *Hellebore* the Patient cries,
And fees the Doctor; but too late is wiſe:
Too late, for Cure, he proffers half his Wealth;
Conqueſt and *Guibbons* cannot give him Health.
Learn, Wretches, learn the Motions of the Mind,
Why you were made, for what you were deſign'd;
And the great Moral End of Human Kind.
Study thy ſelf: What Rank, or what Degree
The wiſe Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the Offices of that Eſtate
Perform; and with thy Prudence guide thy Fate.
Pray juſtly, to be heard: Nor more deſire
Than what the Decencies of Life require.
Learn what thou ow'ſt thy Country, and thy Friend;
What's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the Store
Of the great'd Advocate, that grinds the Poor:

which the Aſcent is wide and eaſy: The other ſide repreſents Virtue, to which the Paſſage is ſtraight and difficult; and perhaps our Saviour might alſo allude to this, in thoſe noted Words of the Evangeliſt, *The way to Heaven, &c.*

Fat

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Fat [10] Fees from the defended *Umbrian* draws;
And only gains the wealthy Client's Cauſe.
To whom the [11] *Marſians* more Proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his Family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a Reliſh to the Taſte,
And potted Fowl, and Fiſh come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks:
And mouldy Mother gathers on the brinks.
But, here, ſome Captain of the Land or Fleet,
Strout of his Hands, but of a Soldier's Wit;
Cries, I have Senſe to ſerve my Turn, in ſtore;
And he's a Raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what-e'er thoſe Book-learn'd Blockheads ſay,
Solon's the veri'ſt Fool in all the Play.
Top-heavy Drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the Crown!)
Mutt'ring betwixt their Lips ſome myſtick thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat Conjuring.
Meer Mad-mens Dreams: For, what the Schools have taught,
Is only this, that Nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, What is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the Pleaſures of a glorious Meal?
For this, in Rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the May-game of the publick Spleen?
Proceed, my Friend, and rail; But hear me tell
A Story, which is juſt thy Parallel.
A Spark, like thee, of the Man-killing Trade,
Fell ſick; and thus to his Phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry Part;
I feel a kind of Trembling at my Heart:

10 *Fat Fees*, &c. *Caſaubon* here notes, that among all the *Romans*, who were brought up to Learning, few beſides the Orators, or Lawyers, grew rich.

11 The *Marſians* or *Umbrians*, were the moſt plentiful of all the Provinces of *Italy*.

My

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My Pulſe unequal, and my Breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy Furr upon my Tongue.
The Doctor heard him, exercis'd his Skill:
And, after, bid him for Four Days be ſtill.
Three Days he took good Counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring Man:
The Fourth, he cou'd not hold from Drink; but ſends
His Boy to one of his old truſty Friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his Diſtreſs, who cou'd not Dine
Without a Flaggon of his healing Wine.
He drinks a ſwilling Draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple, in the Bath, his outward Skin:
Whom ſhou'd he find but his Phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir you look wan, you hardly draw your Breath;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the Bath is Death.
'Tis Nothing, ſays the Fool: But, ſays the Friend,
This Nothing, Sir, will bring you to your End.
Do I not ſee your Dropſy Belly ſwell?
Your yellow Skin?——No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair Eſtate and me,
And, Doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I've done, ſays the Phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing Sot, like all unthinking Men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His Throat half throttled with corrupted Phlegm,
And breathing through his Jaws a belching Steam:
Amidſt his Cups with fainting Shiv'ring ſeiz'd,
His Limbs diſjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,
His Hand refuſes to ſuſtain the Bowl:
And his Teeth chatter, and his Eye-balls rowl:
Till, with his Meat, he vomits out his Soul:

Then

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Then Trumpets, Torches, and a tedious Crew
Of Hireling Mourners, for his Funeral due.
Our dear departed Brother lies in State,
His [12] Heels ſtretch'd out, and pointing to the Gate:
And Slaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead Maſter wait.
They hoiſt him on the Bier, and deal the Dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious Fool.
But what's thy fulſom Parable to me?
My Body is from all Diſeaſes free:
My temp'rate Pulſe does regularly beat;
Feel, and be ſatisfy'd, my Hands and Feet:
Theſe are not cold, nor thoſe oppreſt with Heat.
Or lay thy Hand upon my naked Heart,
And thou ſhalt find me hale in ev'ry part.
I grant this true: But, ſtill, the deadly Wound
Is in thy Soul; 'tis there thou art not ſound.
Say, when thou ſeeſt a heap of tempting Gold,
Or a more tempting Harlot doſt behold;
Then, when ſhe caſts on thee a ſide-long Glance,
Then try thy Heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarſe cold Sallad is before thee ſet;
Bread with the Bran perhaps, and broken Meat;
Fall on, and try thy Appetite to eat.
Theſe are not Diſhes for thy dainty Tooth:
What, haſt thou got an Ulcer in thy Mouth?
Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy Pallat ſore?
That Bete and Radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is th' unequal Temper of thy Mind;
Thy Paſſions, in extreams, and unconfin'd:
Thy Hair ſo briſtles with unmanly Fears,
As Fields of Corn, that riſe in bearded Ears.

12 *His heels ſtretch'd out*, &c. The *Romans* were buried without the City; for which Reaſon the Poet ſays, that the dead Man's Heels were ſtretch'd out towards the Gate.

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And, when thy Cheeks with fleshing Fury glow,
The rage of boiling Caldrons is more slow;
When fed with Fuel and with Flames below.
With Foam upon thy Lips and sparkling Eyes,
Thou say'st, and do'st, in such outrageous wise;
That mad [13] *Orestes*, if he saw the Show,
Wou'd swear thou wert the madder of the two.

13 *That mad* Orestes. *Orestes* was Son to *Agamemnon* and *Clytemnestra*. *Agamemnon*, at his return from the *Trojan* Wars, was slain by *Ægysthus*, the Adulterer of *Clytemnestra*. *Orestes* to revenge his Father's Death, slew both *Ægysthus* and his Mother: For which he was punish'd with Madness, by the *Eumenides*, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

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P.S. 4.

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PERSIUS.

THE FOURTH SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

Our Author, living in the time of Nero, *was Contemporary and Friend to the Noble Poet* Lucan; *both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good Men, how unskilfully he manag'd the Commonwealth: and perhaps might guess at his future Tyranny, by some Passages, during the latter part of his first five Years; tho' he broke not out into his great Excesses, while he was restrain'd by the Counsels and Authority of* Seneca. Lucan *has not spar'd him in the Poem of his* Pharsalia; *for his very Compliment look'd asquint as well as* Nero. Persius *has been bolder, but with Caution likewise. For here, in the Person of young* Alcibiades, *he arraigns his Ambition of meddling with State Affairs, without Judgment or Experience. 'Tis probable that he makes* Seneca, *in this Satyr, sustain the Part of* Socra-

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tes, *under a borrow'd Name. And, withal, diſcovers ſome ſecret Vices of* Nero, *concerning his Luſt, his Drunkenneſs, and his Effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to publick Notice. He alſo reprehends the Flattery of his Courtiers, who endeavour'd to make all his Vices paſs for Virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his Faults; but it is here deſcribed as a Veil caſt over the true Meaning of the Poet, which was to Satyrize his Prodigality and Voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a Tranſition. I find no Inſtance in Hiſtory, of that Emperor's being a* Pathique, *tho'* Perſius *ſeems to brand him with it. From the two Dialogues of* Plato, *both called* Alcibiades, *the Poet took the Arguments of the Second and Third Satyr, but he inverted the Order of them: For the Third Satyr is taken from the Firſt of thoſe Dialogues.*

The Commentators before Caſaubon, *were ignorant of our Author's ſecret Meaning; and thought he had only written againſt young Noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to Publick Magiſtracy: But this excellent Scholiaſt has unravell'd the whole Myſtery; and made it apparent, that the Sting of this Satyr was particularly aim'd at* Nero.

WHoe'er thou art, whoſe forward Years are bent
On State Affairs to guide the Government;
Hear, firſt, what [1] *Socrates* of old has ſaid
To the lov'd Youth, whom he at *Athens* bred.

Tel

1 *Socrates*, whom the Oracle of *Delphos* praiſed, as the wiſeſt Man of his Age, liv'd in the time of the *Peloponneſian* War. He, finding the uncertainty of Natural Philoſophy, apply'd himſelf

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Tell me, thou Pupil to great [2] *Pericles*,
Our ſecond Hope, my *Alcibiades*,
What are the Grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a Care?
Perhaps thy Wit: (A Chance not often heard,
That Parts and Prudence ſhou'd prevent the Beard:)
'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that Senators ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak, and when to hold their Tongue.
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar Fate;
When the mad People riſe againſt the State,
To look them into Duty: and command
An awful Silence with thy lifted Hand.
Then to beſpeak 'em thus: *Athenians*, know
Againſt right Reaſon all your Counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other Queſtion proper for Debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the Bus'neſs right,
And give each Argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the Scale:
Seeſt where the Reaſons pinch, and where they fail,
And where Exceptions o'er the general Rule prevail.
And, taught by Inſpiration, in a trice,
Can'ſt [3] puniſh Crimes, and brand offending Vice.

Leave,

himſelf wholly to the Moral. He was Maſter to *Xenophon* and *Plato*; and to many of the *Athenian* young Noblemen; among the reſt, to *Alcibiades*, the moſt lovely Youth then living; afterwards a famous Captain, whoſe Life is written by *Plutarch*.

2 *Pericles* was Tutor, or rather Overſeer of the Will of *Clinias*, Father to *Alcibiades*. While *Pericles* liv'd, who was a wiſe Man, and an excellent Orator, as well as a great General, the *Athenians* had the better of the War.

3 *Canſt puniſh Crimes*, &c. That is, by Death. When the Judge wou'd condemn a Malefactor, they caſt their Votes into an Urn, as, according to the Modern Cuſtom, a Balloting-Box. If the Suffrages

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Leave, leave to fathom ſuch high Points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, ere the time, to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably Wiſe, 'till Age, and Cares,
Have form'd thy Soul, to manage great Affairs.
Thy Face, thy Shape, thy Outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not Strength ſuch Labours to ſuſtain:
Drink [4] *Hellebore*, my Boy, drink deep and purge thy Brain.
What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy Care,
In what thy utmoſt Good? Delicious Fare;
And, then, to Sun thy ſelf in open Air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty Wiſhes ſuch?
A good old Woman wou'd have ſaid as much.
But thou art Nobly born; 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy Pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides thou art a Beau: What's that, my Child?
A Fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:
She, that cries Herbs, has leſs Impertinence;
And, in her Calling, more of common Senſe.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret Imperfections of his Mind:
But ev'ry one is Eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's Faults, and his Deformity.
Say, doſt thou know [5] *Vectidius?* Who, the Wretch
Whoſe Lands beyond the *Sabines* largely ſtretch;

Cover

were mark'd with Θ, they ſignify'd the Sentence of Death to the Offender: as being the firſt Letter of Θάνατος, which in *Engliſh* is Death.

4 *Drink Hellebore*, &c. The Poet wou'd ſay, that ſuch an ignorant Young Man, as he here deſcribes, is fitter to be govern'd himſelf, than to govern others: He therefore adviſes him to drink *Hellebore*, which purges the Brain.

5 *Say doſt thou know* Vectidius, &c. The Name of *Vectidius* is here us'd appellatively to ſignify any rich covetous Man; tho' perhaps there might be a Man of that

Name

Cover the Country, that a ſailing Kite
Can ſcarce o'erfly 'em, in a Day and Night;
Him, doſt thou mean, who ſpight of all his Store,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for Half-pence, and who doffs his Coat,
To ſave a Farthing in a Ferry-boat?
Ever a Glutton, at another's Coſt,
But in whoſe Kitchin dwells perpetual Froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his Domeſtick Slaves;
A verier Hind than any of his Knaves?
Born with the Curſe and Anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent Genius he defrauds?
At Harveſt-home, and on the Sheering-Day,
When he ſhou'd [6] Thanks to *Pan* and *Pales* pay,
And better *Ceres*; trembling to approach
The little Barrel, which he fears to broach:
He ſ'ays the Wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty Servants but a ſmack.
To a ſhort Meal he makes a tedious Grace
Before the Barley Pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving Charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd Onion eats, and tipples Verjuice.
Thus fares the Drudge: But thou, whoſe Life's a Dream
Of lazy Pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe Extream.
'Tis all thy buſ'neſs, buſ'neſs how to ſhun;
To bask thy naked Body in the Sun;

Name then living. I have tranſlated this Paſſage paraphraſtically, and looſly; and leave it for thoſe to look on, who are not unlike the Picture.

[6] *When he ſhou'd Thanks*, &c. *Pan* the God of Shepherds, and *Pales* the Goddeſs preſiding over rural Affairs, whom *Virgil* invocates in the beginning of his Second *Georgique*. I give the Epithet of *Better* to *Ceres*, becauſe the firſt taught the Uſe of Corn for Bread, as the Poets tell us. Men, in the firſt rude Ages, feeding only on Acorns, or Maſt, inſtead of Bread.

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Suppling thy ſtiffned Joints with fragrant Oil:
Then, in thy ſpacious Garden, walk a while,
To ſuck the Moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, wou'd all thy ſecret Sins expoſe.
The [7] Depilation of thy modeſt Part:
Thy *Catamite*, the Darling of thy Heart,
His Engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder Art.
When, prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the Pleaſure, which thou can'ſt not give.
With odorous Oil thy Head and Hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the Tuzzes on thy Cheek:
Of theſe thy Barbers take a coſtly Care,
While thy ſalt Tail is over-grown with Hair.
Not all thy Pincers, nor unmanly Arts,
Can ſmooth the Roughneſs of thy ſhameful Parts.
Not [8] five, the ſtrongeſt that the *Circus* breeds,
From the rank Soil can root thoſe wicked Weeds:

Tho'

7 *The Depilation of thy modeſt Part*, &c. Our Author here taſks *Nero*, covertly, with that Effeminate Cuſtom now us'd in *Italy*, and eſpecially by *Harlots*, of ſmoothing their Bellies, and taking off the Hairs which grow about their Secrets. In *Nero*'s time they were pull'd off with Pincers; but now they uſe a Paſte, which apply'd to thoſe Parts, when it is remov'd, carries away with it thoſe Excreſcencies.

8 *Not five the ſtrongeſt*, &c. The Learned *Holiday*, (who has made us amends for his bad Poetry in this and the reſt of theſe Satyrs, with his excellent Illuſtrations,) here tells us, from good Authority, that the Number Five does not allude to the *Five Fingers* of one Man, who us'd them all, in taking off the Hairs before mentioned; but to *Five ſtrong Men*, ſuch as were skilful in the five robuſt Exerciſes, then in practice at *Rome*, and were performed in the *Circus*, or Publick Place, ordained for them. Theſe Five he reckons up in this manner:

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Tho' ſuppled firſt with Soap, to eaſe thy Pain,
The ſtubborn Fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with Defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the Jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy Hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious Eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin Diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an Ulcer which no Leach can heal,
Tho' thy broad Shoulder-belt the Wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and hale in ev'ry Part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy Heart.
We know thee ſullen, impotent and proud:
Nor can'ſt thou cheat thy [9] Nerve, who cheat'ſt the Croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the Neighbourhood,
When the pleas'd People take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their Incenſe? Not receive
The loud Applauſes which the Vulgar give?
If thou doſt Wealth, with longing Eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after Gold;
If ſome alluring Girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the Wink, with a laſcivious Eye,
And thou with a conſenting Glance, reply;
If thou, thy own Sollicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh *Pendulum*:
If thy lewd Luſt provokes an empty Storm,
And prompts to more than Nature can perform;

manner: 1. The *Caſtus*, or Whirlbats, deſcrib'd by *Virgil*, in his fifth *Æneid*; and this was the moſt dangerous of all the reſt. The Second was the *Foot-race*. The Third the *Diſcus*, like the throwing a weighty Ball; a Sport now us'd in *Cornwall*, and other Parts of *England*; we may ſee it daily practis'd in *Red-Lion Fields*. The Fourth was the *Saltus*, or Leaping: And the Fifth *Wreſtling naked*, and beſmear'd with Oil. They who were practis'd in theſe Five Manly Exerciſes, were call'd Πένταθλοι.

9 *Thy Nerve*, &c. That is, thou canſt not deceive thy obſcene Part, which is weak, or impotent, tho' thou mak'ſt Oſtentation of thy Performances with Women.

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If, with thy [10] Guards, thou scour'ſt the Streets by Night,
And doſt in Murthers, Rapes, and Spoils delight;
Pleaſe not thy ſelf, the flatt'ring Crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff, to feed thy itching Ear.
Reject the Nauſeous Praiſes of the Times:
Give thy baſe Poets back their cobbled Rhimes:
Survey thy [11] Soul, not what thou do'ſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the Beggar there.

10 *If with thy Guards*, &c. *Perſius* durſt not have been ſo bold with *Nero*, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publickly ſpeak: I mean of *Nero*'s walking in the Streets by Night, in diſguiſe, and committing all ſorts of Outrages; for which he was ſometimes well beaten.

11 *Survey thy Soul*; &c. That is, look into thy ſelf, and examine thy own Conſcience; there thou ſhalt find, that how wealthy ſoever thou appeareſt to the World, yet thou art but a Beggar; becauſe thou art deſtitute of all Virtues, which are the Riches of the Soul. This alſo was a Paradox of the Stoick School.

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PERSIUS.

THE FIFTH SATYR.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

The ARGUMENT.

The Judicious Casaubon, *in his Proem to this Satyr, tells us, That* Aristophanes *the Grammarian being ask'd, what Poem of* Archilochus *his Iambicks he preferred before the rest; answer'd, The longest. His Answer may justly be apply'd to this Fifth Satyr; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive: For this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscrib'd it to my Learned Master,* Dr. Busby; *to whom I am not only obliged my self for the best part of my own Education, and that of my two Sons; but have also receiv'd from him the first and truest Taste of* Persius. *May he be pleas'd to find in this Translation, the Gratitude, or at least some small Acknowledgement of his unworthy Scholar, at the Distance of 24 Years,*

Years, from the time when I departed from under his Tuition.

This Satyr consists of two distinct Parts: The first contains the Praises of the Stoick *Philosopher* Cornutus, *Master and Tutor to our* Persius. *It also declares the Love and Piety of* Persius, *to his well-deserving Master; and the mutual Friendship which continued betwixt them, after* Persius *was now grown a Man. As also his Exhortation to Young Noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his Institution. From hence he makes an artful Transition into the second Part of his Subject: wherein he first complains of the Sloth of Scholars, and afterwards perswades them to the pursuit of their true Liberty: Here our Author excellently treats that Paradox of the* Stoicks, *which affirms, that the Wise or Virtuous Man is only free; and that all Vicious Men are naturally Slaves. And, in the Illustration of this* Dogma, *he takes up the remaining Part of this inimitable Satyr.*

The FIFTH SATYR.

Inscrib'd to the Reverend Dr. *BUSBY*.

The Speakers Persius *and* Cornutus.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient Use to Poets it belongs,
To wish themselves an hundred Mouths and Tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd Tragedians Rage
They recommend their Labours of the Stage,

Or

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Or ſing the *Parthian*, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the *Roman* Jav'lin from his Thighs.
Corn. And why wou'dſt thou theſe mighty Morſels chuſe,
Of Words unchew'd, and fit to choak the Muſe?
Let Fuſtian Poets with their Stuff be gone,
And ſuck the Miſts that hang o'er *Helicon*;
When [1] *Progne*'s or [2] *Thyeſtes*' Feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing Actor, Verſe indite.
Thou neither, like a Bellows, ſwell'ſt thy Face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning Maſs
Of melting Ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy Throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd Note,
Like rowling Thunder till it breaks the Cloud,
And rattling Nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft Elocution does thy Style renown,
And the ſweet Accents of the peaceful Gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at Follies, or to laſh at Vice.
Hence draw thy Theme, and to the Stage permit
Raw-head and Bloody-bones, and Hands and Feet,
Ragouſts for *Tereus* or *Thyeſtes* dreſt;
'Tis Task enough for thee t'expoſe a *Roman* Feaſt.
Perſ. 'Tis not, indeed, my Talent to engage
In lofty Trifles, or to ſwell my Page
With Wind and Noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a Friend, the Secrets of my Heart;
And, in familiar Speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.

1 *Progne* was Wife to *Tereus*, King of *Thracia*: *Tereus* fell in Love with *Philomela*, Siſter to *Progne*, raviſh'd her, and cut out her Tongue: In Revenge of which, *Progne* kill'd *Itys*, her own Son by *Tereus*; and ſerv'd him up at a Feaſt, to be eaten by his Father.

2 *Thyeſtes* and *Atreus* were Brothers, both Kings: *Atreus*, to Revenge himſelf of his unnatural Brother, kill'd the Sons of *Thyeſtes*, and invited him to eat them.

Knock

Knock on my Heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with Wind;
And, thro' the veil of Words, thou view'st the naked Mind.
For this a hundred Voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred Tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt.
How deeply thou art ſeated in my Breaſt.
When firſt my [3] childiſh Robe reſign'd the Charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden *Bulla* (hung on high
To Houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a Boy;
And my [4] white Shield proclaim'd my Liberty:
When, with my wild Companions, I cou'd rowl
From Street to Street, and ſin without controul;
Juſt at that Age, when Manhood ſet me free;
I then depos'd my ſelf, and left the Reins to thee.
On thy wiſe Boſom I repos'd my Head,
And, by my better [5] *Socrates*, was bred.
Then thy ſtreight Rule ſet Virtue in my ſight,
The crooked Line reforming by the right.
My Reaſon took the bent of thy Command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful Hand:
Long Summer-days thy Precepts I rehearſe;
And Winter-nights were ſhort in our Converſe:

3 By the Childiſh Robe, is meant the *Prætexta*, or firſt Gowns which the *Roman* Children of Quality wore: theſe were welted with Purple; and on thoſe Welts were faſten'd the *Bullæ*, or little Bells; which when they came to the Age of *Puberty*, were hung up, and Conſecrated to the *Lares*, or Houſhold Gods.

4 The firſt Shields which the *Roman* Youths wore, were white, and without any Impreſs, or Device on them, to ſhew they had yet Atchiev'd nothing in the Wars.

5 *Socrates*, by the Oracle, was declar'd to be the Wiſeſt of Mankind: He Inſtructed many of the *Athenian* Young Noblemen in Morality, and amongſt the reſt *Alcibiades*.

One

One was our Labour, one was our Repoſe,
One frugal Supper did our Studies cloſe.
Sure on our Birth ſome friendly Planet ſhone;
And, as our [6] Souls, our Horoſcope was one:
Whether the [7] mounting Twins did Heav'n adorn,
Or, with the riſing [8] Balance we were born;
Both have the ſame Impreſſions from above;
And both have [9] *Saturn*'s Rage, repell'd by *Jove*.
What Star I know not, but ſome Star I find,
Has giv'n Thee an Aſcendant o'er my Mind.

Corn. Nature is ever various in her Frame:
Each has a different Will; and few the ſame:
The greedy Merchants, led by Lucre, run
To the parch'd *Indies*, and the riſing Sun;
From thence hot Pepper, and rich Drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for Spices, their *Italian* Ware:
The lazy Glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his Sloth, and batten with his Sleep:
One bribes for high Preferments in the State,
A ſecond ſhakes the Box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the Bed, diſſolving there,
'Till Knots upon his Gouty Joints appear,
And Chalk is in his Crippled Fingers found;
Rots like a Deddard Oak, and piecemeal falls to ground.
Then, his lewd Follies he wou'd late repent;
And his paſt Years, that in a Miſt were ſpent.

6 Aſtrologers divide the Heaven into Twelve Parts, according to the Number of the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack: The Sign or Conſtellation which ſets in the Eaſt, at the Birth of any Man, is call'd the Aſcendant: *Perſius* therefore judges, that *Cornutus* and he had the ſame, or a like Nativity.

7 The Sign of *Gemini*.

8 The Sign of *Libra*.

9 Aſtrologers have an Axiom, that whatſoever *Saturn* ties, is loos'd by *Jupiter*: They account *Saturn* to be a Planet of a Malevolent Nature, and *Jupiter* of a Propitious Influence.

Perſ.

Pers. But thou art pale, in nightly Studies, grown,
To make the [10] Stoick Institutes thy own:
Thou long with studious Care hast till'd our Youth,
And sown our well-purg'd Ears with wholsome Truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
The Bounds of Good and Evil to discern.

Corn. Unhappy he who does this Work adjourn,
And to To-morrow wou'd the Search delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

Pers. But is one Day of Ease too much to Borrow?

Corn. Yes, sure: For Yesterday was once To-morrow.
That Yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitless Days will thus be drain'd;
For thou hast more To-morrows yet to Ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy Task;
Who, like the hindmost Chariot-Wheels, art curst,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O Freedom! first delight of Human Kind!
Not that which Bondmen from their Masters find,
The [11] Privilege of Doles: nor yet t'inscribe
Their Names in [12] this or t'other *Roman* Tribe:
That false Enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are [13] made Citizens by turning round.

10 *Zeno* was the Great Master of the Stoick Philosophy; and *Cleanthes* was second to him in Reputation: *Cornutus*, who was Master or Tutor to *Persius*, was of the same School.

11 When a Slave was made free, he had the Privilege of a *Roman* Born; which was to have a Share in the Donatives or Doles of Bread, &c. which were distributed by the Magistrates amongst the People.

12 The *Roman* People was distributed into several Tribes: He who was made free was inrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoy'd the common Privileges of a *Roman* Citizen.

13 The Master, who intended to enfranchise a Slave, carried him before the City Prætor, and turn'd him round, using these Words; *I will that this Man be free.*

How,

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How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low Degree,
Not worth a Farthing, and a Sot beſide;
So true a Rogue, for Lying's ſake he ly'd:
But, with a Turn, a Freeman he became;
Now [14] *Marcus Dama* is his Worſhip's Name.
Good Gods! who wou'd refuſe to lend a Sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* Surety will become!
Marcus is made a Judge, and for a Proof
Of certain Truth, *He ſaid it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd; put in your Claim;
'Tis clear, if [15] *Marcus* has ſubſcrib'd his Name.
This is [16] true Liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our Caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without controul to live?
Not more to [17] Noble *Brutus* cou'd belong.
Hold, ſays the Stoick, your Aſſumption's wrong:
I grant true Freedom you have well deſin'd:
But, living as you liſt, and to your Mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind.
What ſince the Prætor did my Fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without Controul and Awe,
Excepting ſtill the [18] Letter of the Law?

14 Slaves had only one Name before their Freedom: After it, they were admitted to a *Prænomen*, like our Chriſtian Names: So *Dama*, is now call'd *Marcus Dama*.

15 At the Proof of a Teſtament, the Magiſtrates were to ſubſcribe their Names, as allowing the Legality of the Will.

16 Slaves, when they were ſet free, had a Cap given them in Sign of their Liberty.

17 *Brutus* freed the *Roman* People from the Tyranny of the *Tarquins*, and chang'd the Form of the Government into a glorious Common-wealth.

18 The Text of the *Roman* Laws, was written in Red Letters, which was called the Rubrick; tranſlated here, in more general Words, *The Letter of the Law*.

Hear

Hear me with Patience, while thy Mind I free
From those fond Notions of false Liberty:
'Tis not the Prætor's Province to bestow
True Freedom; nor to teach Mankind to know
What to our selves, or to our Friends, we owe.
He cou'd not set thee free from Cares and Strife,
Nor give the Reins to a lewd vicious Life:
As well he for an Ass a Harp might string,
Which is against the Reason of the thing;
For Reason still is whisp'ring in your Ear,
Where you are sure to fail, th'Attempt forbear.
No need of Publick Sanctions, this to bind,
Which Nature has implanted in the Mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.
Unskill'd in *Hellebore*, if thou shou'dst try
To mix it, and mistake the Quantity,
The Rules of Physick wou'd against thee cry.
The high-shoo'd Ploughman, shou'd he quit the Land,
To take the Pilot's Rudder in his hand,
Artless of Stars, and of the moving Sand,
The Gods wou'd leave him to the Waves and Wind,
And think all Shame was lost in Human Kind.
Tell me, my Friend, from whence hadst thou the skill,
So nicely to distinguish Good from Ill?
Or by the Sound to judge of Gold and Brass,
What Piece is Tinkers Metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratifie?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare,
But never Craving, or oppress'd with Care?
The Baits of Gifts, and Money to despise,
And look on Wealth with undesiring Eyes?
When thou canst truly call these Virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by Heav'n's Consent, and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common strain,
Wert one of us, if still thou dost retain

The

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The ſame ill Habits, the ſame Follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a Saint-like Show,
Then I reſume the Freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to Vice, and ſtill a Slave.
Thou can'ſt not wag thy Finger, or begin
The leaſt light Motion, but it tends to Sin.
How's this? Not wag my Finger, he replies?
No, Friend; nor ſuming Gums, nor Sacrifice,
Can ever make a Madman free, or wiſe.
" Virtue and [19] Vice are never in one Soul:
" A Man is wholly Wiſe, or wholly is a Fool.
A heavy Bumkin, taught with daily Care,
Can never dance three Steps with a becoming Air.
Perſ. In ſpight of this, my Freedom ſtill remains.
Corn. Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many Chains?
Canſt thou no other Maſter underſtand
Than [20] him that free'd thee by the Prætor's Wand?
Shou'd he, who was thy Lord, command thee now,
With a harſh Voice, and ſupercilious Brow,
To ſervile Duties, thou wou'dſt fear no more;
The Gallows and the Whip are out of door.
But if thy Paſſions lord it in thy Breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a Slave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,
When thou wou'dſt take a lazy Morning's Nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy Limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;

19 The Stoicks held this Paradox, That any one Vice, or notorious Folly, which they call'd Madneſs, hindred a Man from being Virtuous: That a Man was of a Piece, without a Mixture; either wholly Vicious, or Good; one Virtue or Vice, according to them, including all the reſt.

20 The Prætor held a Wand in his Hand, with which he ſoftly ſtruck the Slave on the Head, when he declared him free.

The

The Tyrant Lucre no Denial takes;
At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes:
What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his Lord:
Why riſe, make ready, and go ſtreight aboard:
With Fiſh, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Veſſel freight;
Flax, Caſtor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight
Of Pepper, and *Sabean* Incenſe, take
With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back:
And with Poſt-haſte thy running Markets make.
Be ſure to turn the Penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholeſom Sin: But *Jove*, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, Fool, or ſtarve; for the Dilemma's even:
A Tradeſman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?
Reſolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his Burden on his Back:
Nothing retards thy Voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other Lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may ask this civil Queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a Shipboard? to what End?
Art thou of *Bethlem*'s Noble College free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou wou'dſt tempt the Sea?
Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattreſs laid,
On a brown *George*, with lowſie Swobbers fed,
Dead wine, that ſtinks of the *Borrachio*, ſup
From a foul Jack, or greaſie Maple-Cup?
Say wou'dſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy Store
From Six i'th Hundred, to Six Hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live:
Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying Hour
Does ſome looſe Remnant of thy Life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for Death will make us all
A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.
Speak; wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuſe.

But

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But both, by turns, the Rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a Slave.
Nor think when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy Marks of Servitude are gone:
The ſtruggling Greyhound gnaws his Leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the Chain.
Says [21] *Phædra* to his Man, Believe me, Friend,
To this uneaſy Love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My Friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd Unthrift of my Race?
Shall I the Neighbours nightly Reſt invade
At her deaf Doors, with ſome vile Serenade?
Well haſt thou freed thy ſelf, his Man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer Sacrifice.
Ah, ſays the Youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond Creature break her Heart?
Weak Soul! and blindly to Deſtruction led!
She break her Heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your Head.
She knows her Man, and when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, *with a ſingle Hair.*
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues?
Shall I my own, and her Deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your Courſe: But my Advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis Madneſs to reſume your Chain.
Ay; there's the Man, who loos'd from Luſt and Pelf,
Leſs to the Prætor owes, than to himſelf.
But write him down a Slave, who humbly proud,
With Preſents begs Preferments from the Crowd;

21 This alludes to the Play of *Terence*, call'd the *Eunuch*; which was excellently imitated of late in *Engliſh*, by Sir *Charles Sidley*: In the firſt Scene of that Comedy, *Phædra* was introduc'd with his Man *Pamphilus*, diſcourſing, whether he ſhou'd leave his Miſtreſs *Thais*, or return to her, now that ſhe had invited him.

That

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That early [22]Suppliant who ſalutes the Tribes,
And ſets the Mob to ſcramble for his Bribes:
That ſome old Dotard, ſitting in the Sun,
On Holy-days may tell, that ſuch a Feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy Superſtition too may claim a Share:
When Flow'rs are ſtrew'd, and Lamps in order plac'd,
And Windows with Illuminations grac'd,
On [23]*Herod*'s Day; when ſparkling Bowls go round,
And Tunny's Tails in ſavoury Sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt Pray'rs obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The Faſts and Sabbaths of the curtail'd *Jews*.
Then a crack'd [24]Egg-ſhell thy ſick Fancy frights,
Beſides the Childiſh Fear of walking Sprights.

22 He who ſued for any Office amongſt the *Romans*, was call'd a Candidate, becauſe he wore a white Gown; and ſometimes chalk'd it, to make it appear whiter. He roſe early, and went to the *Levees* of thoſe who headed the People: Saluted alſo the Tribes ſeverally, when they were gather'd together, to chuſe their Magiſtrates; and diſtributed a Largeſs amongſt them, to engage them for their Voices: Much reſembling our Elections of Parliament-Men.

23 The Commentators are divided, what *Herod* this was whom our Author mentions; whether *Herod the Great*, whoſe Birth-day might be Celebrated, after his Death, by the *Herodians*, a Sect among the *Jews*, who thought him their Meſſiah; or *Herod Agrippa*, living in the Author's time, and after it. The latter ſeems the more probable Opinion.

24 The Ancients had a Superſtition, contrary to ours, concerning Egg-ſhells: They thought that if an Egg-ſhell were crack'd, or a hole bor'd in the Bottom of it, they were ſubject to the Power of Sorcery: We as vainly break the Bottom of an Egg-ſhell, and croſs it, when we have eaten the Egg, leſt ſome Nagg ſhou'd make uſe of it, in bewitching us, or ſailing over the Sea in it, if it were whole.

The reſt of the Prieſts of *Iſis*, and her one-ey'd, or ſquinting Prieſteſs, is more largely treated in the ſixth Satyr of *Juvenal*, where the Superſtitions of Women are related.

Of

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Of o'er-grown Gelding Prieſts thou art afraid;
The Timbrel and the Squintifego Maid
Of *Iſis*, awe thee: left the Gods, for Sin,
Shou'd, with a ſwelling Dropſy, ſtuff thy Skin:
Unleſs three Garlick Heads the Curſe avert,
Eaten each Morn, devoutly, next thy Heart.
Preach this among the brawny Guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy Doctrine will allow:
The dull fat Captain, with a Hound's deep Throat,
Wou'd bellow out a Laugh, in a Baſe Note;
And prize a hundred *Zeno*'s juſt as much
As a clipt Sixpence, or a Schilling *Dutch*.

PER-

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PERSIUS.

THE

SIXTH SATYR.

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

The ARGUMENT.

This Sixth Satyr treats an admirable Common-place of Moral Philosophy; Of the true Use of Riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as Instruments and Helps of living commodiously our selves; and of administring to the Wants of others, who are oppress'd by Fortune. There are two Extreams in the Opinions of Men concerning them. One Error, tho' on the right hand, yet a great one, is, That they are no Helps to a Virtuous Life; the other places all our Happiness in the Acquisition and Possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worse Extream. The Meane betwixt these, is the Opinion of the Stoicks; which is, That Riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous Life; in case we rightly understand how to Give according to right Reason; and how to Receive what is given us by others. The Virtue of Giving

Well,

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P. S. C. P 288.

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Well, is call'd Liberality: And 'tis of this Virtue that Perſius *writes in this Satyr; wherein he not only ſhews the lawful Uſe of Riches, but alſo ſharply inveighs againſt the Vices which are oppos'd to it; and eſpecially of thoſe, which conſiſt in the Defects of Giving or Spending; or in the Abuſe of Riches. He writes to* Cæſius Baſſus *his Friend, and a Poet alſo. Enquires firſt of his Health and Studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now reſident. He gives an account of himſelf, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his Vices; and particularly, that he is combating Ambition, and the Deſire of Wealth. He dwells upon the latter Vice: And being ſenſible that few Men either deſire or uſe Riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their Folly; which is the main Deſign of the whole Satyr.*

The SIXTH SATYR.

To Cæſius Baſſus, *a Lyrick Poet.*

HAS Winter caus'd thee, Friend, to change thy Seat,
And ſeek in [1] *Sabine* Air a warm Retreat?
Say, do'ſt thou yet the *Roman* Harp Command?
Do the Strings Anſwer to thy Noble Hand?
Great Maſter of the Muſe, inſpir'd to Sing
The Beauties of the firſt created Spring;
The Pedigree of Nature to rehearſe,
And ſound the Maker's Work, in equal Verſe.
Now [2] ſporting on thy Lyre the Loves of Youth,
Now Virtuous Age, and Venerable Truth;

1 *And ſeek, in* Sabine *Air*, &c. All the Studious, and particularly the Poets, about the end of *Auguſt*, began to ſet themſelves on Work: Refraining from Writing, during the Heats of the Summer. They wrote by Night, and ſat up the greateſt part of it: For which Reaſon the Product of their Studies, was call'd their *Elucubrations*, or Nightly Labours. They who had Country-Seats, retir'd to them while they Studied: As *Perſius* did to his, which was near the Port of the Moon in *Etruria*; and *Paſſus* to his which was in the Country of the *Sabines*, nearer *Rome*.

2 *Now ſporting on thy Lyre*

Expreſſing juſtly *Sappho*'s wanton Art
Of Odes, and *Pindar*'s more Majeſtick Part.
For me, my warmer Conſtitution wants
More Cold, than our *Ligurian* Winter grants;
And therefore to my Native Shoars retir'd,
I view the Coaſt old *Ennius* once admir'd;
Where Clifts on either ſide their Points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing Proſpect of the Bay.
'Tis worth your while, O *Romans*, to regard
The Port of *Luna*, ſays our Learned Bard;
Who in [3] a drunken Dream beheld his Soul
The Fifth within the Tranſmigrating Roll;
Which firſt a Peacock, then *Euphorbus*, was,
Then *Homer* next, and next *Pythagoras*;
And laſt of all the Line did into *Ennius* paſs.
Secure and free from Buſineſs of the State;
And more ſecure of what the Vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private Thoughts; nor care
What Rots for Sheep the *Southern* Winds prepare:
Survey the Neighb'ring Fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger Crop than mine:
To ſee a Beggar's Brat in Riches flow,
Adds not a Wrinkle to my even Brow; Nor

&c. This proves *Caſſius Baſſus* to have been a Lyrick Poet: 'Tis ſaid of him, that by an Eruption of the Flaming Mountain *Veſuvius*, near which the greateſt Part of his Fortune lay, he was burnt [himſelf, together with all his Writings.

3 *Who in a drunken Dream*, &c. I call it a Drunken Dream of *Ennius*; not that my Author in this place gives me any encouragement for the Epithet; but becauſe *Horace*, and all who mention *Ennius*, ſay he was an exceſſive Drinker of Wine. In a Dream, or Viſion, call you it which you pleaſe, he thought it was reveal'd to him, that the Soul of *Pythagoras* was tranſmigrated into him: As *Pythagoras*, before him believed, that himſelf had been *Euphorbus* in the Wars of *Troy*. Commentators differ in placing the Order of this Soul, and who had it firſt. I have here given it to the Peacock, becauſe it looks more according to the Order of Nature, that it ſhou'd lodge in a Creature of an inferior Species; and ſo by Gradation rile

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Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous Bowl, nor bate my bounteous Cheer.
Nor yet unseal the Dregs of Wine that stink
Of Cask; nor in a nasty Flaggon drink;
Let others stuff their Guts with homely Fare;
For Men of diff'rent Inclinations are;
Tho' born perhaps beneath one common Star.
In Minds and Manners Twins oppos'd we see
In the same Sign, almost the same Degree:
One, frugal, on his Birth-Day fears to Dine;
Does at a Penny's cost in Herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his Fingers in the Brine.
Prepar'd as Priest of his own Rites to stand,
He sprinkles Pepper with a sparing hand.
His Jolly Brother, opposite in Sense,
Laughs at his Thrift; and lavish of Expence,
Quaffs, Crams, and Guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll use my own; and take my share;
Yet will not Turbots for my Slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in Taste my self, to know
If what I swallow be a Thrush, or no.
Live on thy Annual Income; Spend thy Store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshing-Floor;
Next Harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I wou'd live: But Friendship's holy Band,
And Offices of Kindness hold my hand:
My [4] Friend is Shipwreck'd on the *Brutian* Strand,
His Riches in th' *Ionian* Main are lost;
And he himself stands shiv'ring on the Coast;
Where, destitute of Help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the Deaf Gods with Fruitless Pray'r. Their

rise to the informing of a Man. And *Persius* favours me, by saying, that *Ennius* was the Fifth from the *Pythagorean* Peacock.

4 *My Friend is Shipwreck'd*, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine Transition of the Poet, to introduce the Business of the Satyr; and not, that any such Accident had happen'd to one of the Friends of *Persius*. But, however, this is the most Poetical Description of any in our Author: And since he and *Lucan* were so great Friends, I know not but *Lucan* might help him, in two or three of these Verses, which seem to be writ-

Their Images, the Relicks of the Wrack,
Torn from the naked Poop, are tided back
By the wild Waves, and rudely thrown ashore,
Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
The Vessel sticks, and shews her open'd Side,
And on her shatter'd Mast the Mews in Triumph ride.
From [5] thy new Hope, and from thy growing Store,
Now lend Assistance, and relieve the Poor.
Come; do a Noble Act of Charity:
A Pittance of thy Land will set him free.
Let him not bear the Badges of a Wreck,
Nor [6] beg with a blue Table on his Back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning Heir will say,
'Tis mine that Wealth thou squander'st thus away;
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy Urn,
Or [7] without Spices lets thy Body burn?

H

ten in his Style; certain it is, that besides this Description of a Shipwreck, and two Lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satyr, our Poet has written nothing Elegantly. I will therefore Transcribe both the Passages to justify my Opinion. The following are the last Verses saving one of the Second Satyr.

Compositum jus, fasque animi; sanctosque recessus
Mentis, & incoctum generoso pectus honesto:

The others are those in this present Satyr, which are subjoyn'd:

——Trabe rupta, Bruttia Saxa
Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, surdaque vota,
Condidit Ionio! Facet ipse in Litore; & una
Ingentes de puppe Dei: Famque obvia Mergis
Costa ratis lacera.——

5 *From thy new Hope*, &c. The *Latin* is, *Nunc & de Cespite vivo, frange aliquid.* Casaubon only opposes the *Cespes vivus*, which, Word for Word, is the living Turf, to the Harvest or Annual Income: I suppose the Poet rather means, Sell a piece of Land already sown, and give the Mony of it to my Friend who has lost all by Shipwreck: That is, do not stay 'till thou hast Reap'd; but help him immediately as his Wants require.

6 *Nor beg with a blue Table*, &c. *Holiday* Translates it a Green Table: The Sense is the same; for the Table was painted of the Sea-Colour; which the Shipwreck'd Person carried on his back, expressing his Losses thereby, to excite the Charity of the Spectators.

7 *Or without Spices*, &c. The Bodies of the Rich before they were

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If Odours to thy Aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted *Caſſia* from the *Jews*?
All theſe, the wiſer *Beſtius* will reply,
Are empty Pomp, and Deadmen's Luxury:
We never knew this vain Expence, before
Th' effeminated *Grecians* brought it o'er:
Now Toys and Trifles from their *Athens* come;
And Dates and Pepper have unſinew'd *Rome*.
Our ſweating Hinds their Sallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely Herbs with fragrant Oil.
But, to thy Fortune be not thou a Slave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the Grave?
And thou who gap'ſt for my Eſtate? draw near;
For I wou'd whiſper ſomewhat in thy Ear.
Hear'ſt thou the News, my Friend? th' Expreſs is come
With laurell'd Letters from the Camp to *Rome*:
Cæſar [8] ſalutes the Queen and Senate thus:
My Arms are on the *Rhine* Victorious.

were burnt, were embalm'd with Spices: or rather Spices were put into the Urn, with the Relicks of the Aſhes. Our Author here names *Cinnamon* and *Caſſia*, which *Caſſia* was ſophiſticated with *Cherry-Gum*: And probably enough by the *Jews*, who adulterate all things which they ſell. But whether the Ancients were acquainted with the Spices of the *Moluccs* Iſlands, *Ceylon* and other parts of the *Indies*; or whether their *Pepper* and *Cinnamon*, &c. were the ſame with ours, is another Queſtion. As for *Nutmegs* and *Mace*, 'tis plain, that the *Latin* Names of them are Modern.

[8] *Cæſar ſalutes*, &c. The *Cæſar* he remention'd is *Caius Caligula*, who affected to Triumph over the *Germans*, whom he never Conquer'd, at he did over the *Britains*; and accordingly ſent Letters wrapt about with Laurel, to the Senate, and the Empreſs *Caſonia*, whom I here call Queen; though I know that Name was not us'd amongſt the *Romans*: But the Word Empreſs wou'd not ſtand in that Verſe; for which reaſon I adjourn'd it to another. The Duſt which was to be ſwept away from the Altars, was either the Aſhes which were left there, after the laſt Sacrifice for Victory; or might perhaps mean the Duſt or Aſhes, which were left on the Altars, ſince ſome former Defeat of the *Romans*, by the *Germans*: After which Overthrow, the Altars had been neglected.

From

But yet what's left for me? What's left, my Fr
Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my Fortune at my own Command?
Pour Oil; and pour it with a plenteous Hand
Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed
With sodden Nettles, and a sing'd Sow's Head?
'Tis Holy-day; provide me better Cheer;
'Tis Holy-day, and shall be round the Year.
Shall I my Houshold Gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?
That he may loll at ease; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on Giblet Pie?
And when his throbbing Lust extends the Vein,
Have wherewithal his Whores to entertain?
Shall I in homespun Cloth be clad, that he
His Paunch in Triumph may before him see?
Go Miser, go; for Lucre sell thy Soul;
Truck Wares for Wares, and trudge from Pole to Pol
That Men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast Estate he left his Son!
How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,
Well fed, and fat as 23 *Cappadocian* Slaves!
Encrease thy Wealth, and double all thy Score;
'Tis done: Now double that, and swell the Score;
To ev'ry Thousand add ten Thousand more,
Then say, 24 *Chrysippus*, thou who wou'dst confine
Thy Heap, where I shall put an end to mine.

23 *Well fed and fat as Cappadocian Slaves*: Who were famous, for their Lustiness; and being, as we call it, in good Liking. They were set on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to shew the good Habit of their Body, and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to shew their Activity and Strength.

24 *Thou Say, Chrysippus* the Stoick invent a kind of Argument, consisti of more than three Propo tions; which is call'd *Sorit* or a Heap. But as *Chrysipp* could never bring his Propo tions to a certain Bint; fo ne ther can a covetous Man bring his craving Desires to any ce tain Measure of Riches, be yond which, he could not wish for any more.

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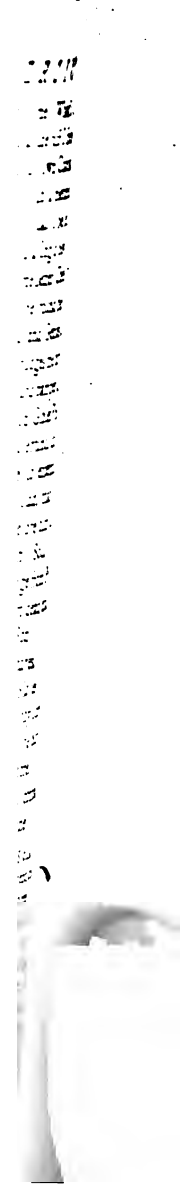

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From Mourning Altars sweep the Dust away:
Cease Fasting, and proclaim a fat Thanksgiving Day.
The [9] goodly Empress, Jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome Bearer wondrous kind:
And, setting her good Housewifry aside,
Prepares for all the Pageantry of Pride.
The [10] Captive *Germans*, of Gigantick Size,
Are rank'd in Order, and are clad in Prize:
The Spoils of Kings, and conquer'd Camps we boast,
Their Arms in Trophies hang on the triumphal Post.
Now, for so many Glorious Actions done
In Foreign Parts, and mighty Battles won;
For Peace at Home, and for the Publick Wealth,
I mean to Crown a Bowl to *Cæsar's* Health:
Besides, in Gratitude for such high Matters,
Know [11] I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.
Say, wou'dst thou hinder me from this Expence?
I disinherit thee, if thou dar'st take Offence.
Yet more a publick Largess I design
Of Oil and Pies, to make the People dine:
Controul me not, for fear I change my Will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,
You give as if you were the *Persian* King:
Your Land does no so large Revenues bring.
Well; on my Terms thou wilt not be my Heir?
If thou ear'st little, less shall be my Care:
Were none of all my Father's Sisters left;
Nay, were I of my Mother's Kin bereft;

9 *Cæsonia*, Wife to *Caius Caligula*, who afterwards, in the Reign of *Claudius*, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be marry'd to him, after he had executed *Messalina* for Adultery.

10 *The Captive Germans*, &c. He means only such as were to pass for *Germans* in the Triumph: Large-Body'd Men, as they are still, whom the Empress Closath'd new, with costly Garments, for the greater Ostentation of the Victory.

11 *I have vow'd two hundred Gladiators.* A hundred pair of Gladiators, were beyond the Purse of any private Man to give: Therefore this is only a dissembling to his Heir, that he could do what he pleas'd with his Estate.

I need

None by an Uncle's or a Grandame's ſide,
Yet I cou'd ſome adopted Heir provide.
I need but take my Journey half a Day
From haughty *Rome*, and at *Aricia* ſtay,
Where Fortune throws poor *Manius* in my way.
Him will I chuſe: What him, of humble Birth,
Obſcure, a Foundling, and a Son of Earth?
Obſcure! Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My Father, Grandſire, and great Grandſire too:
If farther I derive my Pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth Degree.
The reſt of my forgotten Anceſtors,
Were Sons of Earth, like him, or Sons of Whores.
Yet why wou'dſt thou, old covetous Wretch, aſpire
To be my Heir, who might'ſt have been my Sire?
In Nature's Race, ſhou'dſt thou demand of me
My [12] Torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of Gain,
With Wings on Head and Heels, as Poets feign?
Thy mod'rate Fortune from my Gift receive:
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and ask no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzell'd all thy Store?
Where's all thy Father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my Want:
The Legacies of *Tadius* too are flown:
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame Errand gone.
How little then to my poor Share will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying Father's Tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main Chance, my Son;
Put out the Principal, in truſty Hands:
Live on the Uſe; and never dip thy Lands:

12 *Shou'dſt thou demand of me my Torch*, &c. Why ſhou'dſt thou, who art an old Fellow, hope to out-live me, and be my Heir, who am much Younger? He who was firſt, in the Courſe, or Race, deliver'd the Torch, which he carry'd, to him who was Second.

But

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But yet what's left for me? What's left, my Friend!
Ask that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my Fortune at my own Command?
Pour Oil; and pour it with a plenteous Hand
Upon my Sallads, Boy: Shall I be fed
With ſodden Nettles, and a ſing'd Sow's Head?
'Tis Holy-day; provide me better Cheer;
'Tis Holy-day, and ſhall be round the Year.
Shall I my Houſhold Gods and Genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my Meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on Giblet Pie?
And when his throbbing Luſt extends the Vein,
Have wherewithal his Whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun Cloth be clad, that he
His Paunch in Triumph may before him ſee?
Go Miſer, go; for Lucre ſell thy Soul;
Truck Wares for Wares, and trudge from Pole to Pole:
That Men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt Eſtate he left his Son!
How large a Family of Brawny Knaves,
Well fed, and fat as [13] *Cappadocian* Slaves!
Encreaſe thy Wealth, and double all thy Store;
'Tis done: Now double that, and ſwell the Score;
To ev'ry Thouſand add ten Thouſand more.
Then ſay, [14] *Chryſippus*, thou who wou'dſt confine
Thy Heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

13 *Well fed and fat as Cappadocian Slaves*: Who were famous, for their Luſtineſs; and being, as we call it, in good Liking. They were ſet on a Stall when they were expos'd to Sale, to ſhew the good Habit of their Body, and made to play Tricks before the Buyers, to ſhew their Activity and Strength.

14 *Then ſay, Chryſippus*, &c. *Chryſippus* the Stoick invented a kind of Argument, conſiſting of more than three Propoſitions; which is call'd *Sorites*, or a Heap. But as *Chryſippus* could never bring his Propoſitions to a certain ſtint; ſo neither can a covetous Man bring his craving Deſires to any certain Meaſure of Riches, beyond which, he could not wiſh for any more.

FINIS.

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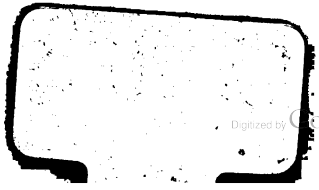

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